

# Sourwood Tree

Nora Jane Struthers

I'll close my eyes  
So I won't see  
The fiery leaves of the sourwood tree  
And if I try  
Perhaps I'll find  
A few more berries left on the vine No no no no no  
It's not time; It's not time  
No no no no no  
It's not time; It's not time I will pretend  
The Joe-Pye weed's  
The very first flower to bloom in spring  
The white flesh  
Of the apple seems  
An awful lot like a July peach No no no no no  
It's not time; It's not time  
No no no no no  
It's not time; It's not time And if I wake  
Before the sun  
Troubles take my thoughts and run  
Where do we go  
After we are gone?  
Is it south with the birds or east to the dawn? No no no no no  
It's not time; It's not time  
No no no no no  
It's not time; It's not time I'll close my eyes  
So I won't see  
The fiery leaves of the sourwood tree

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