|  |
| --- |
| Robert Frost (1874–1963).  Mountain Interval.  1920. |
|  |
| **1. 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; | *5* | |  |  | | 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, | *10* | |  |  | | 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. | *15* | |  |  | | 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. | *20* | |