

THE MAN IN THE ARENA

IT IS NOT THE CRITIC
WHO COUNTS
NOT THE MAN WHO POINTS OUT HOW THE
STRONG

MAN STUMBLES, OR WHERE THE DOER OF DEEDS COULD HAVE DONE
THEM BETTER. THE CREDIT BELONGS TO THE MAN WHO IS ACTUALLY

IN THE ARENA,

WHOSE FACE IS MARRED BY DUST AND SWEAT AND BLOOD;
WHO STRIVES VALIANTLY;
WHO ERRS, WHO COMES SHORT AGAIN AND AGAIN, BECAUSE
THERE IS NO EFFORT WITHOUT ERROR AND SHORTCOMING:

BUT WHO DOES ACTUALLY
STRIVE TO DO

THE DEEDS; WHO KNOWS GREAT ENTHUSIASMS, THE GREAT DEVOTIONS;
WHO SPENDS HIMSELF IN A WORTHY CAUSE; WHO AT THE BEST KNOWS IN
THE END THE TRIUMPH OF HIGH ACHIEVEMENT, AND WHO AT THE WORST,

IF HE FAILS, AT LEAST FAILS WHILE

DARING GREATLY

SO THAT HIS PLACE SHALL NEVER BE WITH THOSE

COLD AND TIMID SOULS

WHO NEITHER KNOW VICTORY NOR DEFEAT.

