

Oh, the New Year

Lyric by Lulu de la Paz

Music by I. Alfonso

Tempo de Marcha

The New Year comes to us with joy New hopes, new longings a-board, a-hoy! Let the New Year come with all it brings. To all the pauper, and the kings — the New Year Year come with all it brings To all the pau-per and the kings Hap-py hap-py New Year. Fare-well to the old Hap-py, hap-py New Year Bles-sed a hun-dred fold.

Fine.

pp

UMPH, UMPHY AND

(Continued from page 340)

This tickled the children, and from then on the pigs were referred to as Umph, Umphy, and Umpher. "Now let's feed Umpher," urged Bidly.

She held him and Billy held the bottle, but Umpher wiggled, squirmed and squealed until the children were nearly ready to give up.

"The babies of our babies seems to be the hardest to manage," complained Bidly.

"He is simply not hungry," declared Bidly.

"But I could never put him to bed without his supper unless he did something very, very naughty," Bidly explained.

"Oh, no, let's never put our pig children to bed without supper. When they are naughty let's make

them sit still in a chair for an hour, but never make them go without supper," protested Billy.

"Very well," said Bidly, "you take Umpher now and make him sit in a chair for an hour. Then, perhaps he will take his supper more politely."

"You do it. The mother always does the punishing, unless you are very, very, awful, awful bad."

"Maybe little Umpher would rather have his supper in a pan," suggested their mother, "let's try."

Umpher only blew bubbles in the milk when Billy held his mouth to it, then laid down on the ground and looked abused.

"Bring a spoon," Billy commanded, "this pig must eat if he is ever going to amount to much."

Although Umpher protested loudly, Billy held his mouth open while Bidly poured the milk down

his throat spoonful by spoonful.

"Let's make a bed. Such little things must get to bed early."

"You may have the big box in the wood shed until they are bigger," offered the father. "Get some of that new hay from the loft for them to sleep on."

"Hay? But, daddy, they should have a blanket and a pillow," objected Bidly. "My dolls will not mind dividing with such sweet little pigs. Mother, couldn't they have an old pillow?"

The little girl looked so much in earnest her mother could not refuse, and the father started whistling a little tune.

The children placed the blanket in the box, leaving one end to cover their pets. They arranged the pillow carefully. First they placed Umph all comfortable with his head

(Please turn to page 355)