

**DR. H. N. SINHA ARTS AND COMMERCE
COLLEGE, PATUR.**

**FACULTY OF COMMERCE AND MANAGEMENT
B.COM. II SEMESTER III
SUBJECT : COMPULSORY ENGLISH**

**Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening
Robert Frost**

- Robert Frost (1874-1963) was an American poet.
- Though an American, his work was initially published in England before it was published in America.
- The most widely admired and highly honoured American poet of
- the 20th century, and a four-time Pulitzer Prize winner in poetry, Frost is known for his realistic depictions of rural life.
- Frost frequently wrote about settings from rural life in New England and used them to examine complex social and philosophical issues

- Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening is one of Robert Frost's most famous poems.
- The speaker in this poem is travelling through woods on a snowy evening and is drawn by the sight of snow falling around him.
- The quiet of the surroundings is only broken by the blowing of the "easy wind and downy flake" along with the shaking of the bells by the horse, as if to question his pause there in the woods.
- The pull of the "lovely, dark and deep woods" is strong; but he remembers that he has "promises to keep" and "miles to go" before he can think of any rest.
- The poem, full of vivid imagery of nature, could be interpreted symbolically to mean a number of things.
- The pull of the woods could symbolically mean a life free of responsibilities or the lure of the extravagant and the unknown.
- The poem ends with the speaker's commitment to his responsibilities taking precedence over everything else.

Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening

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.

These 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.

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.

A decorative graphic consisting of several parallel white lines of varying lengths, slanted diagonally from the bottom right towards the top right, set against a blue gradient background.

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