

32

*HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN*

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**How the Leaves Came Down**

By SARAH C. WOOLSEY

‘I’LL tell you how the leaves came down,  
The great tree to his children said,  
‘You’re getting sleepy, yellow and  
brown—

Yes, very sleepy, little red,  
It is quite time you went to bed.’

‘Ah!’ begged each silly pouting leaf,  
‘Let us a little longer stay,  
Dear father tree; behold our grief;  
‘Tis such a very pleasant day,  
We do not want to go away.’

So just for one more merry day  
To the great tree the leaflets clung,  
Frolicked and danced and had their way,  
Upon the autumn breezes swung,  
Whispering all their sports among.

‘Perhaps the great tree will forget,  
And let us stay untill the spring,  
If we all beg and coax and fret.’  
But the great tree did no such thing,  
He smiled to hear them whispering.

‘Come children, all to bed:’ he cried,  
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer  
He shook his head and far and wide,