

# A BOY'S WILL

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## 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 labor  
knows.

My long scythe whispered and left the hay to  
make.