

The Road Not Taken Full Poem

Writer: Robert Frost | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

The Road Not Taken By Robert Frost (1874-1963)

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.