



# WHEN THE LEAVES ARE ON THE GROUND

*(Tune: Poetic Chant)*

When the leaves are on the ground [point to floor]  
Instead of on the trees [hands clasped over head]  
I like to make a great big pile [hands down low]  
Way up to my knees [raise hands up to knee level]  
I like to run and jump in them [run in place, and one big jump]  
I like the crunchy sound [Rub hands fast, one loud clap]  
I like the prickly feel of them [wiggle fingers]  
As roll around the ground! [roll on the ground]

