







Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And capture that beautiful morning
And that afternoon;
And sorry I could not journey
Along both ways,
I asked myself what road to take,
And that morning I chose the one
Less traveled by,
Because it was grassy and wanted
wear;
Though the first was equally fair,
To have worn the same path
Ten years ago;
And so it proved, and so proved
I, and so several others:
Tired they give from their wear,
But none could tell which was
Best.
Oh, I have often walked
Along the first, but one
Travels it, so that
I could not take the other
Road,
Which is the road that
has made all the difference.
And so it is, the road
Less traveled by,
That has made all the difference.













