



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]

