

## APPENDICES

### Robert Frost's Poems

#### The Road Not Taken

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; 5

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, 10

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. 15

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. 20

## Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer                 5  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.                10  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,                 15  
And miles to go before I sleep.

## Two Tramps in Mud Time

Out of the mud two strangers came  
And caught me splitting wood in the yard,  
And one of them put me off my aim  
By hailing cheerily "Hit them hard!"  
I knew pretty well why he had dropped behind 5  
And let the other go on a way.  
I knew pretty well what he had in mind:  
He wanted to take my job for pay.

Good blocks of oak it was I split,  
As large around as the chopping block; 10  
And every piece I squarely hit  
Fell splinterless as a cloven rock.  
The blows that a life of self-control  
Spares to strike for the common good,  
That day, giving a loose to my soul, 15  
I spent on the unimportant wood.

The sun was warm but the wind was chill.  
You know how it is with an April day  
When the sun is out and the wind is still,  
You're one month on in the middle of May. 20  
But if you so much as dare to speak,  
A cloud comes over the sunlit arch,  
A wind comes off a frozen peak,  
And you're two months back in the middle of March.

A bluebird comes tenderly up to alight 25  
And turns to the wind to unruffle a plume,  
His song so pitched as not to excite  
A single flower as yet to bloom.  
It is snowing a flake; and he half knew  
Winter was only playing possum. 30  
Except in color he isn't blue,  
But he wouldn't advise a thing to blossom

The water for which we may have to look  
 In summertime with a witching wand,  
 In every wheelrut's now a brook, 35  
 In every print of a hoof a pond.  
 Be glad of water, but don't forget  
 The lurking frost in the earth beneath  
 That will steal forth after the sun is set  
 And show on the water its crystal teeth. 40

The time when most I loved my task  
 The two must make me love it more  
 By coming with what they came to ask.  
 You'd think I never had felt before  
 The weight of an ax-head poised aloft, 45  
 The grip of earth on outspread feet,  
 The life of muscles rocking soft  
 And smooth and moist in vernal heat.

Out of the wood two hulking tramps  
 (From sleeping God knows where last night, 50  
 But not long since in the lumber camps).  
 They thought all chopping was theirs of right.  
 Men of the woods and lumberjacks,  
 They judged me by their appropriate tool.  
 Except as a fellow handled an ax 55  
 They had no way of knowing a fool.

Nothing on either side was said.  
 They knew they had but to stay their stay  
 And all their logic would fill my head:  
 As that I had no right to play 60  
 With what was another man's work for gain.  
 My right might be love but theirs was need.  
 And where the two exist in twain  
 Theirs was the better right--agreed.

But yield who will to their separation, 65  
 My object in living is to unite  
 My avocation and my vocation  
 As my two eyes make one in sight.  
 Only where love and need are one,  
 And the work is play for mortal stakes, 70  
 Is the deed ever really done  
 For Heaven and the future's sakes.

## The Trial by Existence

Even the bravest that are slain  
Shall not dissemble their surprise  
On waking to find valor reign,  
Even as on earth, in paradise;  
And where they sought without the sword 5  
Wide fields of asphodel fore'er,  
To find that the utmost reward  
Of daring should be still to dare.

The light of heaven falls whole and white  
And is not shattered into dyes, 10  
The light forever is morning light;  
The hills are verdured pasture-wise;  
The angle hosts with freshness go,  
And seek with laughter what to brave;--  
And binding all is the hushed snow 15  
Of the far-distant breaking wave.

And from a cliff-top is proclaimed  
The gathering of the souls for birth,  
The trial by existence named,  
The obscuration upon earth. 20  
And the slant spirits trooping by  
In streams and cross- and counter-streams  
Can but give ear to that sweet cry  
For its suggestion of what dreams!

And the more loitering are turned 25  
To view once more the sacrifice  
Of those who for some good discerned  
Will gladly give up paradise.  
And a white shimmering concourse rolls  
Toward the throne to witness there 30  
The speeding of devoted souls  
Which God makes his especial care.

And none are taken but who will,  
Having first heard the life read out  
That opens earthward, good and ill, 35  
Beyond the shadow of a doubt;  
And very beautifully God limns,  
And tenderly, life's little dream,

But naught extenuates or dims,  
Setting the thing that is supreme. 40

Nor is there wanting in the press  
Some spirit to stand simply forth,  
Heroic in it nakedness,  
Against the uttermost of earth.  
The tale of earth's unhonored things 45  
Sounds nobler there than 'neath the sun;  
And the mind whirls and the heart sings,  
And a shout greets the daring one.

But always God speaks at the end:  
'One thought in agony of strife 50  
The bravest would have by for friend,  
The memory that he chose the life;  
But the pure fate to which you go  
Admits no memory of choice,  
Or the woe were not earthly woe 55  
To which you give the assenting voice.'

And so the choice must be again,  
But the last choice is still the same;  
And the awe passes wonder then,  
And a hush falls for all acclaim. 60  
And God has taken a flower of gold  
And broken it, and used therefrom  
The mystic link to bind and hold  
Spirit to matter till death come.

'Tis of the essence of life here, 65  
Though we choose greatly, still to lack  
The lasting memory at all clear,  
That life has for us on the wrack  
Nothing but what we somehow chose;  
Thus are we wholly stripped of pride 70  
In the pain that has but one close,  
Bearing it crushed and mystified.

## **Biography of Robert Lee Frost**

Robert Lee Frost was born on March 26, 1874 in San Francisco, California. His father died when Frost was eleven years old. After his father's death, Frost's Scottish mother worked as a school teacher to help her family financial condition. Frost and his mother lived in Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Robert Frost was a student at Dartmouth College and Harvard. After he graduated from college, he worked in a textile mill and he also taught Latin. In 1894, Frost wrote his first poem. The poem was entitled "My Butterfly" and was published at the "New York Independent".

He also wrote another five poems but they were unpublished. In 1913, Frost published his first collection of poems entitled A Boy's Will, and then a year later he also published North of Boston. This poem collection contains some of Frost's best-known poems: "Mending Wall", "The Death of the Hired Man," "Home Burial", "A Servant to Servants", "After Apple-Picking", and "The Wood-Pile." All of Robert Frost's poems are written in blank verse or free verse of dialogues. Moreover, the poems were drawn from his own life. He uses images of woods, stars, houses in his poems.

Frost died in Boston on January 29, 1963, yet he is still considered as the best American poet. Frost's works have gained international reputation, and he had received Pulitzer Prize four times for his works. Frost's poems show deep appreciation of natural world and sensibility about the human aspirations.

Source : "Biography of Robert Frost"