

If

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 Dis-
aster And treat those two impostors 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 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 minute With sixty seconds'
worth of distance run, Yours is the Earth and ev-
erything that's in it, And - which is more - you'll
be a Man, my son!