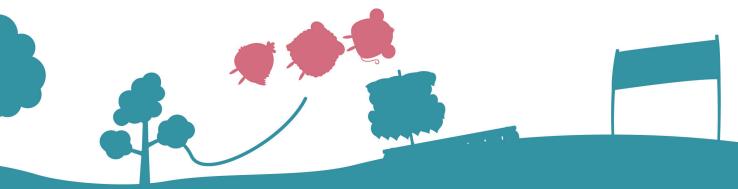


W C Jefferson

T F Wister



QX PUBLISHING CO.

Rocky the Rooster got up every day, He would do his routine the same old way.



He combed his feathers and brushed his beak, And ate his breakfast down by the creek.



Then he'd start to sing Cock-a-doodle-doo, "Get up everyone! Wake up all of you!"

He made this promise a long time ago,

That he'd wake the others no matter rain or snow.





