

If by Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men **doubt** you,
But make **allowance** for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream - and not make dreams your **master**;
If you can think - and not make thoughts your **aim**;
If you can meet with **triumph** and disaster
And treat those two **imposters** just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by **knaves** to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And **stoop** and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one **heap** of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breath a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and **sinew**
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the **Will** which says to them: "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your **virtue**,
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch;
If neither **foes** nor loving friends can hurt you;
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run -
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man my son!