

THE HOOSIER BOOK

Er bu'st a trace *a-tryin'*—jist
Fer old-acquaintance-sake!—
But work like that wuz lots more fun,
He said, than when he played!
Hol the old Snow-Man
That Noey Bixler made!

He started with a big snow-ball,
And rolled it all around;
And as he rolled, more snow 'ud stick
And pull up off the ground.—
He rolled and rolled all round the yard—
'Cause we could see the *track*,
All wher' the snow come off, you know,
And left it wet and black.
He got the Snow-Man's *legs-part* rolled—
In front the kitchen-door.—
And then he hat to turn in then
And roll and roll some more!—
He rolled the yard all round ag'in,
And round the house, at that—
Clean round the house and back to wher'
The blame legs-half wuz at!
He said he missed his dinner, too—
Jist clean fergot and stayed
There workin'. Oh! the old Snow-Man
That Noey Bixler made!

And Noey said he hat to *hump*
To git the *top-half* on
The *legs-half*!—When he *did*, he said,
His wind wuz purt' nigh gone.—