Old King Cole (2)

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Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipes, and he called for his bowl and he
called for his fiddlers, three.
And every fiddler had a fine fiddle, and a very fine fiddle had he.
Fiddle diddle dee, diddle dee, cried the fiddlers,
Merry, merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare to the boys of the Royal Navee.

Subsequent verses substitute for fiddlers:

Jugglers, who cry, "Balls in the air, in the air."

Tailors who cry, "Stick it in and out, in and out."

Butchers who cry, "Lay it on the slab..."

Coalmen (with bags) who cry, "Do you want it in the front or in the back?"

Painters (with fine brushes) who cry, "Slap it up & down, up & down."

Bakers (with buns) who cry, "Fill those buns with cream."

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