



“Come, little leaves,”
Said the wind one day,
“Come over the meadows
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 meadows
They danced and flew,
Singing the soft
Little songs they knew.

Dancing and flying
The little leaves went;
Winter had called them
And they were content –
Soon fast asleep
In their earthy beds,
The snow laid a soft mantle
Over their heads.

- George Cooper

- Recite the poem with proper rhythm and intonation.