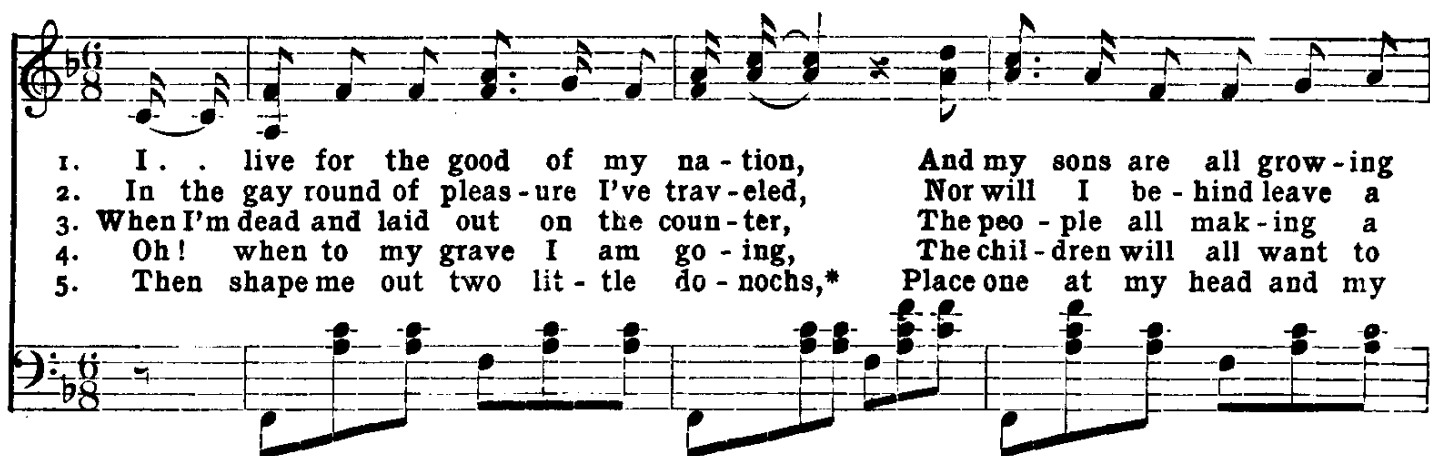
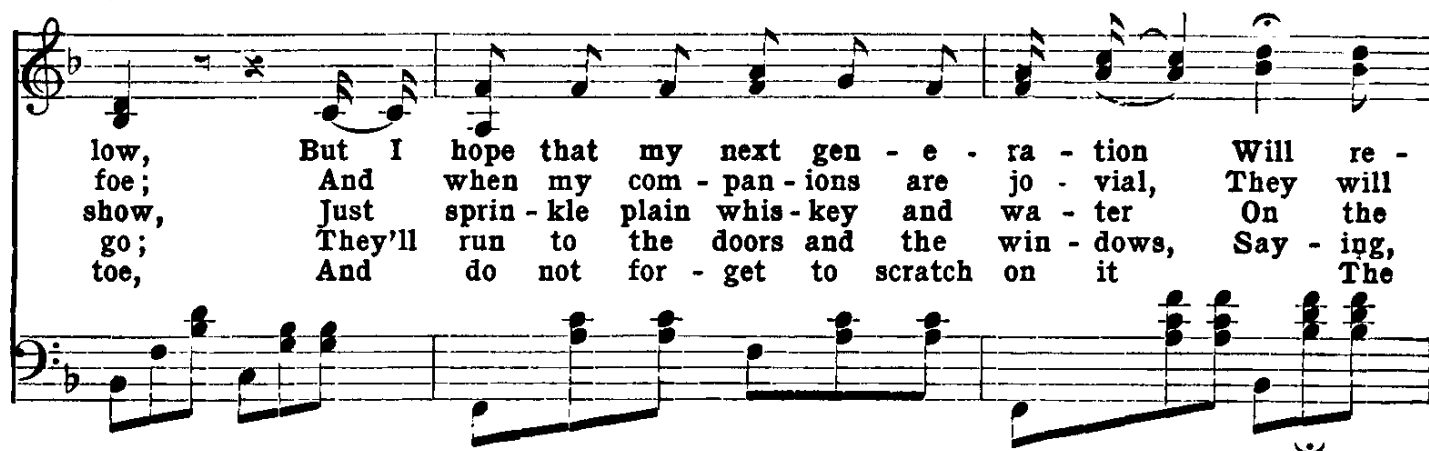


## Old Rosin, the Beau



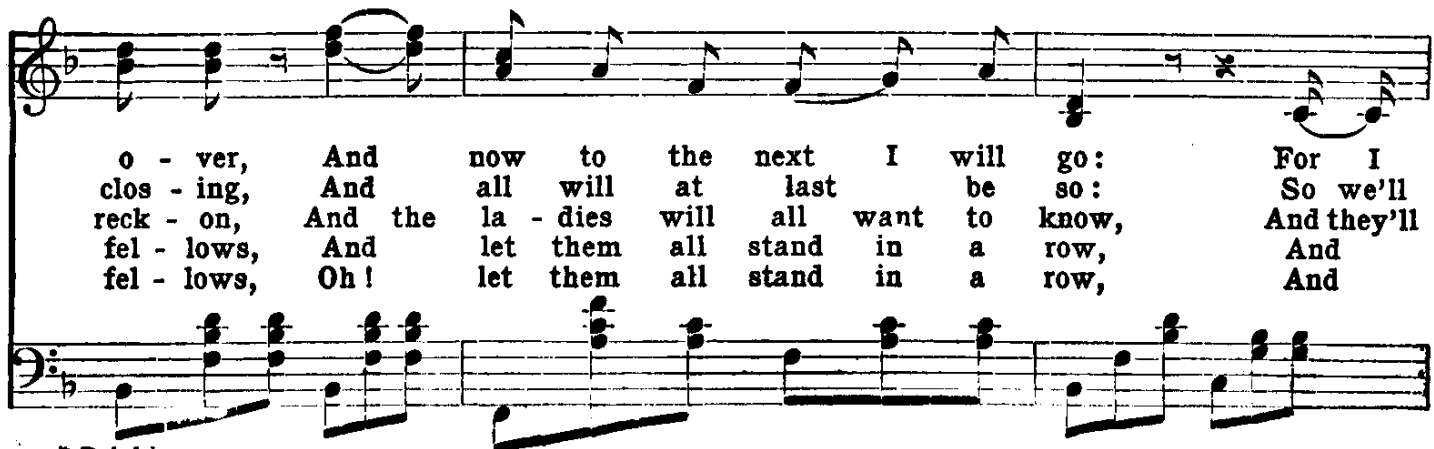
1. I . . live for the good of my na - tion,      And my sons are all grow - ing  
2. In the gay round of pleas - ure I've trav - eled,      Nor will I be - hind leave a  
3. When I'm dead and laid out on the coun - ter,      The peo - ple all mak - ing a  
4. Oh! when to my grave I am go - ing,      The chil - dren will all want to  
5. Then shape me out two lit - tle do - nochs,\*      Place one at my head and my



low,      But I hope that my next gen - e - ra - tion      Will re -  
foe;      And when my com - pan - ions are jo - vial,      They will  
show,      Just sprin - kle plain whis - key and wa - ter      On the  
go;      They'll run to the doors and the win - dows,      Say - ing,  
toe,      And do not for - get to scratch on it      The



sem - ble old Ros - in, the beau . . . I've trav - el'd this coun - try all  
drink to old Ros - in, the beau . . . But my life is now drawn to a  
corpse of old Ros - in, the beau . . . I'll have to be bur - ied, I  
"There goes old Ros - in, the beau." . . . Then pick me out six trust - y  
name of old Ros - in, the beau . . . Then let those six trust - y good



o - ver,      And now to the next I will go:      For I  
clos - ing,      And all will at last be so:      So we'll  
reck - on,      And the la - dies will all want to know,      And they'll  
fel - lows,      And let them all stand in a row,      And  
fel - lows,      Oh! let them all stand in a row,      And

\* Drinking-mugs.

know that good quar-ters a-wait me,  
 take a full bump-er at part-ing,  
 lift up the lid of my cof-fin,  
 dig a big hole in a cir-cle,  
 rake down that big bel-lied bot-tle,

To wel-come old Ros-in, the beau. . .  
 To the name of old Ros-in, the beau. . .  
 Saying, "Here lies old Ros-in, the beau." . .  
 And in it toss Ros-in, the beau. . .  
 And drink to old Ros-in, the beau. . .

Old Black Joe

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*Poco adagio*

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends  
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh  
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The chil-dren so dear,

from the cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land, I know,  
 that my friends come not a-gain, Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go?  
 that I held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,

CHORUS

I hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe." I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing,

For my head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"