

We are little Canadians,
When the sap begins to run
In Spring, in the sugar maples,
We boys have the greatest fun :
Trees we tap, gather sap,
Hands we clap, fingers snap.
Here's *la tire* to pull !
Soon each mouth is full
Of the sweet and sticky stuff ;
Can we ever have enough ?
For a treat that's hard to beat,
We give as our opinion,
In sugar time it may be found
Where the maple trees abound,
In Canada's DOMINION !

