each stylized made from

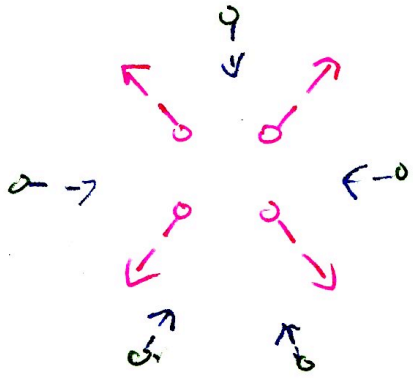
Come Little Leaves 3-fold

1 "Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
1 "Come o'er the meadows with me, and play;
2 Put on your dresses of red and gold;
2 For summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

4 Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
4 Down they came fluttering, one and all;
6 Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
6 Singing the glad little songs they knew.

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

1



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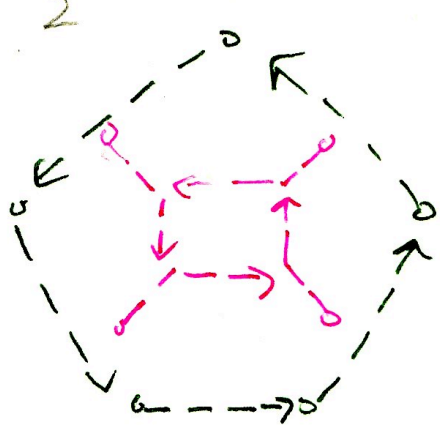

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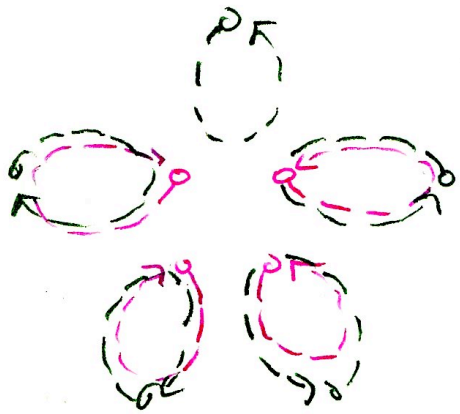

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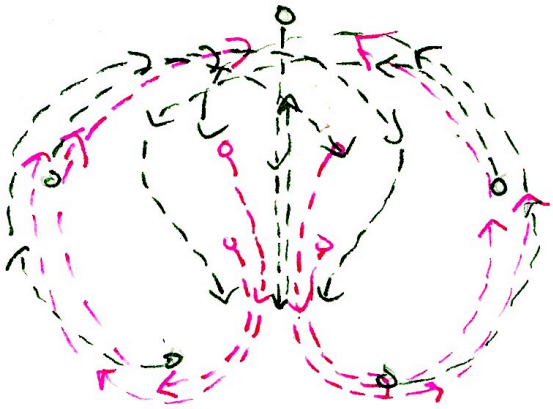

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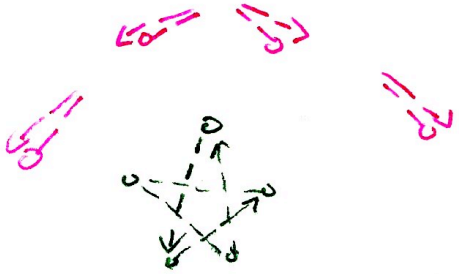

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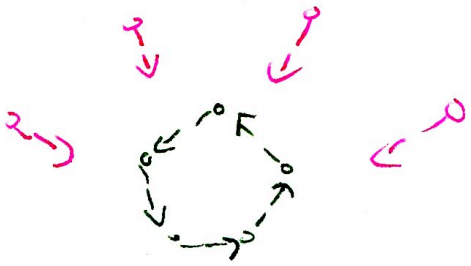
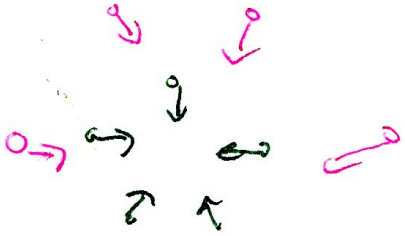
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