**“The Road Not Taken”**

**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

Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay

In leaves no step had trodden black.

Oh, I marked 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.

**“She Walks in Beauty” (1815)**

**Lord Byron**

She walks in beauty, like the night

Of cloudless climes and starry skies;

And all that's best of dark and bright

Meet in her aspect and her eyes:

Thus mellow’d to that tender light

Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,

Had half impair’d the nameless grace

Which waves in every raven tress,

Or softly lightens o'er her face;

Where thoughts serenely sweet express

How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

And on that cheek, and o’er that brow,

So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,

The smiles that win, the tints that glow,

But tell of days in goodness spent,

A mind at peace with all below,

A heart whose love is innocent!

**“Oh Captain! My Captain!”**

**Walt Whitman**

    O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,   
    The ship has weather’d every rack, the prize we sought is won,   
    The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,   
    While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;   
                   But O heart! heart! heart!   
                       O the bleeding drops of red,   
                           Where on the deck my Captain lies,   
                               Fallen cold and dead.

    O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;   
    Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,   
    For you bouquets and ribbon’d wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,   
    For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;   
                   Here Captain! dear father!   
                       This arm beneath your head!   
                           It is some dream that on the deck,   
                               You’ve fallen cold and dead.

    My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,   
    My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,   
    The ship is anchor’d safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,   
    From fearful trip, the victor ship comes in with object won;   
                   Exult O shores, and ring O bells!   
                       But I with mournful tread,   
                           Walk the deck my Captain lies,   
                               Fallen cold and dead.

**“Sonnet 18”**

**William Shakespeare**

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate.

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer’s lease hath all too short a date.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimmed;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance, or nature’s changing course, untrimmed;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st,

Nor shall death brag thou wand’rest in his shade,

When in eternal lines to Time thou grow’st.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.