

Come In Full Poem

Writer: Robert Frost | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

Come In By Robert Frost (1874-1963)

As I came to the edge of the woods, Thrush music — hark! Now if it was dusk outside, Inside it was dark.

Too dark in the woods for a bird By sleight of wing To better its perch for the night, Though it still could sing.

The last of the light of the sun That had died in the west Still lived for one song more In a thrush's breast.

Far in the pillared dark Thrush music went — Almost like a call to come in To the dark and lament.

But no, I was out for stars; I would not come in. I meant not even if asked; And I hadn't been. © by owner. provided at no charge for educational purposes