

"IF"

"If you can keep your head
when those around you
are losing theirs
and blaming it on you,

If you can trust yourself
when all men doubt you
but make allowances
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 think,
but 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 watched the things
you gave your life to
broken,

And stoop and build them 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 one beginning

And never breathe 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 minutes
with sixty seconds worth
of distance run,

Yours is the Earth
and everything that's in it

And, what's more,
....You'll be a man my son!"

-Rudyard Kipling