

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.

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

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He will not see me stopping here B
To watch his woods fill up with snow. A

My little horse must think it queer B
To stop without a farmhouse near B
Between the woods and frozen lake C
The darkest evening of the year. B

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The darkest evening of the year. B

He gives his harness bells a shake C
To ask if there is some mistake. C
The only other sound's the sweep D
Of easy wind and downy flake. C

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

My little horse must think it queer B
To stop without a farmhouse near B
Between the woods and frozen lake C
The darkest evening of the year. B

He gives his harness bells a shake C
To ask if there is some mistake. C
The only other sound's the sweep D
Of easy wind and downy flake. C

The woods are lovely, dark and deep D
But I have promises to keep, D
And miles to go before I sleep, D
And miles to go before I sleep. D

Whose woods these are I think I know.
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A
A
B
A

My little horse must think it queer
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Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

B
B
C
B

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
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C
C
D
C

The woods are lovely, dark and deep
But I have promises to keep,
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D
D
D
D

