

# SEASONAL WINTER POEM

Robert Frost was one of America's most famous poets. He lived in New Hampshire, and he often wrote about life on his farm in Derry, as well as his experiences in the White Mountains.

This is a poem he wrote in 1922 about a winter evening, and it became one of his best known poems. He published it in a book of poetry entitled *New Hampshire* in 1923. This book won a Pulitzer Prize, which is one of the most important awards a writer can receive.

## “Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening”

By Robert Frost (1923)

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.



### Notice & Wonder

- Circle any words you don't know and look them up in a dictionary.
- What kind of winter scene is Robert writing about? Is it stormy and wild? Or peaceful and still? Which words or phrases provide clues?
- Why do you think he repeats the last line of the poem?