

## English 30-1

### "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" by Robert Frost

*Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*  
Robert Frost (1874-1963)

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.

Original text: Robert Frost's *A Poem with Notes and Grace Notes*  
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