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 vineNo no no no no
It's not time; It's not time
No no no no no
It's not time; It's not timeI 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 peachNo no no no no
It's not time; It's not time
No no no no no
It's not time; It's not timeAnd 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 timeI'll close my eyes
So I won't see
The fiery leaves of the sourwood tree

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