

The Green Leaves of Summer

Patti Page

A time to be reapin', a time to be sowin'.
The green leaves of Summer are callin' me home.
It was so good to be young then, in the 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 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.