



Toby Darling

United Kingdom, Winchester

If (45)

About the artist

Toby is a keen amateur musician who can play a wide variety of instruments and works in many different musical genres from classical to rock. He has written and recorded over 1000 songs and instrumentals. He is always delighted when others make use of his compositions. He is currently living in the UK.

Associate: PRS - IPI code of the artist : 259809226

Artist page : <https://www.free-scores.com/Download-PDF-Sheet-Music-tobydarling.htm>

About the piece

Title:	If [45]
Composer:	Darling, Toby
Arranger:	Darling, Toby
Copyright:	Creative Commons
Publisher:	Darling, Toby
Instrumentation:	Piano and Voice
Style:	Song
Comment:	This is an arrangement of Rudyard Kipling's famous poem 'If' published in 1910.

Toby Darling on [free-scores.com](https://www.free-scores.com)



- listen to the audio
- share your interpretation
- comment
- contact the artist

If
A Poem by Rudyard Kipling

Lyrics: Rudyard Kipling, arr. (c) Toby Darling 2013

1

If you can keep your head when all a-

Chords: G, Em, Am, D, Am, G, Em

5

-bout you, are losing theirs and blaming it on you. If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you But make allowance for their

Chords: Am, D, Am, G, D, Am, D

9

doubting too. If you can wait and not be tired by waiting or being

Chords: Em, D, Am, G, C, Bm7, Am

13

lied about don't deal in lies. Or being hated don't give way to hating and yet don't look

Chords: G, A, Bm7, C, G, D, Am, D

17

too good nor talk too wise

Chords: Em, D, Am

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 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:
 If you can fill the unforgetting 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!
 [end on G chord]