

O hushed October morning mild,

Thy leaves have ripened to the

fall;

Tomorrow's wind, if it be wild,

Should waste them all.

The crows above the forest call;

Tomorrow they may form and

go.

O hushed October morning mild,

Begin the hours of this day slow.

Make the day seem to us less brief.

Hearts not averse to being beguiled,

Beguile us in the way you know.

Release one leaf at break of day;

At noon release another leaf;

One from our trees, one far away.

Retard the sun with gentle mist;

Enchant the land with amethyst.

Slow, slow!

For the grapes' sake, if they were

all,

Whose leaves already are burnt

with frost,

Whose clustered fruit must else be

lost

For the grapes' sake along the

wall.

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 traveled by,

And that has made all the

difference.