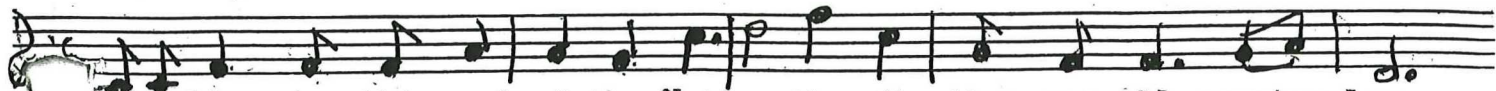


Ba/

Old Rosin the Beaux,

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Oh I live for the good of the Nation, My sons they are all growing low..



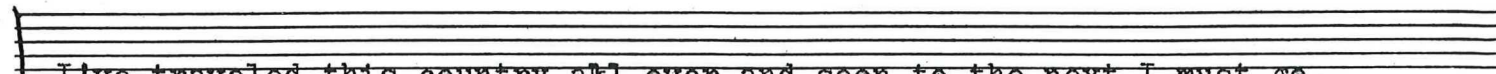
But I hope that the next generation, will be more like old Rosin, the bow..



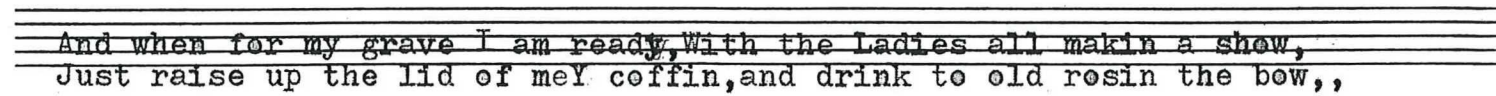
CHORAS. So drink to old Rosin the Bow, boys, drink to old Rosin the bow.



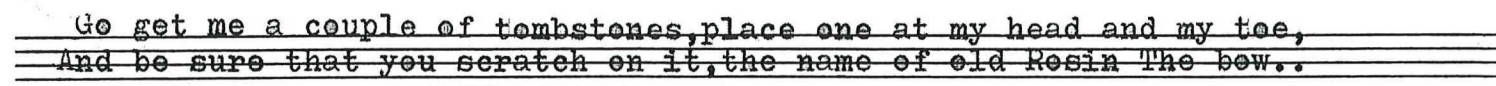
And I hope that the next generation, will be like old Rosin, the Bow..



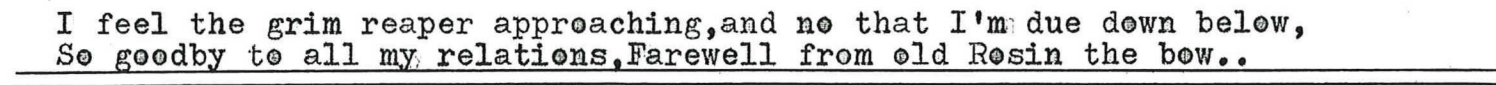
I've traveled this country akl over, and soon to the next I must go..  
But I know that good fellows are waiting, to welcome old Rosin the Bow..



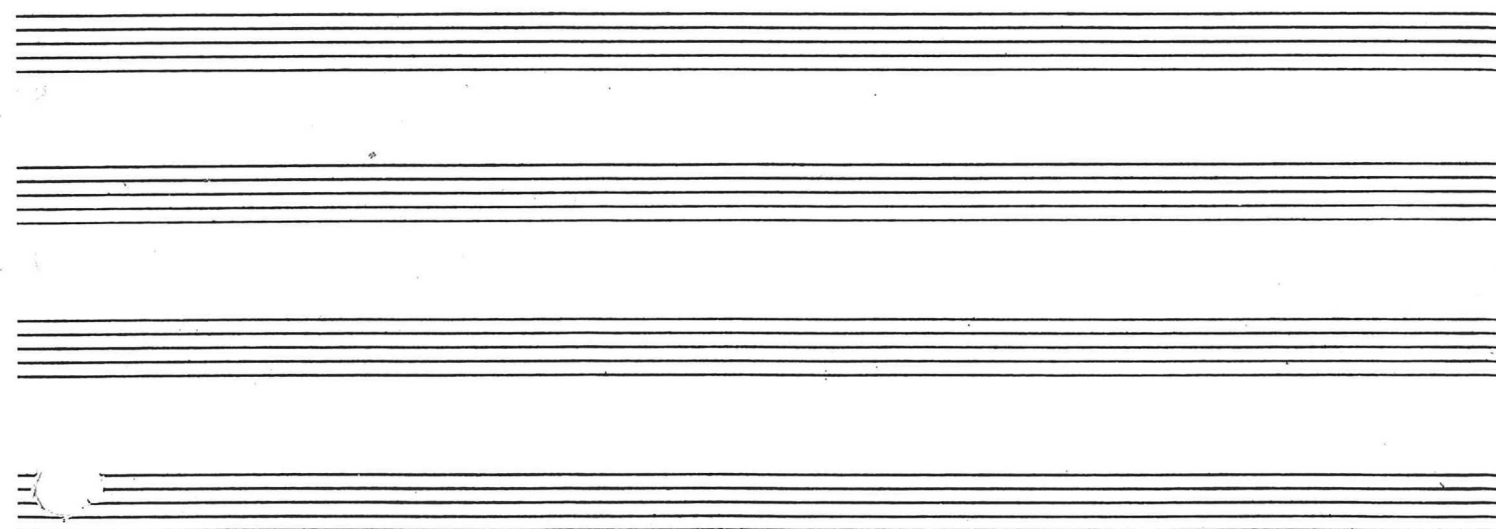
And when for my grave I am ready, With the Ladies all makin a show,  
Just raise up the lid of meY coffin, and drink to old rosin the bow,,



Go get me a couple of tombstones, place one at my head and my toe,  
And be sure that you scratch on it, the name of old Rosin The bow..



I feel the grim reaper approaching, and no that I'm due down below,  
So goodby to all my relations, Farewell from old Rosin the bow..



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