Old Rosin the Beau

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

New York: A TWILL, 201 Broadway.

I live for the good of the nation, My sons are all growing low,
I hope that my next generation, Will re.
In the gay round of pleasure I've travel'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 well take a full bumper at parting,
To the name of Old Rosin the beau.

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.

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.

Then shape me out two little do-nocks,
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.