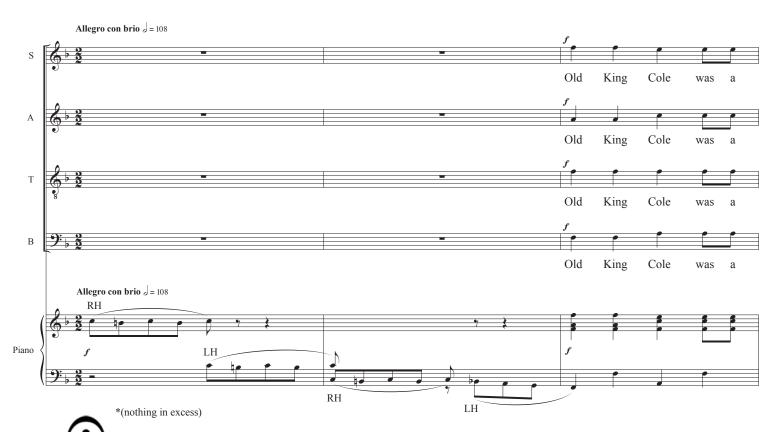


VARIATIONS from the nursery rhyme

Old King Cole

Wherein is inculcated a Moral: MHΔEN AΓAN*

Cecil Forsyth (1870-1941)

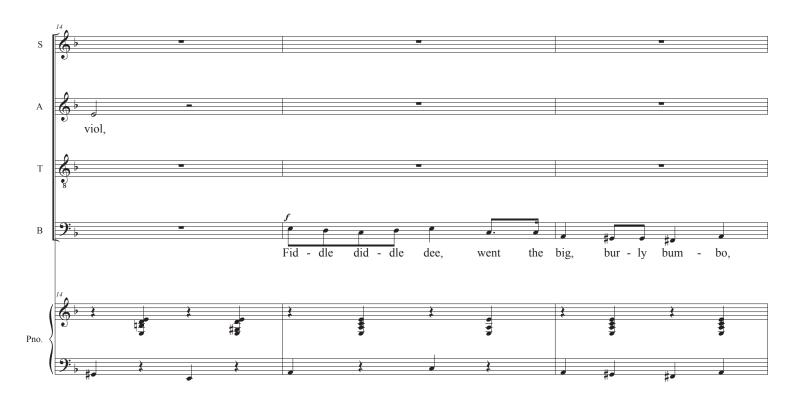


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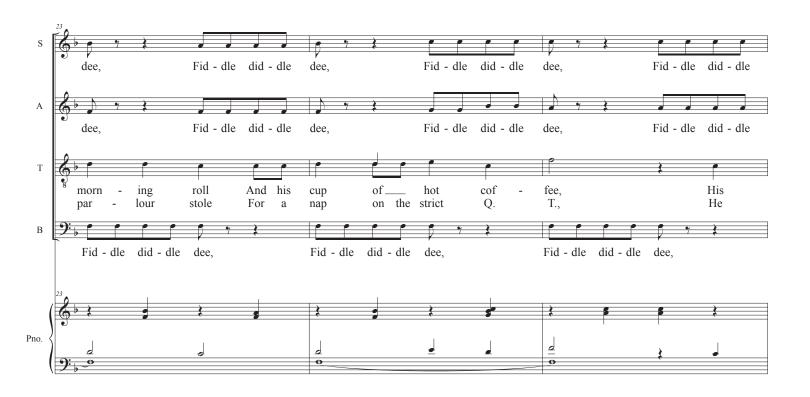


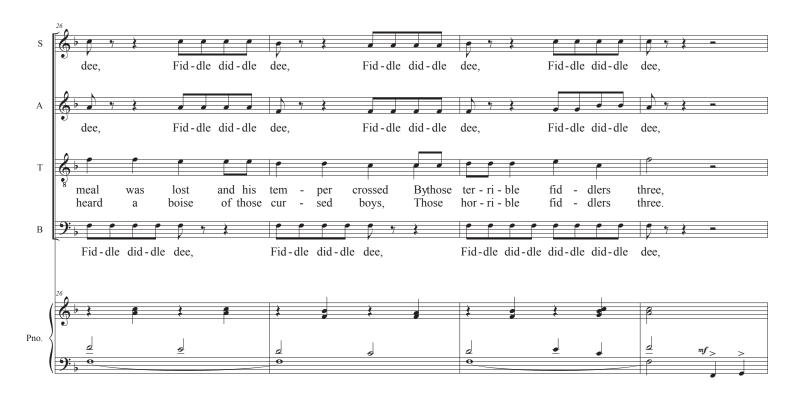












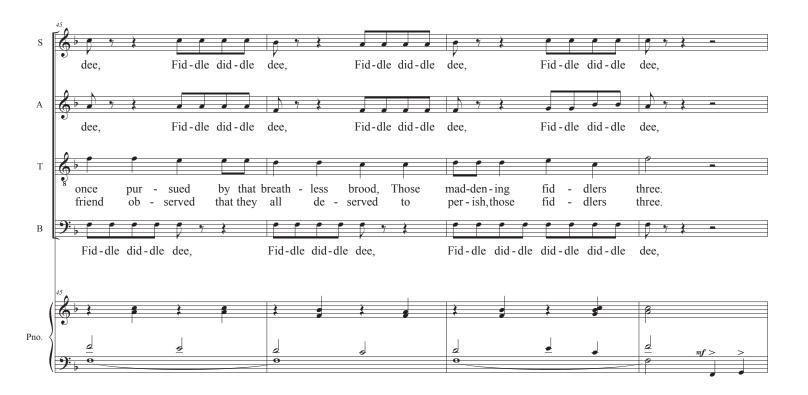




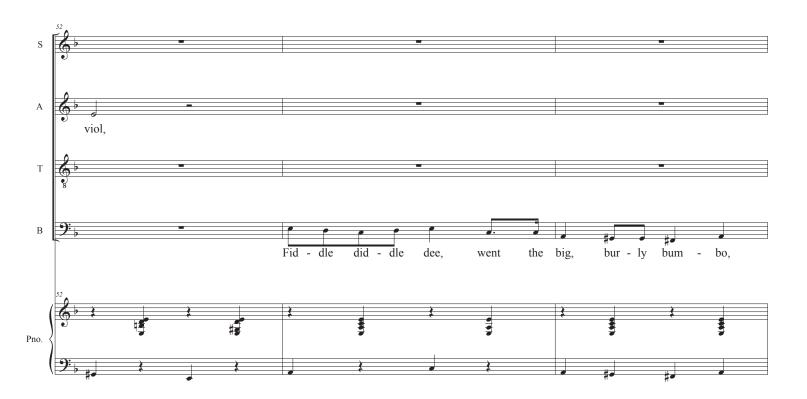




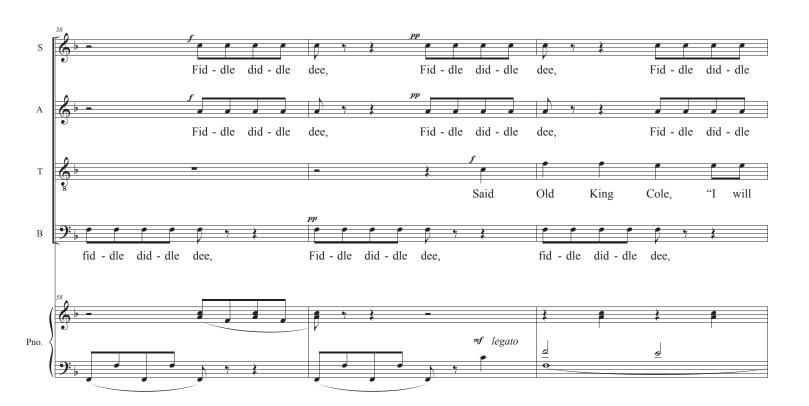












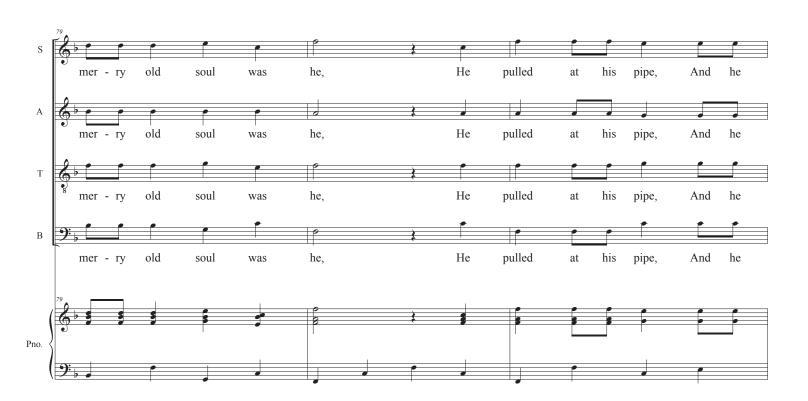




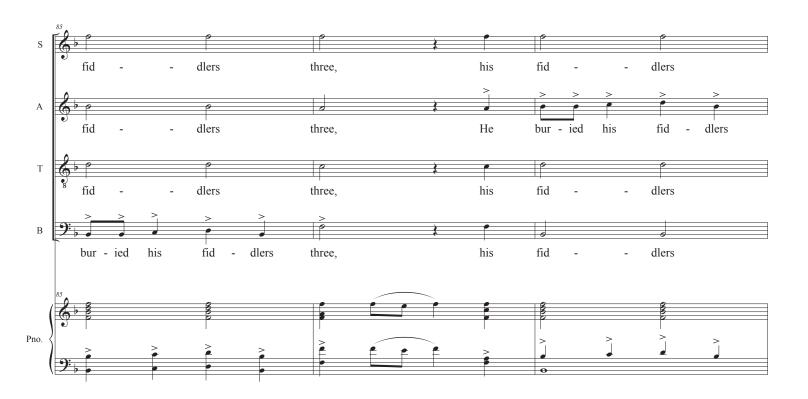
















J. Fischer & Bro. (1920)

Cecil Forsyth (1870-1941) was born in Greenwich, England. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh and at the Royal College of Music, where he studied with Charles Villiers Stanford and Hubert Parry. He played viola in London orchestras and was an active composer. He authored numerous books including "Music and Nationalism: A Study of English Opera," "Choral Orchestration," "A History of Music," and "A Digest of Music History." His compositions include works for orchestra, chamber music, two comic operas, songs, and part-songs. He died in New York, where he had moved numerous years earlier.

Old King Cole was a wretched ole soul, And a wretched old soul was he, He loved his pipe, and he loved his bowl, But he hated his fiddlers three.

Fiddle diddle dee went the fiddle, Fiddle diddle dee, went the viol, Fiddle diddle dee, went the big, burly bumbo, Fiddle diddle diddle dee.

When Old King Cole took his morning roll And his cup of hot coffee, His meal was lost and his temper crossed By those terrible fiddlers three.

When Old King Cole to the parlour stole For a nap on the strict Q. T., He heard a noise of those cursed boys, Those horrible fiddlers three.

Old King Cole, if he went for a stroll In the garden after tea, Was at once pursued by that breathless brood, Those maddening fiddlers three.

Old King Cole got as thin as a pole And the colour of *coupe de pen*, Till a friend observed that they all deserved To perish, those fiddlers three.

Said Old King Cole, "I will make a hole In those cads that worry me." He discharged his gun, and the good old gun Discharged the fiddlers three.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he, He pulled at his pipe, and he quaffed at his bowl, And he buried his fiddlers three.

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