

# Old King Cole

by **Mother Goose** *from The Real 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!  
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,  
And a very fine fiddle had he.  
"Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee," went the fiddlers.  
Oh, there's none so rare  
As can compare  
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

**Questions**

1. What are two things Old King Cole called for?
2. Find two word that rhyme in the poem.
3. What sound did the fiddlers make?
4. What kind of fiddle did each fiddler have?