**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:**