

# Come little leaves



<https://riverofsong.uk/>

A poem by George Cooper 1838–1927, 'Wind and the leaves'  
My version came from 'The book of a thousand poems' but  
according to some internet sources there are two more verses.

**This is another one that can be mimed by gently moving back and forth, round and round, up and down to represent the wind, leaves and snow, finishing falling gently down to the floor and sleeping.**



"Come, lit - tle leaves," said the wind one day, "Come o - ver the  
mead - ows with me and play; Put on your dress - es of  
red and gold; For sum - - mer is gone and the days grow cold."

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,  
"Come over the meadows with me and play;  
Put on your dresses of red and gold;  
For 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 fields they danced and flew,  
Singing the soft little songs they knew.



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