

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day,
The King of Hearts,
He ate them all up,
And said: "This goes very
And took them clean away."

The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts,
And said the baker had none,
The Queen of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And said: "I'll send an army."



OLD KING COLE

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 fiddle,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he,
Oh, there's never so many
As can company
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

