

Old Rosin, The Beau - song lyrics

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OLD ROSIN, THE BEAU.

I have traveled this wide world over,
And now to another I'll go,
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin, the beau,
To welcome old Rosin, the beau.

Chorus.

To welcome old Rosin, the beau,
To welcome old Rosin, the beau;
I know that good quarters are waiting
To welcome old Rosin, the beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
A voice you will hear from below,
Singing out, "Whiskey and water,
To drink to old Rosin, the beau,
To drink to old Rosin, the beau." -Chorus.

And when I am dead, I reckon,
The ladies will all want to. I know,
Just lift off the lid of the coffin
And look at old Rosin, the beau,
And look at old Rosin, the beau.-Chorus.

You must get some dozen good fellows
And stand them all round in a row,
And drink out of half gallon bottles
To the name of old Rosin, the beau,
To the name of old Rosin, the beau.-Chorus.

Of four or five jovial young fellows,
And let them all staggering go,
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
And in it toss Rosin, the beau.
And in it toss Rosin, the beau.-Chorus.

Then get you a couple of tombstones,
Place one at my head and my toes,
And do not fail to scratch on it
The name of old Rosin, the beau,
The name of old Rosin, the beau.-Chorus.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,
That cruel, implacable foe,
Who spares neither age nor condition,
Nor even old Rosin, the beau.
Nor even old Rosin, the beau.-Chorus.