

Whose trees these are I think I know.
His home is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his trees fill up with snow.

My valiant steed must think it queer
To halt without a farmhouse near
Between the trees and frozen lake
The darkest nightfall of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if I've made some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of quiet wind and downy flake.

The trees are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And far to go before I sleep,
And far to go before I sleep.