

Old King Cole

Harry Belafonte

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
Called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his privates three

"Beer, beer, beer", said the privates
Merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
Called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his corporals three

Hup two said the corporals
Beer, beer, beer said the privates
Merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
Called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his sergeants three

Yeahhhhh, said the sergeants
Hup two said the corporals
Beer, beer, beer said the privates
Merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
Called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl

And he called for his shavetails three

We do all the work said the shavetails
Yeahhhhh, said the sergeants
March you dump watch said the corporals
Beer, beer, beer said the privates
Merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
Called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his captains three

Oh don't be late for the dance said the captains
We do all the work, said the shavetails
Yeahhhhh said the sergeants
March to the guardhouse said the corporals
Beer, beer, beer said the privates
Merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
Called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his chaplains three

Oh what a bloody mess, amen amen hallelujah
Oh don't be late for the dance, said the captains
We do all the work, said the shavetails
Yeahhhh said the sergeants
Put it in a bucket said the corporals
Beer, beer, beer said the privates
Merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
Called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his colonels three

Oh what a lovely war, said the colonels
Oh what a bloody mess, amen, amen hallelujah
Oh don't be late for the dance said the captains
We do al the work said the shavetails
Yeahhhhh said the sergeants
March to the end said the corporals
Beer, beer, beer said the privates
Merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
Called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his generals three

Thuh, thuh, Oh come on fellahs, give a fellah break,
Uh what's my next command said the generals
Oh what a lovely war said the colonels
Oh what a bloody mess, amen,
Oh what a bloody mess said the captains
Oh what a bloody mess, said the shavetails
Oh what a bloody mess, said the sergeants
Oh what a bloody mess said the sergeants
Beer, beer, beer said the privates
Merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare
With the Fighting Infantry