

# IF

If you can keep you 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 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 everything that's in it  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

- Rudyard Kipling

