

The Green Leaves of Summer  
Dimitri Tiomkin

Em B7 Em D7  
A time to be reaping, a time to be sowing,

G Am F#7 B7  
the green leaves of summer are calling me home.

E7 Am D7 G  
It was good to be young then, in the season of plenty,

Em Am C7 B7  
When the catfish were jumping as high as the sky.

Em B7 Em D7  
A time just for planting, a time just for ploughing,

Em Am F#7 B7  
a time to be courting a girl of your own.

E7 Am D7 G  
'Twas so good to be young then, to be close to the earth,

Em Am Em Am B7 Em  
to be there at her side at the mo-moment of birth.

A time to be reapin', a time to be sowin'.  
The green leaves of Summer are callin' me home.  
'Twas so good to be young then, with the sweet smell of apples,  
And the owl in the pine tree a-winkin' his eye.

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.

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Now the green leaves of Summer are callin' me home.