

# The Green Leaves of Summer

## The Brothers Four

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 skyA 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 birthA 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

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