

The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost

Read by Miranda Holland

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.

Committal

Alexis Ffrench - A Moment in Time

Close

Traditional - Simple Gifts



Paris, le 09/08/2016, à bord du Cristal 18



Aileen on a work teambuilding day, one of her first trips to the UK



Aileen graduating from her homeopathy course in 2019

