

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!