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Old Rosin the Beau

Mr. Martynn

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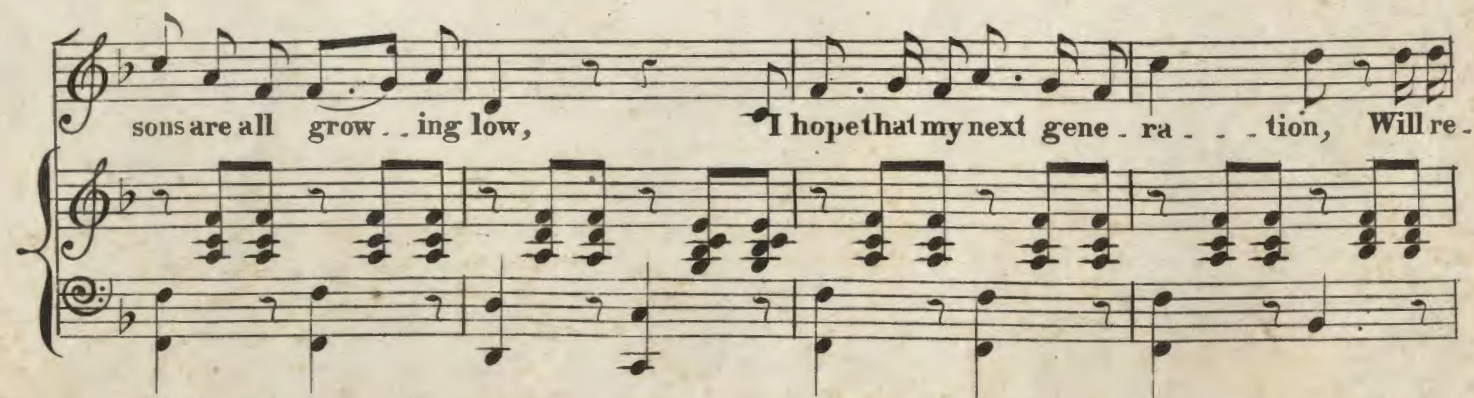
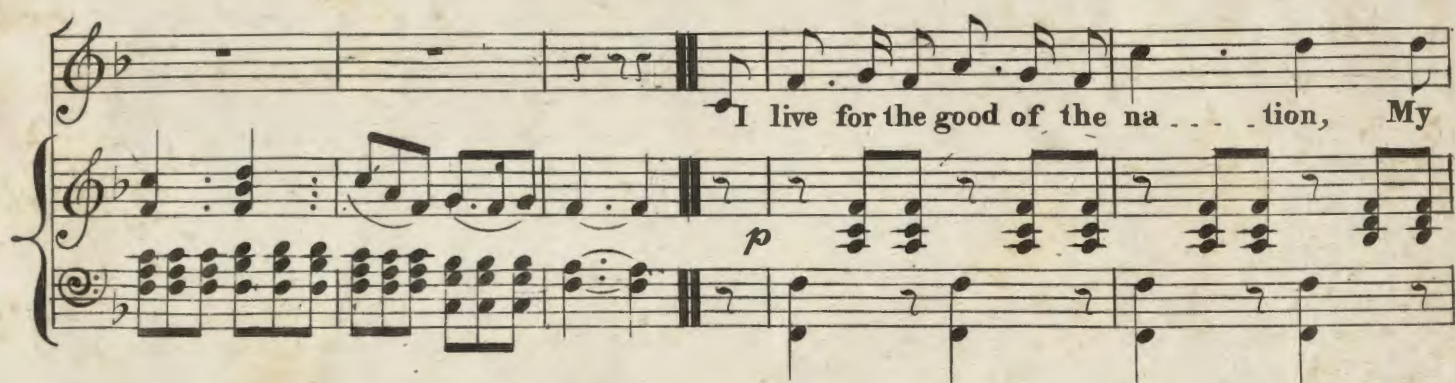
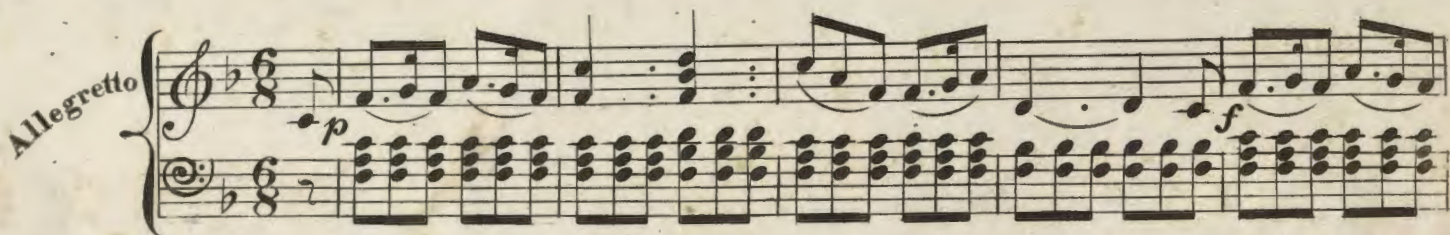
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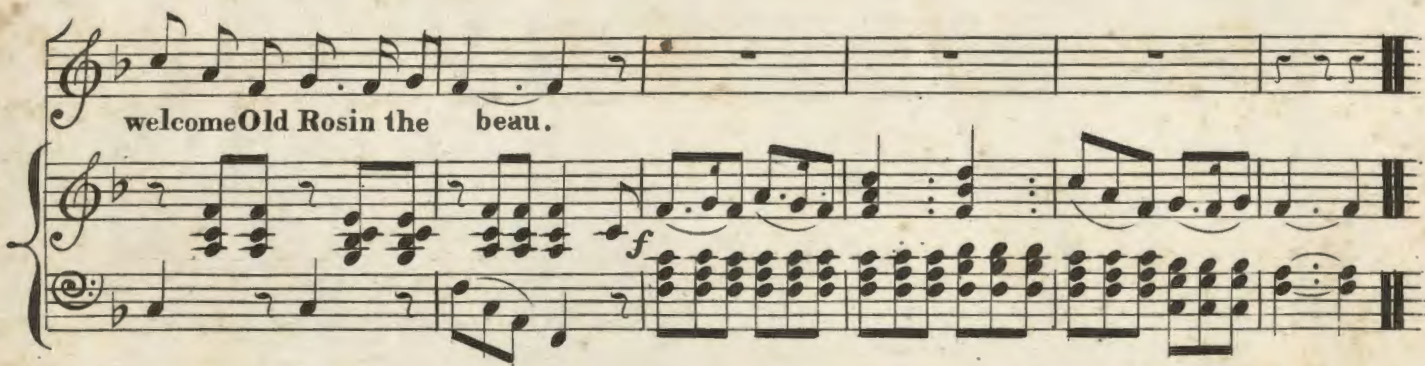
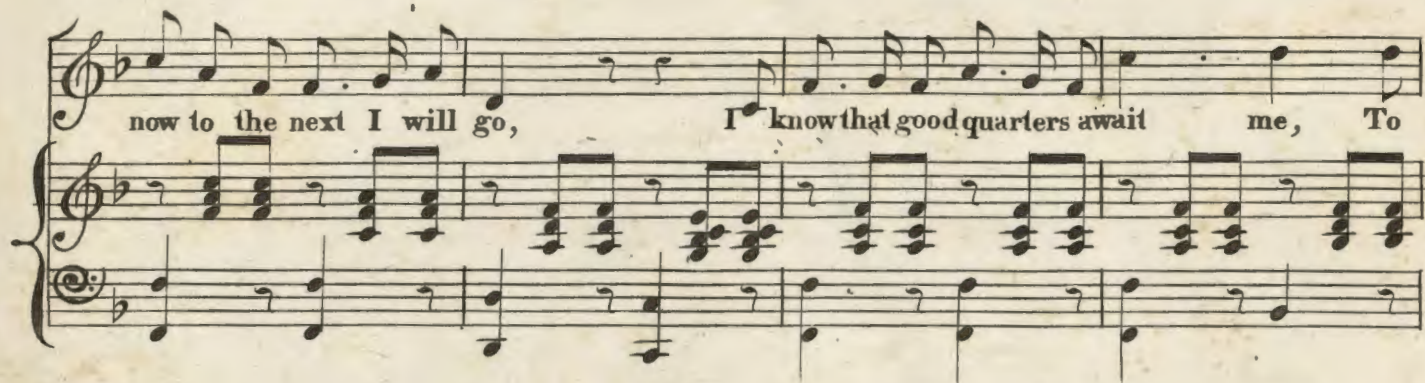
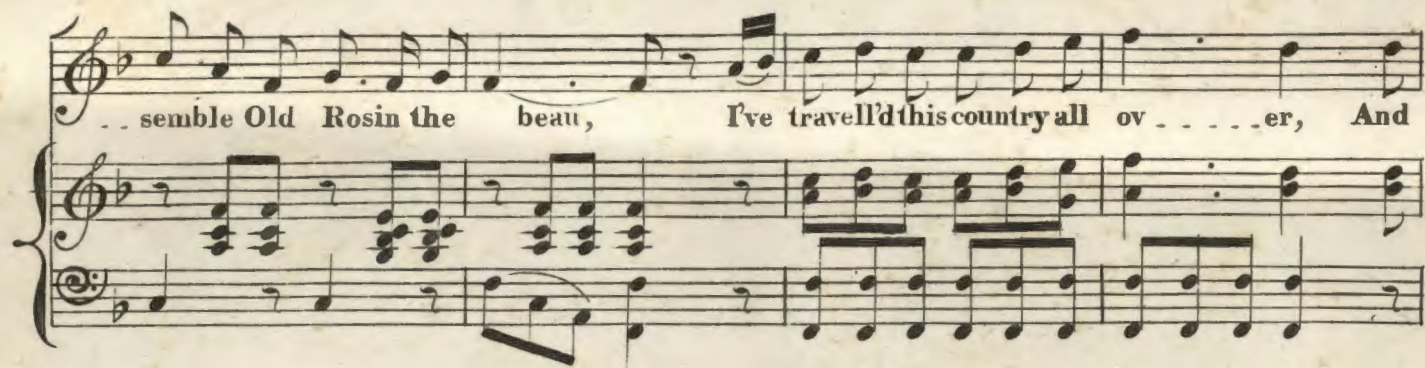
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OLD ROSIN THE BEAU,
— A —
— Favorite Southern Ballad, —
— as Sung by —
MR MARTYNN,
— Composed and Arranged —
— for the —
PIANO FORTE.

New - York: *ATWILL*, 201 Broadway.





2
In the gay round of pleasure I've travell'd,
Nor will I behind leave a foe,
And when my companions are jovial,
They will drink to Old Rosin the beau;
But my life is drawn to a closing,
And all will at last be so,
So we'll take a full bumper at parting,
To the name of Old Rosin the beau.

3
When I'm dead and laid on the counter,
The people all making a show,
Just sprinkle plain whiskey and water,
On the corps of Old Rosin the beau;
I'll have to be buried I reckon,
And the ladies will all want to know,
And they'll lift up the lid of my coffin,
Saying, here lies Old Rosin the beau.

4
Oh, when I am going to my grave,
The children will all want to go,
They'll run to the doors and windows,
Saying there goes Old Rosin the beau;
Then pick me out six trusty fellows,
And let them all stand in a row,
And dig a big hole in the circle,
And in it toss Old Rosin the beau.

5
Then shape me out two little donocks,
Place one at my head and my toe,
And do not forget to put on it,
The name of Old Rosin the beau;
Then let those six trusty fellows,
Oh let them all stand in a row,
And rake down that great big round bottle,
And drink to Old Rosin the beau.

