



Good Hours

**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.**

Robert Frost

North of Boston. 1915