

The Road Not Taken

未选择的路

Robert Frost

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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;

黄色的树林里分出两条路，
可惜我不能同时去涉足，
我在那路口久久伫立，
我向着一条路极目望去，
直到它消失在丛林深处。

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.

但我却选了另外一条路，
它荒草萋萋，十分幽寂，
显得更诱人、更美丽；
虽然在这两条小路上，
都很少留下旅人的足迹。

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.

那天清晨落叶满地，
两条路都未经脚印污染。
啊，我留下第一条路改日再见！
但我知道路径延绵无尽头，
恐怕我难以再回返。

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.

也许多少年后在某个地方，
我将轻声叹息把往事回顾：
一片树林里分出两条路，
而我选了人迹更少的一条，
从此决定了我一生的道路。