

# 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