

# Sweet Sap Smile

Written by Foster Brown © 2004

Mam and Pap, put on your hat  
to the sugar bush let's go.  
The nights are cold, the days are warm,  
the sap it's got to flow.  
Drill the hole, put in the spile,  
Hang those buckets high.  
When I hear that sweet sap drop  
I cannot hide my smile.

Collect the sap from the buckets fast,  
don't let them overflow.  
If we lose a drop of that sweet sap crop  
I may just have to scold.  
When the sap begins to rise  
My eyes begin to shine.  
When I hear that sweet sap drop  
I cannot hide my smile.

Stoke the fire and raise the heat,  
Boil that sap on down.  
All the wood we split last year  
Sure comes in handy now.  
It's maple syrup time,  
the season is sublime.  
When I smell that sweet sap scent  
I cannot hide my smile.

Careful, boys, don't scorch it now.  
It's time to pull the valve.  
We'll bottle up that syrup hot.  
Oh gee, oh golly, how.  
Heat the griddle, bake the cakes,  
Pour that syrup, for goodness sakes.  
When I taste that syrup sweet  
I cannot hide my smile.  
No! No! I shall not hide my smile.

