

Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening

by Robert Frost

Reader #1	Reader #2
Reader #1	Whose woods these are I think I know. His house is in the village though;
Reader #2	He will not see me stopping here To watch the woods fill up with snow.
Reader #1	My little horse must think it queer To stop without a farmhouse near
Reader #2	Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year.
Reader #1	He gives his harness bells a shake To ask if there is some mistake.
Reader #2	The only other sound's the sweep Of easy wind and downy flake.
Reader #1	The woods are lonely, dark and deep.
Reader #2	But I have promises to keep,
Both	And miles to go before I sleep. And miles to go before I sleep.