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**Good Hours** - Poem by Robert Frost

I had for my winter evening walk—  
No one at all with whom to talk,  
But I had the cottages in a row  
Up to their shining eyes in snow.

And I thought I had the folk within:  
I had the sound of a violin;  
I had a glimpse through curtain laces  
Of youthful forms and youthful faces.

I had such company outward bound.  
I went till there were no cottages found.  
I turned and repented, but coming back  
I saw no window but that was black.

Over the snow my creaking feet  
Disturbed the slumbering village street  
Like profanation, by your leave,  
At ten o’clock of a winter eve.

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