

Old Rosin, the Beau

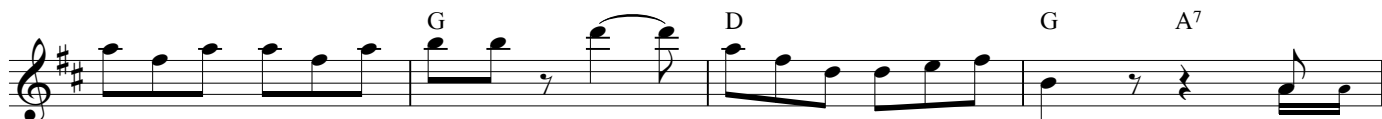
Traditional



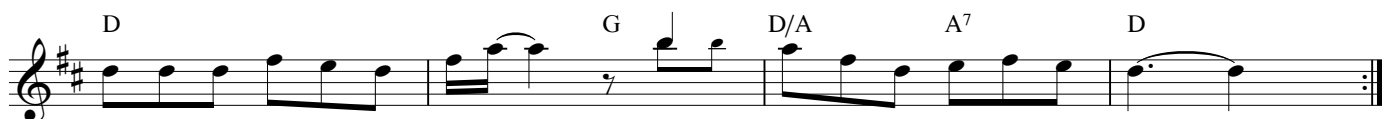
1. I live for the good of my na - tion, And my sons are all grow-ing low; But I
 2. In the gay round of plea - sure I've trav - eled, Nor will I be-hind leave a foe; And
 3. When I'm dead and laid out on the coun - ter, The peo - ple all mak - ing a show, Just
 4. Oh! when to my grave I am go - ing, The chil - dren will all want to go; They'll
 5. Then shape me out two lit - tle do - nochs, Place one at my head and my toe, And



hope that my next gen - e - ra tion Will re - sem - ble old Ros - in, the beau I've
 when my com - pan - ions are jo vial, They will drink to old Ros - in the beau But my
 sprin - kle plain whis - key and wa - ter On the corpse of old Ros - in the beau I'll
 run to the doors and the win dows Say - ing, "There goes old Ros - in, the beau." Then
 do not for - get to scratch on it The name of old Ros - in the beau Then



trav - el'd this coun - try all o - ver, And now to the next I will go: For I
 life is now drawn to a clo - sing, And all will at last be so; So we'll
 have to be bur - ied, I reck - on, And the la - dies will all want to know, And they'll
 pick me out six trust - y fel - lows, And let them all stand in a row, And
 let those six trust - y good fel - lows, Oh! let them all stand in a row, And



know that good quar - ters a - wait me, To wel - come old Ros - in the beau
 take a full bump - er at part ing To the name of old Ros - in the beau
 lift up the lid of my cof - fin Say - ing, "Here lies old Ros - in the beau
 dig a big hole in a cir - cle And in it toss Ros - in the beau
 rake down that big bel - lied bot tle, And drink to old Ros - in the beau