



The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow
wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, 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.



Rosycompany.co.uk