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| |  |  | | --- | --- | |  | **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 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. | |