|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  | **Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening** by Robert Frost |

 |
|

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|   | Whose woods these are I think I know.His house is in the village, though;He will not see me stopping hereTo watch his woods fill up with snow.My little horse must think it queerTo stop without a farmhouse nearBetween the woods and frozen lakeThe darkest evening of the year.He gives his harness bells a shakeTo ask if there is some mistake.The only other sound's the sweepOf 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.  |

 |