

Milking Time at the Farm

Written with Mrs. Feltman's & Mr. Leaver's 3rd grade classes
South Kortright Central School, Autumn 2012



Child:

As I was...
Pouring my creamy, cold milk this morning
A thought came to my head:
"Where did this milk come from?"
So here's what my Grandpa said:

Grandpa:

*Hop right up here on my lap.
Look out the window with me.
'Cause the story is right in front of us.
It's very plain to see.*

Child:

We looked outside and saw his neighbor
Strolling right along
As he headed to the barn to do his chores
We heard him singing this song:

Farmer:

Up to the pasture
Round up the cows
Love that mule
It's a very good tool
Open the doors
Get 'em in their stalls
Hook 'em up the right way
And feed those girls some hay

Chorus: *When it's milking time down at the farm,
The farmer's out in the barn
Tending to all of his chores
He thought he was all done
But then he looked around
And once again he found
That there was more and more
and more and more and more...*

Farmer:

Come on girls
Don't you lay down
You got work to do
What's that frown?
Water bowl's empty?
Well then, tip your head.

Uh-oh! The water's not coming!
But I know the spring is running.
Don't tell me the line's sprung a leak.
Why, that's the third time this week.
Without water, the farm won't run.
Without water, I'm all done!

Chorus: *When it's milking time down at the farm,
The farmer's out in the barn
Tending to all of his chores
He thought he was all done
But then he looked around
And once again he found?
That there was more and more
and more and more and more...*

Farmer:

Don't worry!
I'll be at it again tomorrow morning at four!