

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.