**How Did You Die?**

**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 *spry*,
It isn’t the fact that you’re dead that counts,
But only how did you die?**

**Author:**

**Years:**

**Where lived:**

**Career/Jobs:**

**Interesting Fact:**

**Vocabulary:**

**Resolute:**

**Licked:**

**Craven:**

**Pounce:**

**Spry:**

**Disgrace:**

**Poetic/Literary Devices:**

**Symbols:**

**Repetition:**

**Alliteration:**

**Rhyme Scheme:**

**Tone:**

**Personification:**

**Summary of Poem/Theme:**