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AN OLD NURSERY RHYME, REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ILLUSTRATED TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Old King Coal, was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he; And 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. Free-dle-dum, Trade-l-dec, said the fiddlers; For there's none so rare, that can compare with King Coal and his fiddlers three.