The Green Leaves Of Summer

A time to be reap-in', a time to be sow-in', the green leaves of summer are call-in' me home. It was good to be young then, in the season of plenty, when the catfish were jump-in', as high as the sky. A time just for plant-in', a time just for plough-in', a time to be court-in' 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 time just for plough-in', a time just for liv'in' a place for to the death, 'Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth, now the green leaves of summer are call-in' me.
"Twas birth to good to be young then, to be close to the earth, now the green leaves of summer are calling me home."

"Twas so home. A to then, young to be good birth to close be now the earth, the to close be good to be young then, to be close to the earth, now the green leaves of summer are calling me home."