The Choice

BY [DOROTHY](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/robert-frost) PARKER

He'd have given me rolling lands,   
Houses of marble, and billowing farms,   
Pearls, to trickle between my hands,   
Smoldering rubies, to circle my arms.   
You- you'd only a lilting song,   
Only a melody, happy and high,   
You were sudden and swift and strong-   
Never a thought for another had I. 

He'd have given me laces rare,   
Dresses that glimmered with frosty sheen,   
Shining ribbons to wrap my hair,   
Horses to draw me, as fine as a queen.   
You- you'd only to whistle low,   
Gayly I followed wherever you led.   
I took you, and I let him go-   
Somebody ought to examine my head!