The Green Leaves of Summer

A time to be reapin',
time to be sawin';

The green leaves of summer are callin' me home.

It was

Dmitry Tiomkin
Paul Francis Webster

Дмитрий Тёмкин
Слова Поля Ф. Вебстера
good to be young then in the season of plenty.
When the catfish were jumping in as high as the sky.
A time just for plan tin; a time just for plough in;
time to be cour_tin; a girl of your

own. Twas so good to be young then; to be

close to the earth, And to stand by your

wifs at the mo _ ment of birth.
A home

Twas so
good
to be young then, to be close
to the earth,
Now the

green
leaves of sum_\text{mer}
are call in' me home.