

# Old Rosin, the Beau

Traditional

F

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

T  
A  
B

Bb      C7      F      Bb

low; But I hope that my next gen - e - ra - tion Will re -  
 foe; And when my com - pan - ions are jo - vial, They will  
 show, Just sprin - kle plain whis - key and wa - ter On the  
 go; They'll run to the doors and the win - dows Say - ing,  
 toe, And do not for - get to scratch on it The

T  
A  
B

F      C7      F

sem - ble old Ros - in, the beau I've trav - el'd this coun - try all  
 drink to old Ros - in the beau But my life is now drawn to a  
 corpse of old Ros - in the beau I'll have to be bur - ied, I  
 "There goes old Ros - in, the beau." Then pick me out six trust - y  
 name of old Ros - in the beau Then let those six trust - y good

T  
A  
B

**B $\flat$**  **F** **B $\flat$**  **C7**

o - ver, And now to the next I will go: For I  
 clo - sing, And all will at last be so; So we'll  
 reck - on, And the la - dies will all want to know, And they'll  
 fel - lows, And let them all stand in a row, And  
 fel - lows, Oh! let them all stand in a row, And

T 5 5 8 3 0 1 1 3 0 2 0 0  
 A  
 B

**F** **B $\flat$**  **F/C** **C7** **F**

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

T 1 1 1 0 3 1 0 3 5 5 3 0 1 3 0 3 1  
 A  
 B