

On by Woods Evening Stopping a Snowy

by Rob Frets Rot

Some me other the the think house downy.
Are I the ask and in fill;
Stop there village woods and stopping I
And sleep miles with lake year not think.

I of lovely keep to and evening
I sweep his to is only
If here deep know horse watch
The the woods is sleep near.

To I up go it between but
Are go these sound's to he have.
Woods see of he mistake little
Promises before snow frozen will though.

Gives a harness wind whose to miles,
Flake must and darkest farmhouse bells,
Queer his his the my a before,
To shake woods easy the without dark.

