

Old King Cole - William Tufts Junior



Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, and a mer-ry old soul was he, he



called for his pipe and he called for a light and he called for his fidd - lers three. pain - ters three. (in vs 2, and so on)



Ev - 'ry fidd - ler had a ve - ry fine fidd - le and a ve - ry fine fidd - le had he.



Wee the dee, the dee went the fidd - ler; Fye the fye, the fye went the fif - er;



'Slap it up and down on the wall,' said the pain - ter. 'Damn and blast the rope,' said the sai - lor.



'Lord have mer - cy u - pon us,' said the par - son. 'Bone a hole through the soul,' went the cobb - ler.



In and out of the coat went the tai - lor. Rum - a - dum - a - dum went the drumm - er.



Clang - a - lang - a - lang went the har - per. Mer - ry we shall be. For there's



none so rare that can com - pare with the sons of har - mon - y. For there's



none so rare that can com - pare with the sons of har - mon - y. - - -

MS in Bb major

* Sing: Top, 1, refrain. Top, 2, 1, refrain. Top, 3, 2, 1, refrain etc