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Rudyard kipling if poem pdf

IF, Rudyard Kipling's most beleaous poem, was written in 1909, and began published in 1910 in a collection of children's stories, Rewards and Fairies. It was created as an educational model, offering instructions on the pros and characteristics of a model public figure. IF it has been an inspirational song whose popularity is endless to this day. The ® the Monkey Press Ink Show, designed by Sherrie Lovler, brings poetry to new heights with rich colors and clear and easy-to-read hand letters. This poem message makes it a very suitable graduation for a young man. If with Kipling Rudyard If you can keep your head down when all about you Is losing them and blaming you; If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, But make allowances for their doubts too: If you can wait and not get tired by waiting, Or lie about, don't deal with lies, or be hated not giving way to hate, And yet don't look too good, or talk too smartly; If you can dream - and don't make your master's dream If you can think - and don't make your goal thinking, If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster And treat both scammers just equally: If you can bear to hear the truth that you've spoken To By knaves to make traps for fools, or watch the things you give your life , break, and kitchen and build 'em up with wearable tools; If you can make a heap of all your wins And risk at one turn on the pitch-and-toss, And lose, and start again at your start And never breathe words about your loss: If you can force your heart and nerves and sin To serve your turn long after they disappear, And be resistant when nothing in you Except Will who says to them : Hold on! If you can talk to the public and take care of your virtues, Or walk with the Kings - or lose the same touch, If there are no enemies or friends loving can hurt you, If all men count with you, but there isn't too much: If you can fill up an undeserved minute With sixty seconds of walking distance, You are Earth and everything that is in it , And - more - you're going to be a guy worth sixty seconds of walking distance, You are Earth and everything that's in it, And - that's more - you're going to be a guy worth sixty seconds of walking distance, You are Earth and everything that's inside, Dan - that's more - you'll be a guy worth sixty seconds of walking distance, You are Earth and everything that's in it, And - that's more - you'll be a guy worth sixty seconds of walking distance, You are Earth and everything that's inside, And - that's more - you'll be a guy worth sixty seconds of walking distance, You are Earth and everything that's inside, Dan - that's more - you'll be a guy worth sixty seconds of walking distance, You are Earth and everything that , And - more - you'll be a guy worth sixty seconds of distance You are the Earth and everything that is in it, and - more - you will be a man worth sixty as the distance travels, you are the Earth and everything that is in it, And - more - you'll be a man worth sixty moments, you're the Earth and everything that's in it, Dan - the Cover header in a clear traditional square sample and even a letter on paper torn with artistic borders If with Kipling Calligraphy Prints See the size and framing options here. purchase this series of hand-lettered prints beautifully regenerated in various sizes as prints or posters matched and/or framed. Print sizes are 8x10 and 11x14. The frame is a dark walnut and comes with whether it's dark blue or a dark green mat. The poster measures 13x19 and has a richly colored border whether dark blue or dark green. Dakwat Monyet Press® Sherrie's Prints and Care Posters took in creating the work matched with the care she took in matting and framing. All acid-free mats and support boards are used and frames are solid wood. Matted prints come wrapped in plastic slips. Frame prints are protected with glass and double-boxed, willing to give as gifts to make you proud or dependent on own walls. Special features The original piece described calligraphy — not type Designed by award-winning artist Matted, print frame and poster size 14 choices of different sizes, colors and museum quality frames—will take place for generation Mats is an acid-free frame is a solid wood made in California Owned personally and managed business There are real and caring people at the end , And spirit came to the side of her bed and griped her by the hair- Spirit griped her by her hair and took her away, Until she heard as a rain-fed roar to roar the Milky Way: Until she heard a Wie's Milk roar down and drones and drones, And they came to the Entrance in the Wall where Peter held the keys. Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer aloud and high goodness that you do for the sake of men or ever come to death- Goodness that you do for the sake of men on small Earth is so lonely! And Tomlinson's naked soul grows white as bones washed up rain. O I have a friend on Earth, he said, it's my priest and guide, And well he'll answer it all for me if he's on my side. -For that ye strve in a neighbor's love it should be written fairly, But now ye wait at Heaven's Door and not in Berkeley Square: Although we call your friend from his bed tonight, he can't speak for you, For a race run by one and one and never by two and two. Then Tomlinson looked up and down, and a bit of a profit was there, For naked stars awesome overhead, and he saw that his soul was exposed. The wind blowing between the Worlds, it cuts it like a knife, Dan Tomlinson takes the story and talks about his goodness in life. O this I have read in a book, he said, and that was told to me, And this I have thought that another guy thought of a Prince in Muscovy. Good souls flock like flourishing the doves and the bad he clears the way, And Peter twists the jangling locks in weakness and wrath. Yes have read, ye has heard, ye has thought, he says, and the story has yet to run: By the value the body ever ye has, give the answers to any ha' ye done? Then Tomlinson looked back, and a little good it was bore, For darkness to stay on the shoulders and Doors of Heaven before:- O this I had felt, and this I was guessing, and this I heard the guy say, And this they wrote that another man wrote karl in Norroway. Yes have read, ye has felt, ye has guessed it, a good lack! Yes have prevented the Door of Heaven; There is little space between the stars in the idle state to practice! For no one can arrive with a neighbour's speech hired, priests, and kin Through bonds borrowed to good prayers of Allah lies so fairly in; Therefore, give it to God Wrong, because thy doom has yet to run, Dan . . Faith that ye shares with Berkeley Square upholds you, Tomlinson! Spirit chokes her by hair, and the sun by their sun falls Until they come The Naughty Star Belt that ripped Hell's mouth. The first is red with pride and wrath, which in turn is white with pain, But the third is black with clinkered sins that can no longer burn. They can hold their path, they can leave their way, with never a soul to mark: They can burn or freeze, but they can't stop in the Scorn of the Outer Dark. The wind blows between the World, it bites it to the bones, and he years to flare of Hell-gate there as light stones his own heart. The devil he sat behind bars, where his desperate legs drew, But he caught a hasting Tomlinson and wouldn't let him through. Wot ye the price of a good pit coal that I have to pay? he says that you're your-level' so suitable for Hell and don't ask for leave from me? I'm all o'er-sib for Adam's breed that ye should give me corn, Because I strolled with God for your First Father the day that he was born. Sit down, sit on a slab, and answer loudly and highly the Harm you do to the Boys or ever you come to death. And Tomlinson looked up and upwards, and looked against the night of the star's tortured blood-red stomach in the light of Hell-Mouth; And Tomlinson looked down and down, and looked under his legs The Frontlet of white tortured star milk in the heat of Hell-Mouth. O I have love on earth, he says, who kisses me falls; And if ye would call my love to me, I knew he would answer it all. -All that ye do love forbids it will be written fairly, But now ye waiting at The Hell-Mouth door and not in Berkeley Square: Although we whisper your love from her bed to the night, I trow she won't walk, For a sin that ye do by two and two Winds blowing between the World, it cuts her like a knife, Dan Tomlinson takes the story :- As soon as I called me brave. Satan he blew branded souls and put aside to cool:- Did ye think I'd waste my good pit-charcoal on a sick brain fool? I saw no worth in hobnail mirth or jest jolthead ye doing That I should wake up to my mistress who was sleeping three on the grid. Then Tomlinson looked back, and there was little grace, For Hell-Gate filling the homeless soul with Fear of Naked Space. Nay, this I ha' heard, quo' Tomlinson, and this was noisy overseas, And this I ha' got from a Belgian book on the dead French master's words. -Ye ha' listen, ye ha' read, ye ha' gets, good shortcomings! and the story begins to refresh- Is ye sinful for pride o' eyes or the sinful desire of meat? Then Tomlinson he bowled the bar yammered, Let me in— For I think that I borrowed my neighbor's wife for a deadly sin. Satan he wrinkled behind bars, and banked high fire: Did ye read that sin in a book? says he; and Tomlinson says, Ay! The devil he blew over his nails, and the little devil ran, running, He said: Go this whining husk of thieves coming in on a man's guise: Winnow he came out 'twixt star and star, and begged the right value: There is a sore deterioration in Adam's line if this is swallowed earth. Empusa crews, so their new naked may not face fire, But cry that they tie too small to sin to the height of their desires, the more coal they chase the Soul, and grab it all overseas, Because children isolate cardis or raven stupid hoards. And back they came up with things tagged, as children after play, And they said: The soul he got from God he had prevented the net. We had thrown print stooks and books, and won winds of chatting, And a lot of the soul in which he stole, but we couldn't find it. We've handled it, we've dandled him, we've seized it to the bones, Dan, Sire, if the teeth and nails show the truth he doesn't have his own soul. Satan he bowed his head to his breasts and rumbled away and low:- I'm all o'er-sib for Adam's breed that I should bid him away. Yet close we lie, and deeply we lie, and if I give him a place, my so proud masters will release me to my face; They'll call my house a normal stew and I'm a careless host, Dan-I wouldn't annoy my lords for the sake of a ghost that didn't shift. The devil he saw the mangled soul praying to feel the fire, And he thought of The Holy Charity, but he thought of his own good name:- Now ye can rush my charcoal to waste, and sit ye down to fry. Did ye think of the theft for yourself? he says; and Tomlinson says, Ay! Satan he blew outside breath, because his heart was free of care:- Yes has terrifyed the loose soul, he says, but the root of sin is there, And for that sin should come is my god alone, But the sinful pride has rule in—ay, perhaps from my own. Tributes and Wit, their fore-damn sits, to every Clergy and Culprit; Nay, my scar dared myself go there, and you'll torture the pain. Yes not a spirit nor a spiral, he says; ye no book or brute- Go, get ye back to the flesh again for the sake of replaying humans. I'm all o'er-sib for Adam's breed that I should mock your pain, But see that ye win for more worthy sin ere ye back again. So listen is at your door—a grim black stallion waiting— they bear your clay to put to the day. Speed, lest ye comes too late! Go back to Earth with a non-cooled lip—back with an open eye, And bring my words to the Boys or have you ever died: That sin they committed by two and two they must pay one by one, Dan . . you take from a printed book with you, Tomlinson! Tomlinson! Tomlinson!

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