



1. First header

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 impostors 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 worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your win-
nings And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-
toss, And lose, and start again at your begin-



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First header

nings 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 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!

01. Subheader first

If you can keep your head when all about
you Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
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Picture and
signature stand
alone
**Signature of alone
picture**

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If you can talk with crowds and keep your
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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!

02. Subheader second

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 impostors 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 worn-out tools:

02. Subheader second | Signature of picture in group



Subheader second

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
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;
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Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!



Picture and
signature in group
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If you can keep your head when all about
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2. Second header



Second header

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
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2. Second header

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Subheader third

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If you can dream — and not make dreams
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two impostors 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 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 your beginnings 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!'

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04. Subheader fourth

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3. Third header



Third header

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05. Subheader fifth — it is very long numbered string in two text lines

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05. Subheader fiveth — it is very long numbered string in two text lines



Subheaderfiveth—it is very long numbered string in two text lines gone, And so hold on when there is nothing in you Except the Will which says to them: ‘Hold on!’



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