

# Oozy, Brown and Stickier

At the Maple Syrup Festival





*My cousin lives in Wakarusa,  
I'm coming to visit her today.  
It's time for the Maple Syrup Festival—  
We're going to eat, shop, and play.*





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*We hop on our bikes and pedal fast  
Down streets with trees so tall,  
The festival is waiting there—  
The best weekend of all.*





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*At the library, food vendors line the walk  
With treats piled up so high,  
We smell the maple sausage cooking  
And watch the pancakes fly.*





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*Up and down on Waterford Street,  
The craft and syrup vendors call,  
With maple candy, candles, and more—  
We want to buy them all.*





*The woodfire popcorn pops and cracks  
In a kettle black and round,  
The smell of butter fills the air—  
The best snack to be found.*





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*The loggers grab their great big saws  
And pull with all their might,  
The sawdust flies, the crowd all cheers—  
What an amazing sight!*





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*The parade comes marching down the street  
With floats and bands that play,  
Fire trucks and tractors rumble past—  
It's the best part of the day!*





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*The Wakarusa Dime Store stands  
With candy jars so wide,  
We pick out jumbo jelly beans  
With colors bright inside.*





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*The museum shows us days gone by  
With photos old and worn,  
Of maple trees and festival days  
From long before we were born.*





*We climb aboard the tractor wagon  
And bounce along the road,  
Back downtown through the festival crowds—  
What a bumpy, happy load!*





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*The babies crawl across the stage  
As fast as they can go,  
The crowd all laughs and claps along—  
It's quite the little show!*





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*The carnival is spinning bright  
With rides that twist and twirl,  
We climb aboard the Ferris wheel  
And see the whole wide world.*





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*At Doc's Pavilion the music rocks,  
The band plays loud and strong,  
We dance and clap beneath the lights  
And sing along to every song.*





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*The festival is over now,  
We've had the sweetest time,  
We'll come back to Wakarusa  
When the maple syrup's prime.*

