

Old Rosin The Beau

D G D G
I live for the good of my nation,
D Gm Em A7
And my sons are all growing low;
D G D
But I hope the next generation
G D A7 D
Will resemble old Rosin the Beau.
A Bm G
Resemble old Rosin the Beau,
D Bm Em A7
Resemble old Rosin the Beau,
D G D
I hope that the next generation
G D A7 D
Will resemble old Rosin the Beau.

I've traveled this country over
And now to the next I will go,
For I know that good quarters await me
To welcome Old Rosin, the Beau.
To welcome Old Rosin, the Beau, etc.

In the gay round of pleasures I've traveled.
Nor will I leave behind a foe.
And when my companions are jovial
They will drink to Old Rosin, the Beau.

But my life is now drawn to a closing,
As all will at last be so.
So we'll take a full bumper at parting
To the name of Old Rosin, the Beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
The people all making a show,
Just sprinkle plain whiskey and water
On the corpse of Old Rosin, the Beau.

Then pick me out six trusty fellows
And let them stand all in a row,
And dig a big hole in the meadow
And in it toss Rosin, the Beau.

Then bring out two little brown jugs:
Place one at my head and my toe;
And do not forget to scratch on them
The name of old Rosin, the Beau.