

Poems on Self-Discipline

MYSELF

By Edgar Guest

I have to live with myself, and so,
I want to be fit for myself to know;
I want to be able as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself as I come and go
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of man I really am;
I don't want to dress myself up in sham.
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in this struggle for fame and pelf,
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to think as I come and go
That I'm for bluster and bluff and empty show.
I never can hide myself from me,
I see what others may never see,
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself -- and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience free.

Self-Control

When I have lost my temper
I have lost my reason too.
I'm never proud of anything
Which angrily I do.

When I have talked in anger,
And my cheeks are flaming red,
I have always uttered something
Which I wish I had not said.

In anger I have never
Done a kindly deed or wise,
But many things for which I felt
I should apologize.

In looking back across my life
And all I've lost or made,
I can't recall a single time
When fury ever paid.

“There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried.”

— [Ralph Waldo Emerson](#), [Self Reliance](#)

SELF-CONTROL POEM

**On my finger I tied a string
To help me remember things
Every day I set a goal
Today my goal is self-control
"We're faced with choices," says my dad
"Choices to do good or bad"
In the end what will you choose?
To win with good or will you lose?
There are some things that seem like fun
That end up wrong when all is done
Like sometimes I want to touch wet paint
Or stick my fingers in the cake
But then I look down at my string
And I choose not to do these things
My string helped me achieve my goal
I'm glad that I learned self-control**

Author Unknown

Self-Discipline

**It takes a little courage, and a little self control,
And some grim determination, If you want to reach the goal.
It takes a deal of striving, and a firm and stern-set chin.
No matter what the battle, If you really want to win.
There's no easy path to glory, There's no road to fame.
Life, however we may view it, Is no simple parlor game;
But it's prizes call for fighting, For endurance and for grit;
For a rugged disposition and don't know when to quit.**

Author Unknown

SELF-CONTROL

**When you're angry,
Here's a rule:
Take a deep breath
Until you cool.
Stop and freeze.
Just calm down.
Put on a smile
Instead of a frown.
Think of a way
Not to fight.
You'll be glad
You did it right.
Stop! Calm down! Think!
Then act!
You'll feel better.
That's a fact.**

Author Unknown

Chant/Song:

Chant/Song – Self-discipline (tune of M-i-c-k-e-y M-o-u-s-e)

Self-discipline clap, clap

Self-discipline clap, clap

We should use self-discipline clap, clap

S-E-L-F D-I-S-C I-P L-I N-E clap, clap