

## 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