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.
Every fiddler, he had a 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!

Note:

- **If your name appears in your manuscript or in your header, your application will be deemed ineligible.**
- **Use a 12-point font and margins of at least one inch at the top, bottom, and sides of all pages. Do not submit more than the maximum number of pages that are allowed; excess pages will be removed and not reviewed.**