

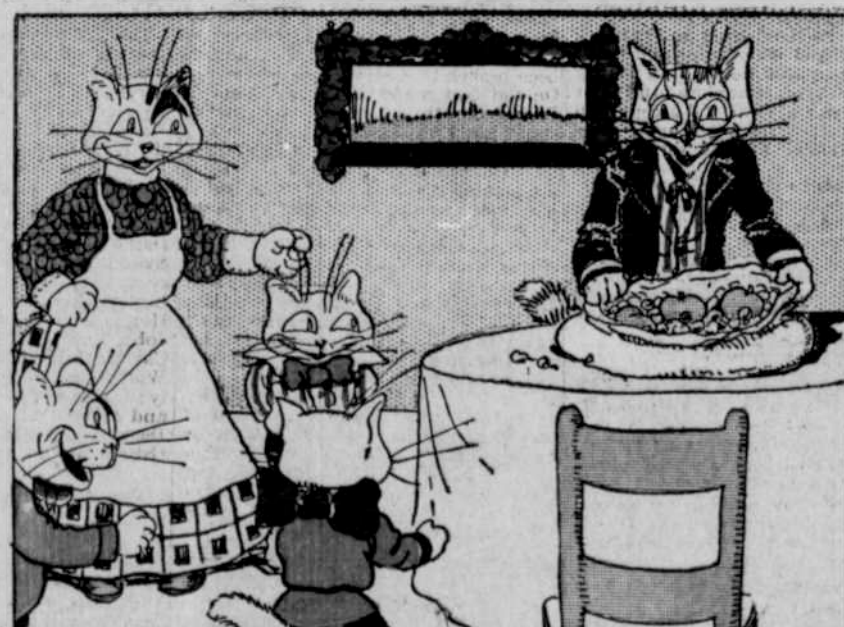
ROSY POSY



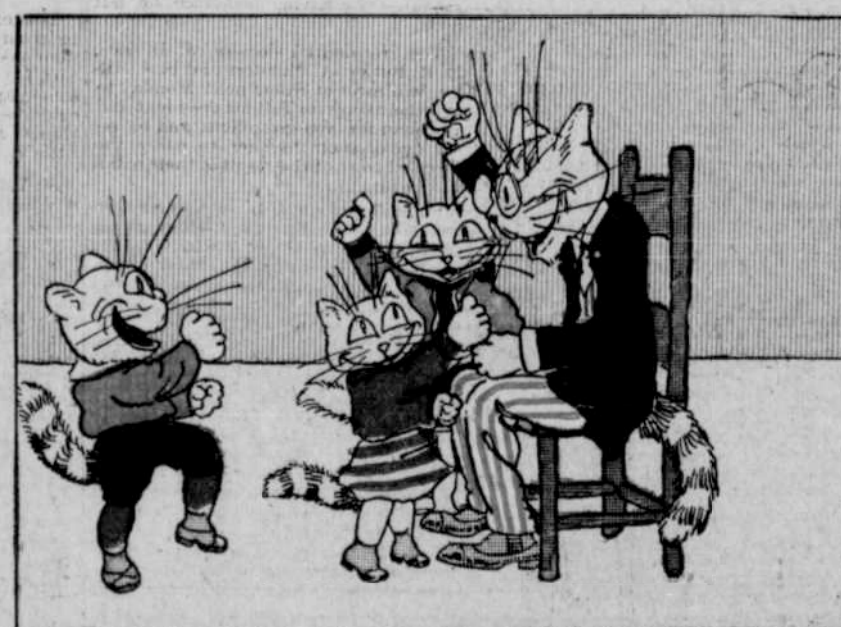
PINKIE PRIM



Well, Grandpa Prim, he came to town
To watch the New Year in.
He brought his trusty gun along,
To add unto the din.



He put his trusty gun away,
And opened up a sack,
And spread the nuts and apples out
For ev'ry one to snack.



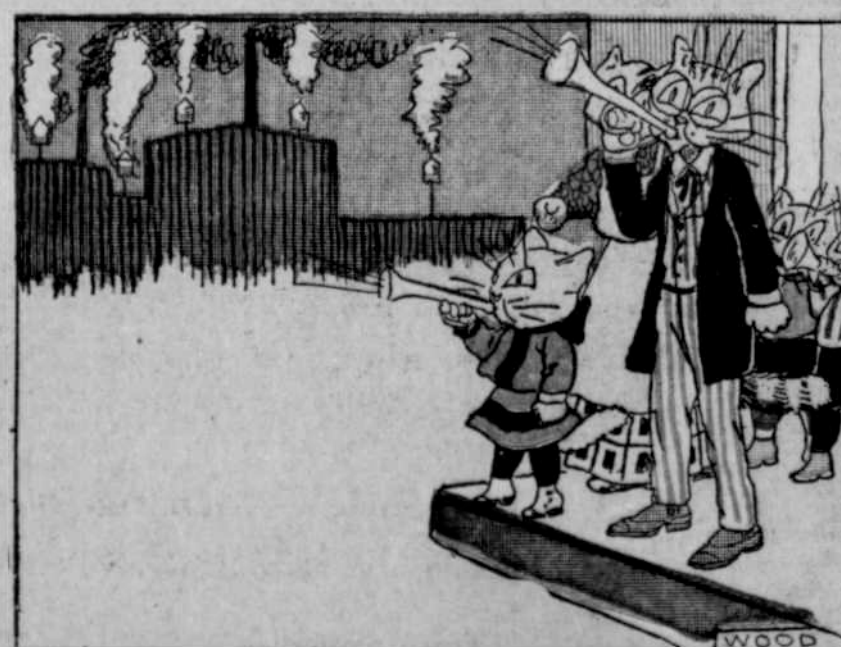
And then they played some old-time games,
Club-fist and spin-the plate;
And chick-my-chick-my-craney-crow,
Until it grew quite late.



And first the youngsters drowsy grew,
Then all began to blink;
Soon all but Pinkie snoring were.
And then, what do you think?



Sh!—Pinkie went for Grandpa's gun;
She gave a little cough;
And Grandpa took her out of doors
And let her shoot it off.



All the folks in the house woke up!
And then the whistles blew!
And soon the Old Year's gone for good
HERE'S WELCOME TO THE NEW!