

Drury Mountain

Andree Nolen & Tad Tuleja

October 1976

On the mountain with the maples turning early
There's a light within the gold
There's a feeling, a fragile kind of wonder
That the valley does not know cannot be told
 You'd swear the hills were running red
 With streams of flame
 You'd gladly let them carry you
 Back to where you came

D G
D A
D G
D A Bm
Em
Bm
Em
D G A

In the silence where the waters keep their wisdom
There is warmth beneath the snow
You can miss it, the closing of a circle
When you're captive to the cold of your thinking
 You'd swear the earth was hungry for
 The blood of a friend
 You're burdened by the brightness
 Of thinking it will never end

Rushing waters in the melting of the mountain
And the rivers full of gold
In the valley the rainbow are running early
Like the children of the snow coming home
 And every year again it seems
 A gift or a surprise
 As green breaks through the crystal
 Mist of your eyes

Drury is a tiny town in the Massachusetts Berkshires where Andree and I lived for a year in a rambling old farmhouse on a peak called Florida Mountain. Billing ourselves the Florida Mountain Blues Band, we performed this and other songs—none of them blues—in a bar called the Black Stallion.