



STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

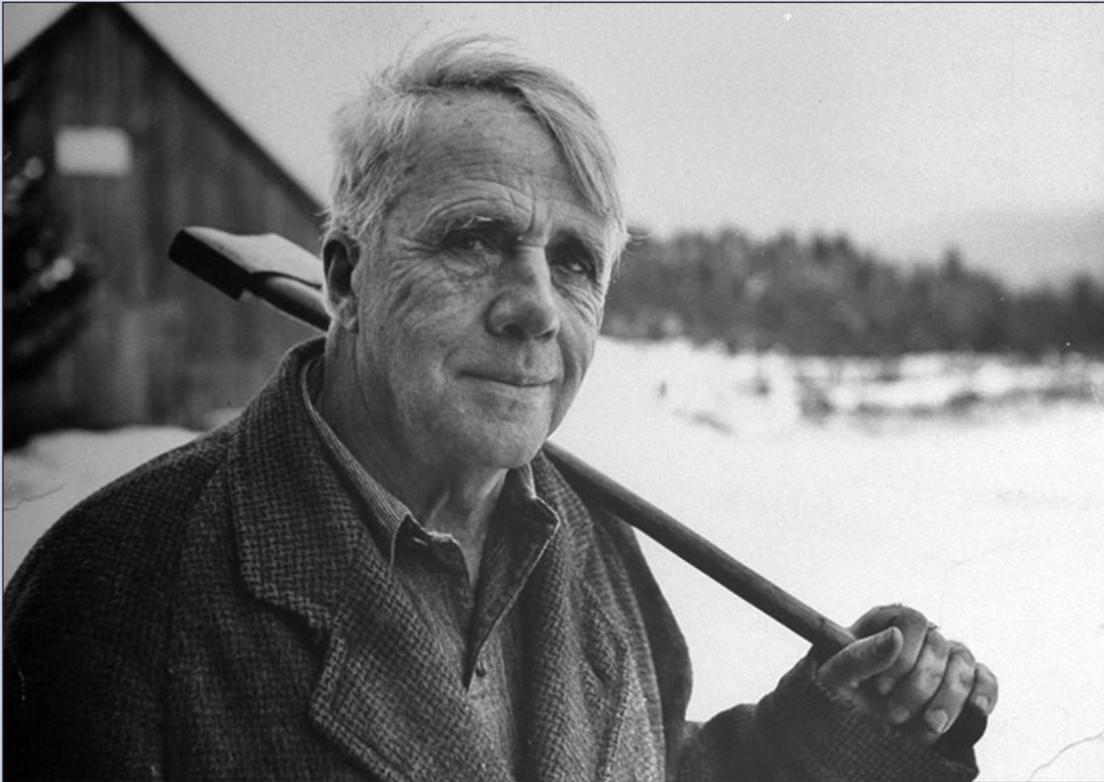
Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

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.

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.

Robert Frost



ROBERT FROST

One of the most popular American poets of the 20th century, Robert Frost was born in San Francisco, though he lived in New England from the age of ten. His mother was a Scottish immigrant, and his father descended from Nicholas Frost of Tiverton here in Devon, who had sailed to New Hampshire in 1634 on the *Wolfrana*.

Shortly before the First World War Robert Frost brought his wife and children to live in England, where he published his first volumes of poems. He also met and befriended the poet Edward Thomas, whom he described as “the only brother I ever had”. Thomas enlisted in 1915, and Frost returned to New Hampshire, where he continued to write poetry, and supported himself by teaching. Thomas was killed in the Battle of Arras.

Known for his realistic depictions of rural life and his command of American colloquial speech, Frost frequently wrote about settings from country life in New England in the early twentieth century, using them to examine complex social and philosophical themes.

At the age of 86 he read at the inauguration of President John F. Kennedy in 1961. Frost originally attempted to read his poem *Dedication*, which he had written for the occasion. He was unable to read it due to the brightness of the sunlight, and so he recited his poem *The Gift Outright* from memory instead.