

## Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening, By Robert Frost



Figure 1: Snowy Woods

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

My little horse must think it queer; To stop without a farmhouse near; Between the woods and  
frozen lake; The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake; To ask if there is some mistake. The only other sound's the  
sweep; Of easy wind and downy flake.

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

## Frost's Collections



Figure 2: Robert Frost

#	Collection	Year
1	A Boy's Will	1913
2	North of Boston	1914
3	Mountain Interval	1916
4	New Hampshire	1923
5	West Running Brook	1928
6	A Further Range	1937
7	A Witness Tree	1942
8	In the Clearing	1962
9	Steeple Bush	1947
10	An Afterword	unknown