

# Don Spencer

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## **IF (Rudyard Kipling poem)**

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 disaster,  
    And treat those two imposters just the same.

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken,  
    Twisted by naves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,  
    And stoop under the hearth with worn out tools,  
If you can make one heap of all your winnings,  
    And risk it on one turn of pigeon toss,  
And lose and start again at your beginnings,  
    But never breathe a word about your loss.

If you can force your heart and nerve ends and send you  
    To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,  
    Except the will that's 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 came up with you,  
But none too much.  
But if you can fill the unforgiving minutes,  
With 60 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.