

If—

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

1 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:

2 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:

3 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!'

4 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!