**“Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening” - Robert Frost**

**Complete Text**

*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 5   
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. 10   
The only other sounds 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, 15   
And miles to go before I sleep.*