

F. Tyutchev / Speller does not know this Russian poet /

Σιλεντιυμ! / Will not be included in the list of incorrect words because it is typed in Latin letters /

Speak not, lie hidden, and conceal

The way you dream, the things you feel. / In feel Russian ee instead English ee /

Deep in your spirit let them rise

Akin to stars in krystal skies / must be crystal /

That set before the night is blurred:

Delight in them and speak no word.

/ The speller marks ee letters as an error, but its will not be included in the result file because their length is less than the threshold value, in this case it is 4. /

How can a heart expression find?

How should another know your mind?

Will he discern what quickens you?

A thought once uttered is untrue. / Word untrue marked as Danish, but default language is English/

Dimmed is the fountainhead when stirred: / Nabokov's translation is exactly that /

Drink at the source and speak no word.

Live in your iner self alone / must be inner /

Within your soul a world has grown,

The magic of veiled thoughts that might

Be blinded by the outer light,

Drowned in the noise of day, unheard...

Take in their song and speak no word.

*Fyodor Tyutchev* / Will not be included in the list of incorrect words because marked by #SkipColor /  
*translated by Vladimir Nabokov*

R. Kipling / Typo in the name: must be Kipling /

IF

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; / must be allowance /  
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; / word dream marked as French /  
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 / must be truth /  
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 / must be force /  
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!