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.


Source: Collected Poems, Prose, & Plays (Library of America, 1995)