

## Old King Cole

Old King Cole was a jolly old soul  
And that you may know by his larnin'  
He eats corn bread 'til his tongue turns red  
And his old yellow cap needs darning'

My pretty little thing I once did think  
I'd be the one you'd marry  
But now I've lost all hopes of you  
And I ain't got long to tarry

I'll take my musket on my back  
My musket on my shoulder  
I'll march away to Mexico  
Enlist and be a soldier

Where the coffee bean grows on the white oak tree  
And the rivers they run brandy  
Where the boys are pure as lumps of gold  
And the girls are sweet as candy

My pretty little thing I once did think  
I could not live without you  
But now I've lost all hopes of you  
And I care very little about you

You may go on and I'll turn back  
To the place where we first parted  
We'll open up the ring and shoo the couples in  
And we hope they'll come free-hearted

repeat 1st verse

traditional  
Recorded on *Leave the Cake in the Mailbox*  
Stone's Throw Music STM-3  
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