"If you can keep your head when those around you are losing theirs and blaming it on you,

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you but make allowances 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 think, but 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 knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watched the things you gave your life to broken,

And stoop and build them 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 one beginning

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 minutes with sixty seconds worth of distance run,

Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it

And, what's more,You'll be a man my son!"

-Rudyard Kipling