

“DON'T GIVE UP” POEMS

If

By Rudyard Kipling

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 knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with wornout 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 your beginnings
And never breath 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 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!

Staying Power **Anonymous**

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh.

When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.
Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As everyone one of us sometimes learns.
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with another blow.

Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell just how close you are,
It may be near when it seems so far.

So stick to the fight when your hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit.

Empty Hands **Martha Snell Nicholson**

One by one He took them from me,
All the things I valued most;
Until I was empty-handed,
Every glittering toy was lost.

And I walked earth's highways, grieving,
In my rage and poverty,
Till I heard His voice inviting,
"Lift your empty hands to me."

So I held my hands toward Heaven
And He filled them with a store
Of His own transcendent riches
Until they could hold no more.

And at last I comprehend,
With my stupid mind and dull,
That God could not pour His riches
Into hands already full.

Winners Are People Like You Nancye Sims

Winners take chances.
Like everyone else, they fear failing,
But they refuse to let fear control them.
Winners don't give up.
When life gets rough, they hang in
Until the going gets better.
Winners are flexible.

They realize there is more than one way
And are willing to try others.
Winners know they are not perfect.
They respect their weaknesses
While making the most of their strengths.
Winners fail, but they don't stay down.
They stubbornly refuse to let a fall
Keep them from climbing

Winners don't blame
Fate for their failures,
Nor luck for their successes.
Winners accept responsibility
For their lives.
Winners are positive thinkers
Who see good in all things.
From the ordinary, they make
The extraordinary.

Winners believe in the path they have chosen
Even when it's hard,
Even when others can't see
Where they are going.
Winners are patient.
They know a goal is only as worthy
As the effort that's required
To achieve it.

Winners are people like you.
They make the world a better place to be.

Equipment

Edgar A. Guest

Figure it out for yourself, my lad,
You're all that the greatest of men have had;
Two arms, two hands, two legs, two eyes;
And a brain to use if you would be wise,
With this equipment they all began.

So start for the top and say "I can."
Look them over, the wise and great,
They take their food from a common plate
And similar knives and forks they use,
With similar laces they tie their shoes.
The world considers them brace and smart,
But you've all they had when they made their start.

You can triumph and come to skill,
You can be great if you only will.
You're well equipped for what fight to choose;
You have legs and arms and a brain to use,
And the man who has risen great deeds to do
Began his life with no more than you.

You are handicap you must face,
You are the one who must choose your place,
You must say where you want to go,
How much you will study the truth to know;
God has equipped you for life, but He
Lets you decide what you want to be.

Courage must come from the soul within
The man must furnish the will to win,
So figure it out for yourself, my lad
You were born with all that the great ever had,
With your equipment they all began,
Get hold of yourself and say, "I can."

Two Tramps in Mud Time

By Robert Frost

Out of the mud two strangers came
And caught me splitting wood in the yard,

And one of them put me off my aim
By hailing cheerily "Hit them hard!"
I knew pretty well why he dropped behind
And let the other go on a way.
I knew pretty well what he had in mind:
He wanted to take my job for pay.

Good blocks of beech it was I split,
As large around as the chopping block;
And every piece I squarely hit
Fell splinterless as a cloven rock.
The blows that a life of self-control
Spares to strike for the common good
That day, giving a loose to my soul,
I spent on the unimportant wood.

The sun was warm but the wind was chill.
You know how it is with an April day
When the sun is out and the wind is still,
You're one month on in the middle of May.
But if you so much as dare to speak,
A cloud comes over the sunlit arch,
A wind comes off a frozen peak,
And you're two months back in the middle of March.

A bluebird comes tenderly up to alight
And fronts the wind to unruffle a plume
His song so pitched as not to excite
A single flower as yet to bloom.
It is snowing a flake: and he half knew
Winter was only playing possum.
Except in color he isn't blue,
But he wouldn't advise a thing to blossom.

The water for which we may have to look
In summertime with a witching wand,
In every wheel rut's now a brook,
In every print of a hoof a pond.
Be glad of water, but don't forget
The lurking frost in the earth beneath

That will steal forth after the sun is set
And show on the water its crystal teeth.

The time when most I loved my task
These two must make me love it more
By coming with what they came to ask.
You'd think I never had felt before
The weight of an axhead poised aloft,
The grip on earth of outspread feet.
The life of muscles rocking soft
And smooth and moist in vernal heat.

Out of the woods two hulking tramps
(From sleeping God knows where last night,
But not long since in the lumber camps.)
They thought all chopping was theirs of right.
Men of the woods and lumberjacks,
They judged me by their appropriate tool.
Except as a fellow handled an ax,
They had no way of knowing a fool.

Nothing on either side was said.
They knew they had but to stay their stay
And all their logic would fill my head:
As that I had no right to play
With what was another man's work for gain.
My right might be love but theirs was need.
And where the two exist in twain
Theirs was the better right -- agreed.

But yield who will to their separation,
My object in living is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As my two eyes make one in sight.
Only where love and need are one,
And the work is play for mortal stakes,
Is the deed ever really done
For heaven and the future's sakes.