

The Green Leaves Of Summer

The Brothers Four

Woo, woo,
A time to be reaping
A time to be sowing
The green leaves of summer

Are calling me home "
Twas so good to be young then
In the season of plenty
When the catfish were jumping

As high as the sky
A time just for planting
A time just for ploughing
A time to be courting

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, woo
A time to be reaping
A time to be sowing
A time just for living

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 calling me home "

Twas so good to be young then
To be close to the earth
Now the green leaves of summer
Are calling me home