

# MAKING MAPLE SYRUP

Diane Kordas ©2000

It's my favorite time of year  
When the temperature's just right.  
A springtime promise in the day  
But freezin' cold at night  
Underneath the snow, ground will be waking  
Drilling the maple, the syrup we'll be making.  
Tubing strung from tree to tree  
Makes crooked little fences  
Syrup boiling in the pot  
Sure will tempt yer senses  
Cook it 'til it's golden brown  
Sure to make it sell in town  
We'll be makin' syrup in the old shed tonight.  
Pile the wood on, stoke the fire  
Till it's snappin' bright  
We'll be making syrup in the old shed tonight.  
Cook it 'til it's golden brown  
Sure to make it sell in town  
Kids take the first taste  
They like to lick the spoon  
Papa takes the second  
Makes sure it ain't too soon  
To put the sweet maple sap, into jugs and wind the cap,  
When you make the syrup in the old shed tonight.  
Pile the wood on, stoke the fire  
Till it's snappin' bright  
We'll be making syrup in the old shed tonight  
To put the sweet maple sap,  
Into jugs and wind the cap