

MAPLE SUGAR TIME.

[Written for the "VOICE."]

Up ! with the early dawn,
 To the woods, far away,
 Over the frosted lawn,
 Drive out the horse and sleigh,
 To the woods, far away.
 For 'tis sugar time, what fun,
 Now the maple sap will run,
 From the frosted trees ;
 List to the voices ringing.
 The work is now beginning,
 They're busy as bees :
 In the woods far away.

Bring your hatchets along,
 To the woods far away,
 And join the merry song,
 On this lovely spring day,
 In the woods far away,
 For every tree we must tap,
 To draw out the luscious sap,
 From the frosted snow ;
 We will make the woods resound,
 And pert echo ring the sound.
 As onward we go ;
 Through the woods far away.

Stir up the blazing pine,
 In the woods, far away,
 By the fire we shall dine,
 And warm ourselves to-day,
 In the woods, far away.
 Let us keep the boilers full,
 For sweet taffey we shall pull,
 When the sap is boil'd,
 We will throw it on the ground,
 And then, every one around,
 That has with us toil'd ;
 At latire, pull away.

JULIA FARLEY.