STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

—By Robert Frost

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.

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.

马儿甩动缰绳铃，
欲告主人迷路径。
只闻轻风簌簌语，
鹅毛雪片淅淅声。

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.

小小马儿显疑情，
为何偏在这儿停？
冰湖林间无农舍，
又逢雪夜黑蒙蒙。

(责任编辑：英文诗歌网)
Returning Late on the Road from Pingquan on a Winter's Day (Bai Juyi)

The mountain road is hard to travel, the sun now slanting down,
In a misty village, a crow lands on a frosted tree.
I'll not arrive before night falls, but that should not concern me,
Once I've drunk three warm cups, I'll feel as if at home.