

“Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening” ~Robert Frost

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.