

# IF!

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 or 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 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 again 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 each 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!

*Kipling.*