

Old Rosin The Beau

Traditional (1838)

Musical score for 'Old Rosin The Beau' in G major, 6/8 time. The score consists of three staves of music with guitar chords indicated above the notes. The chords are: G, Em, G, A7, D, G, Em, G, D7, G, G, Em, G, D7, 1 G, 2 G.

I've always been cheerful and easy,
And scarce have I needed a foe.
While some after money run crazy,
I merrily Rosin'd the Bow.

Some youngsters were panting for fashions,
Some new kick seemed now all the go,
But having no turbulent passions,
My motto was "Rosin the Bow."

So kindly my parents besought me,
No longer a roving to go,
And friends whom I thought had forgot me,
With gladness met Rosin the Bow.

My young day I spent all in roving,
But never was vicious, no, no;
But somehow I loved to keep moving,
And cheerfully Rosin'd the Bow.

In country or city, no matter,
Too often I never could go,
My presence all sadness would scatter,
So cheerful was Rosin the Bow.

The old people always grew merry,
Young faces with pleasure did glow,
While lips with the red of cherry,
Sipped "bliss to old Rosin the Bow."

While sweetly I played on my viol,
In measures so soft and so slow,
Old Time stopped the shade on the dial,
To listen to Rosin the Bow.

And peacefully now I am sinking,
From all this sweet world can bestow,
But Heaven's kind mercy I'm thinking,
Provides for old Rosin the Bow.

Now soon some still Sunday morning,
The first thing the neighbors will know,
Their ears will be met with the warning,
To bury old Rosin the Bow.

My friends will then so neatly dress me,
In linen as white as the snow,
And in my new coffin they'll press me,
And whisper "poor Rosin the Bow."

Then lone with my head on the pillow,
In peace I'll be sleeping below,
The grass and the breeze shaken willow,
That waves over Rosin the Bow.

St. Paul (Pig's Eye) Lyrics:

I've traveled all over this world
And now to another I go
And 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
Saying "Send down a hoghead of whiskey
To drink with old Rosin the Beau"

Then get a half dozen stout fellows
And stack them all up in a row
Let them drink out of half gallon bottles
To the memory of Rosin the Beau

Then get this half dozen stout fellows
And let them all stagger and go
And dig a great hole in the meadow
And in it put Rosin the Beau

Then get ye a couple of bottles
Put one at me head and me toe
With a diamond ring scratch upon them
The name of old Rosin the Beau

I've only this one consolation
As out of this world I go
I know that the next generation
Will resemble old Rosin the Beau

I fear that old tyrant approaching
That cruel remorseless old foe
And I lift up me glass in his honor
Take a drink with old Rosin the Beau