Stopping by Woods

Poem • Read it, then copy it neatly. Keep going on the back.

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.

— Robert Frost, New Hampshire, 1923

Stopping by Woods (continued)