

## Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening Full Poem

Writer: Robert Frost | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

### Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening By [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.

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