

Song of the Open Road

By Walt Whitman

Afoot and lighthearted I take to the open road,

Healthy, free, the world before me,

The long brown path before me leading me wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune,

5 Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more,

Need nothing,

Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,

Strong and content I travel the open road.



The Road Not Taken

By Robert Frost

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
Hand 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.