

The Road Not Taken

By: Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow
wood, and sorry I could not travel
both and be one traveler, long I
stood and looked down one 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 this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and
I— I took the one less travelled by,
and that has made all the difference.