

**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?**