

**Did you tackle that trouble that came your  
way**

**With a resolute heart and cheerful?**

**Or hide your face from the light of day**

**With a craven soul and fearful?**

**Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,**

**Or a trouble is what you make it,**

**And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,**

**But only how did you take it?**

**You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?**

**Come up with a smiling face.**

**It's nothing against you to fall down flat,**

**But to lie there -- that's disgrace.**

**The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce;**

**Be proud of your blackened eye!**

**It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;**

**It's how did you fight and why?**

**And though you be done to the death, what then?**

**If you battled the best you could;**

**If you played your part in the world of men,**

**Why, the Critic will call it good.**

**Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,**

**And whether he's slow or sly,**

**It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,**

**But only, how did you die?**