APPENDICES

APPENDIX I: ROBERT FROST’S BIOGRAPHY

Robert Lee Frost (March 26, 1874 – January 29, 1963) was an American poet. He is highly regarded for his realistic depictions of rural life and his command of American colloquial speech. His work frequently employed settings from rural life in New England in the early twentieth century, using them to examine complex social and philosophical themes. A popular and often-quoted poet, Frost was honored frequently during his lifetime, receiving four Pulitzer Prizes for Poetry.

Robert Frost was born in San Francisco, California to journalist William Prescott Frost, Jr., and Isabelle Moodie. His mother was of Scottish descent, and his father descended from Nicholas Frost of Tiverton, Devon, England, who had sailed to New Hampshire in 1634 on the Wolfrana.

Frost's father was a teacher and later an editor of the San Francisco Evening Bulletin (which afterwords merged into the San Francisco Examiner), and an unsuccessful candidate for city tax collector. After his father's death on May 5, 1885, in due time the family moved across the country to Lawrence, Massachusetts under the patronage of (Robert's grandfather) William Frost, Sr., who was an overseer at a New England mill. Frost graduated from Lawrence High School in 1892. Frost's mother joined the Swedenborgian church and had him baptized in it, but he left it as an adult.

Frost got his first break as a poet in 1894 when the New York magazine Independent published “My Butterfly: An Elegy” for a stipend of $15. A year later a wish he had had for some time came true; on 19 December 1895 he married Elinor
Miriam White (1872-1938), his co-valedictorian and sweetheart from school. They had gone separate ways upon graduation to attend college, and while Frost had left early, Elinor wanted to wait until she was finished before getting married. They would have six children together; sons Elliott (b.1896-1900) and Carol (1902-1940) and daughters Lesley (b.1899), Irma (b.1903), Marjorie (b.1905-1934), and Elinor Bettina (1907-1907).

The newlyweds continued to teach, which Frost always enjoyed, but the demanding schedule interfered with his writing. In 1897 he entered Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, though illness caused him to leave in 1899 before finishing his degree. Despite that, it was one of many institutions that would award him an honorary degree later on. The next ten years, the ‘Derry years’, were trying times for Frost with a growing family to support. In 1900 they moved to a farm bought by his paternal grandfather in Derry, New Hampshire to try poultry farming. The same year his son Elliot died of cholera. Frost suffered greatly from grief and guilt, and compounding this was the loss of his mother to cancer the same year. In 1907 Elinor Bettina died just one day after birth. But the farm was a peaceful and secluded setting and Frost enjoyed farming, tending to his orchard trees, chickens and various other chores. This period inspired such poems as “The Mending Wall” (written in England in 1913) and “Hyla Brook” (1906). The house built in the typical New England clapboard style is now a restored State Historical Landmark.

But it was soon time for a change. In 1911 he sold the farm and the Frosts set sail for England. Elinor was enthusiastic about traveling, even with four children, and they moved into a cottage in Beaconsfield, just outside of London. Then finally it happened; after writing poetry and trying to get noticed by publishers for over twenty years, Frost’s first collection of poetry *A Boy’s Will* was published in England in 1913.
by a small London printer, David Nutt. American publisher Henry Holt printed it in 1915. Frost’s work was well-received and fellow poets Edward Thomas and Ezra Pound became friends, supporters, and helped promote his work. North of Boston (1914) followed. When World War I started the Frosts were back in New Hampshire, settling at their newly bought farm in Franconia in 1915. A year later Robert began teaching English at Amherst College. Mountain Interval was published in 1916 which contained many poems written at Franconia. He was also starting lecture tours for his ever-growing audience of avid readers.

By now Frost was a popular speaker and had a demanding schedule of which Elinor, acting as his secretary, organised for him, so he spent a fair bit of time traveling, though still maintaining an impressive output of poetry. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry a second time in 1931 for his Collected Poems (1930), and also in 1937 for A Further Range (1936), and yet again in 1943 for his collection A Witness Tree (1942). All his children were married and he spent much time with them and his grandchildren, though it was not long before the heavy blows of loss struck again; his beloved daughter Marjorie died in 1934 after the birth of her first child, and in 1938 Elinor died of a heart attack. In 1940 Carol committed suicide.

Leaving the Stone House and The Gulley behind, in 1939 Frost bought the Homer Noble Farm in Ripton, Vermont for his summer residence, located near the Bread Loaf School. He occupied the cabin on the property ‘Than smoke and mist who better could appraise, The kindred spirit of an inner haze?’ (“A Cabin in the Clearing”) while his friends and colleagues the Morrisons stayed in the main house. Collected Poems (1939) was followed by A Masque of Reason (play, 1945), Steeple Bush (1947), A Masque of Mercy (play, 1947), Complete Poems (1949), and In the

Robert Frost died on the 29th of January 1963 in Boston, Massachusetts. ‘Safe!, Now let the night be dark for all of me. Let the night be too dark for me to see, Into the future. Let what will be, be.’ (‘Acceptance’) He lies buried in the family plot in the Old Bennington Cemetery behind the Old First Congregational Church near Shaftsbury, Vermont. His gravestone reads ‘I Had A Lover’s Quarrel With The World’.

**Personal life**

Robert Frost's personal life was plagued with grief and loss. His father died of tuberculosis in 1885, when Frost was 11, leaving the family with just $8. Frost's mother died of cancer in 1900. In 1920, Frost had to commit his younger sister, Jeanie, to a mental hospital, where she died nine years later. Mental illness apparently ran in Frost's family, as both he and his mother suffered from depression, and his daughter Irma was committed to a mental hospital in 1947. Frost's wife, Elinor, also experienced bouts of depression.

Elinor and Robert Frost had six children: son Elliot (1896–1904, died of cholera), daughter Lesley Frost Ballantine (1899–1983), son Carol (1902–1940, committed suicide), daughter Irma (1903–1967), daughter Marjorie (1905–1934, died as a result of puerperal fever after childbirth), and daughter Elinor Bettina (died three days after birth in 1907). Only Lesley and Irma outlived their father. Frost's wife, who had heart problems throughout her life, developed breast cancer in 1937, and died of heart failure in 1938.
Selected works

Poems

- After Apple-Picking
- Acquainted with the Night
- The Aim Was Song
- An Old Man's Winter Night
- The Armful
- Asking for Roses
- The Bear
- Bereft
- Birches
- The Black Cottage
- Bond and Free
- A Boundless Moment
- A Brook in the City
- But Outer Space
- Choose Something Like a Star
- A Cliff Dwelling
- The Code
- Come In
- A Considerable Speck
- The Cow in Apple-Time
- The Death of the Hired Man
- Dedication
- The Demiurge's Laugh
- Devotion
- Departmental
- Desert Places
- Design
- Directive
- A Dream Pang
- Dust of Snow
- The Egg and the Machine
- A Hundred Collars
- Hannibal
- The Hill Wife
- Home Burial
- Hyla Brook
- In a Disused Graveyard
- In a Poem
- In Hardwood Groves
- In Neglect
- In White (Frost's Early Version of "Design")
- Into My Own
- A Late Walk
- Leaves Compared with Flowers
- The Line-Gang
- A Line-Storm Song
- The Lockless Door
- Love and a Question
- Lure of the West
- Meeting and Passing
- Mending Wall
- A Minor Bird
- The Mountain
- Mowing
- My Butterfly
- My November Guest
- The Need of Being Versed in Country Things
- Neither Out Far Nor in Deep
- Never Again Would Bird's Song Be the Same
- Not to Keep
- Nothing Gold Can Stay
- Quandary
- A Question
- Range-Finding
- Reluctance
- Revelation
- The Road Not Taken
- The Road That Lost its Reason
- The Rose Family
- Rose Pogonias
- The Runaway
- The Secret Sits
- The Self-Seeker
- A Servant to Servants
- The Silken Tent
- A Soldier
- The Sound of the Trees
- The Span of Life
- Spring Pools
- The Star-Splitter
- Stars
- Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening
- Storm Fear
- The Telephone
- They Were Welcome to Their Belief
- A Time to Talk
- To E.T.
- To Earthward
- To the Thawing Wind
- Tree at My Window
- The Trial by Existence
- The Tuft of Flowers
- Two Look at Two
- Evening in a Sugar Orchard
- The Exposed Nest
- The Fear
- Fire and Ice (1916)
- Fireflies in the Garden
- The Flower Boat
- Flower-Gathering
- For Once, Then Something
- Fragmentary Blue
- Gathering Leaves
- The Generations of Men
- Ghost House
- The Gift Outright
- A Girl's Garden
- Going for Water
- Good Hours
- Good-bye, and Keep Cold
- The Gum-Gatherer
- Now Close the Windows
- October
- On a Tree Fallen across the Road
- On Looking up by Chance at the Constellations
- Once by the Pacific (1916)
- One Step Backward Taken
- Out, Out- (1916)
- The Oven Bird
- Pan With Us
- A Patch of Old Snow
- The Pasture
- Plowmen
- A Prayer in Spring
- Provide, Provide
- Putting in the Seed
- Two Tramps in Mud Time
- The Vanishing Red
- The Vantage Point
- War Thoughts at Home
- What Fifty Said
- The Witch of Coös
- The Wood-Pile

**Poetry collections**

- *North of Boston* (David Nutt, 1914; Holt, 1914)
- *Mending Wall*
- *The Road Not Taken*
- *Selected Poems* (Holt, 1923)

Includes poems from first three volumes and the poem *The Runaway*

- *New Hampshire* (Holt, 1923; Grant Richards, 1924)
- *Several Short Poems* (Holt, 1924)
- *Selected Poems* (Holt, 1928)
- *West-Running Brook* (Holt, 1928? 1929)
- *The Lovely Shall Be Choosers* (Random House, 1929)
- *Collected Poems of Robert Frost* (Holt, 1930; Longmans, Green, 1930)
- *The Lone Striker* (Knopf, 1933)
- *Selected Poems: Third Edition* (Holt, 1934)
- *Three Poems* (Baker Library, Dartmouth College, 1935)
- *From Snow to Snow* (Holt, 1936)
- *A Further Range* (Holt, 1936; Cape, 1937)
- *Collected Poems of Robert Frost* (Holt, 1939; Longmans, Green, 1939)
- *A Witness Tree* (Holt, 1942; Cape, 1943)
- *Come In, and Other Poems* (1943)
- Steeple Bush (Holt, 1947)
- Complete Poems of Robert Frost, 1949 (Holt, 1949; Cape, 1951)
- Hard Not To Be King (House of Books, 1951)
- Aforesaid (Holt, 1954)
- A Remembrance Collection of New Poems (Holt, 1959)
- You Come Too (Holt, 1959; Bodley Head, 1964)
- In the Clearing (Holt Rinehart & Winston, 1962)
- A Further Range (published as Further Range in 1926, as New Poems by Holt, 1936; Cape, 1937)
- Nothing Gold Can Stay
- What Fifty Said
- Fire And Ice
- A Drumlin Woodchuck

Plays

- The Cow's in the Corn: A One Act Irish Play in Rhyme (Slide Mountain Press, 1929).
- A Masque of Reason (Holt, 1945).
- A Masque of Mercy (Holt, 1947).

Prose


Published as


Pulitzer Prizes

- 1924 for New Hampshire: A Poem With Notes and Grace Notes
- 1931 for Collected Poems
- 1937 for A Further Range
- 1943 for A Witness Tree
APPENDIX II: THE NINE ROBERT FROST'S SELECTED POEMS

Stars

How countlessly they congregate
O'er our tumultuous snow,
Which flows in shapes as tall as trees
When wintry winds do blow!--

As if with keenness for our fate,
Our faltering few steps on
To white rest, and a place of rest
Invisible at dawn,--

And yet with neither love nor hate,
Those stars like some snow-white
Minerva's snow-white marble eyes
Without the gift of sight.

Going For Water

The well was dry beside the door,
And so we went with pail and can
Across the fields behind the house
To seek the brook if still it ran;
Not loth to have excuse to go,
Because the autumn eve was fair
(Though chill), because the fields were ours,
And by the brook our woods were there.

We ran as if to meet the moon
That slowly dawned behind the trees,
The barren boughs without the leaves,
Without the birds, without the breeze.

But once within the wood, we paused
Like gnomes that hid us from the moon,
Ready to run to hiding new
With laughter when she found us soon.

Each laid on other a staying hand
To listen ere we dared to look,
And in the hush we joined to make
We heard, we knew we heard the brook.
A note as from a single place,
A slender tinkling fall that made
Now drops that floated on the pool
Like pearls, and now a silver blade.

Hyla Brook

By June our brook's run out of song and speed.
Sought for much after that, it will be found
Either to have gone groping underground
(And taken with it all the Hyla breed
That shouted in the mist a month ago,
Like ghost of sleigh-bells in a ghost of snow)--
Or flourished and come up in jewel-weed,
Weak foliage that is blown upon and bent
Even against the way its waters went.
Its bed is left a faded paper sheet
Of dead leaves stuck together by the heat--
A brook to none but who remember long.
This as it will be seen is other far
Than with brooks taken otherwhere in song.
We love the things we love for what they are.

My November Guest

My Sorrow, when she's here with me,
Thinks these dark days of autumn rain
Are beautiful as days can be;
She loves the bare, the withered tree;
She walks the sodden pasture lane.

Her pleasure will not let me stay.
She talks and I am fain to list:
She's glad the birds are gone away,
She's glad her simple worsted grey
Is silver now with clinging mist.

The desolate, deserted trees,
The faded earth, the heavy sky,
The beauties she so truly sees,
She thinks I have no eye for these,
And vexes me for reason why.

Not yesterday I learned to know
The love of bare November days
Before the coming of the snow,
But it were vain to tell her so,
And they are better for her praise

Tree at my Window

Tree at my window, window tree,
My sash is lowered when night comes on;
But let there never be curtain drawn
Between you and me.

Vague dream head lifted out of the ground,
And thing next most diffuse to cloud,
Not all your light tongues talking aloud
Could be profound.

But tree, I have seen you taken and tossed,
And if you have seen me when I slept,
You have seen me when I was taken and swept
And all but lost.

That day she put our heads together,
Fate had her imagination about her,
Your head so much concerned with outer,
Mine with inner, weather.

Mowing

There was never a sound beside the wood but one,
And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.
What was it it whispered? I knew not well myself;
Perhaps it was something about the heat of the sun,
Something, perhaps, about the lack of sound--
And that was why it whispered and did not speak.
It was no dream of the gift of idle hours,
Or easy gold at the hand of fay or elf:
Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak
To the earnest love that laid the swale in rows,
Not without feeble-pointed spikes of flowers
(Pale orchises), and scared a bright green snake.
The fact is the sweetest dream that labour knows.
My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth

Then took the other, as just as fair
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back

I shall be telling with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence
Two roads diverged in a wood, and
I took the one less travelled by
And that has made all the difference

Stoppinfl by Woods on a Snowy Evening

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 farm house near
Between the woods and frazen 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 that sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake

The woods are lovely, dark and deep
But I have promises
A miles to go before sleep
A miles to go before sleep

Neither Out Far Nor in Deep
The people along the sand
All turn and look one way
They turn their back on the land
They look at the sea all day
As long as it takes to pass
A ship keeps raising its hull;
The wetter ground like glass
Reflects a standing gull
The land may vary more;
But wherever the truth may be-
The water comes ashore,
And the people look at the sea
They cannot look out far
They cannot look in deep
But when was that ever a bar
To any watch they keep?