

O hushed October morning mild,

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Thy leaves have ripened to the fall;

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Tomorrow's wind, if it be wild,

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Should waste them all.

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The crows above the forest call;

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Tomorrow they may form and go.

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O hushed October morning mild,

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Begin the hours of this day slow.

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Make the day seem to us less brief.

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Hearts not averse to being beguiled,

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Beguile us in the way you know.

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Release one leaf at break of day;

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At noon release another leaf;

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One from our trees, one far away.

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Retard the sun with gentle mist;

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Enchant the land with amethyst.

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Slow, slow!

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For the grapes' sake, if they were all,

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Whose leaves already are burnt with frost,

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Whose clustered fruit must else be lost—

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For the grapes' sake along the wall.

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Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,

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And sorry I could not travel both

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And be one traveler, long I stood

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And looked down one as far as I could

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To where it bent in the undergrowth;

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Then took the other, as just as fair,

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And having perhaps the better claim,

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Because it was grassy and wanted wear;

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Though as for that the passing there

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Had worn them really about the same,

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And both that morning equally lay

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In leaves no step had trodden black.

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Oh, I kept the first for another day!

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Yet knowing how way leads on to way,

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I doubted if I should ever come back.

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I shall be telling this with a sigh

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Somewhere ages and ages hence:

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Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—

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I took the one less traveled by,

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And that has made all the difference.

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