

IF

If you can keep your head when your teammates
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when your coaches doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait for the good pass and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about because of jealousy, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated because of envy, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream about championships-and not make dreams your master;
If you can think about winning-and not make winning 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 adults and classmates to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your best efforts to, broken,
And stoop and build'em up again with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one quick back set,
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 muscle
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 Champions and not lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of effort,
Yours is the team to lead and all the glory that's in it;
For you will be a SETTER, young lady!

