

Robert Frost

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 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 nearly about the
same,

And both that morning equally
dry

On leaves no step had trodden
black.

Oh, I kept the first for another
day!

Yet knowing how waxy heads on
to waxy,

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 traveled by,

And that has made all the

difference.