

Upon the Hard Crest

Iris DeMent

Upon the hard crest of a snowdrift
We tread and, grown quiet, we walk
On towards my house, white, enchanted
Our mood is too tender for talk. Sweeter than song is this dream now
Come true, the low boughs of the firs
Sway as we brush them in passing,
The slight silver clink of your spurs.

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