

# 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