



THE LEAVES AND THE WIND

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadow with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold—
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft, little songs that they knew:

"Cricket, good-by, we've been friends so long!
Little brook, sing us your parting song—
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs, in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we've watched you in vale and glade;
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthly beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.