

The Green Leaves of Summer

Frankie Laine

A time to be reapin', a time to be sowin'.
The green leaves of Summer are callin' me home.
'Twas so good to be young then, in a season of plenty,
When the catfish were jumpin' as high as the sky.

A time just for plantin', a time just for ploughin'.
A time to be courtin' a girl of your own.
'Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth,
And to stand by your wife at the moment of birth.

A time to be reapin', a time to be sowin'.
The green leaves of Summer are callin' me home.
'Twas so good to be young then, with the sweet smell of apples,
And the owl in the pine tree a-winkin' his eye.

A time just for plantin', a time just for ploughin'.
A time just for livin', a place for to die.
'Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth,
Now the green leaves of Summer are callin' me home.

'Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth,
Now the green leaves of Summer are callin' me home.