

Brothers Four

"The Green Leaves Of Summer"

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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

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

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