

# OLD BOB IN THE BEAM.

Comic Song.

Published  
by the Authors at the

## FALCON CLUB

in the Strand

and arranged by  
**J. BECKELL.**

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*Chorus*

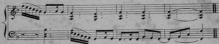
I have tumbled this old world a, ee, ee. And now to go - along I'll

I know that good quarters are waiting

Chorus  
welcome old friends the best To welcome old friends the best

best To welcome old friends the best

I know that good quarters are waiting To welcome old friends the best



2.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,  
 A voice you will hear from below  
 Singing some plain whiskey and water  
 To drink to old Bock's the best,  
 To drink to.

3.

You might get some drunkard fellows  
 And stand them all round in a row  
 And drink out of half-gallon bottles  
 To the name of old Bock's the best,  
 To the best.

3.

And when I am dead I reckon  
 The ladies will all want to know  
 Just life the lid off of the coffin  
 And look at old Bock's the best,  
 And look on.

4.

Get four or five jaded young fellows  
 And let them all stagger on  
 And dig a deep hole in the mortar  
 And in it toss Bock's the best,  
 And in it.

4.

I'll have to be laid I'm thinking  
 And I would like it done just so,  
 And be sure not to go contrary  
 To the wish of old Bock's the best,  
 To the best.

5.

Then get your couple of drinks  
 Place one at my head and my toe  
 And do not fail to stretch me in  
 To the name of old Bock's the best,  
 The name to.

5.

I feel the guile against approaching  
 That crowd implacable too,  
 Who spare neither age or condition  
 Nor even old Bock's the best,  
 Nor even I.