

Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening

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.

These woods are lovely, dark and deep

But I have promises to keep.

And miles to go before I sleep

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