Ghost House- Robert Frost

I dwell in a lonely house I know

That vanished many a summer ago,

 And left no trace but the cellar walls,

 And a cellar in which the daylight falls

And the purple-stemmed wild raspberries grow.

O’er ruined fences the grape-vines shield

The woods come back to the mowing field;

 The orchard tree has grown one copse

 Of new wood and old where the woodpecker chops;

The footpath down to the well is healed.

I dwell with a strangely aching heart

In that vanished abode there far apart

 On that disused and forgotten road

 That has no dust-bath now for the toad.

Night comes; the black bats tumble and dart;

The whippoorwill is coming to shout

And hush and cluck and flutter about:

 I hear him begin far enough away

 Full many a time to say his say

Before he arrives to say it out.

It is under the small, dim, summer star.

I know not who these mute folk are

 Who share the unlit place with me—

 Those stones out under the low-limbed tree

Doubtless bear names that the mosses mar.

They are tireless folk, but slow and sad—

Though two, close-keeping, are lass and lad,—

 With none among them that ever sings,

 And yet, in view of how many things,

As sweet companions as might be had.