

# The Squirrel

Pentatonic  
Anon

M.T.Schunemann



These are the brown leaves tum - bl - ing down\_\_\_\_\_ And



this is the tall\_\_ tree bare and brown\_\_ This is the squir - rel\_\_ with



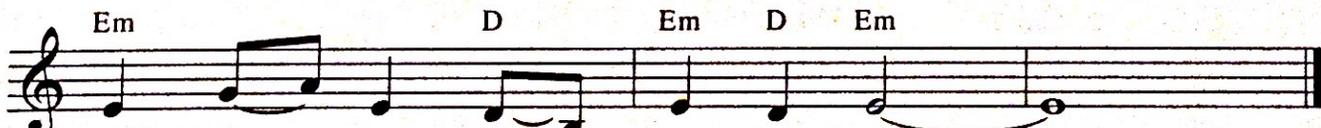
eyes so bright\_ Hunt - ing for nuts with\_\_ all her might\_ This is the hole where\_\_



day by day\_\_\_\_ Nut af - ter nut she\_\_ stores a - way\_\_\_\_\_ When



win - ter comes with its cold and storm\_\_\_\_\_ She'll



sleep curl - ed up all\_\_\_\_ snug and warm\_\_\_\_\_

