Old King Cole (Mother Goose)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
and he called for his fiddlers three!

Every fiddler he had a fine fiddle, and a very fine fiddle had he.
Oh, there's none so rare as can compare with King Cole and his fiddlers three!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he.
He called for a pipe, and he called for his bowl,
and he called for his mandolines three!

Every player had a fine mandoline, and a fine mandolin had he; Oh, there's none so rare as can compare with King Cole and his mandolines three!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
and he called for his bass players three!

Every player he had a fine bass, and a very fine bass had he; Oh, there's none so rare as can compare with King Cole and his bass players three!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl, and he called for his guitars three!
Every player had a fine guitar, and a fine guitar had he; Oh, there's none so rare as can compare with King Cole and his guitar players three!