

INVICTUS

... SONG ...

WITH

Pianoforte Accompaniment

Composed
by

BRUNO HUHN.



SOP. or TEN.

MEZZO SOP. or BAR.

ALTO or BASS.

Price 50 cents net

The ARTHUR P. SCHMIDT Co.

BOSTON
120 BOYLSTON ST.

NEW YORK
8 WEST 40TH ST.

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M
187
4871

Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

To Francis Rogers

INVICTUS



WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

BRUNO HUHN

Risoluto

f ben marcato

f

Out of the night that cov-ers me, Black as the pit from pole to pole, I

rit.

thank what-ev-er gods may be For my— un-con-quer-a-ble soul.

rit.

Also published as a part-song for men's voices

a tempo

In the fell clutch of cir-cum-stance I have not winced nor

a tempo

poco a poco rit.

cried a-loud, Un-der the blud-geon-ings of chance My

poco a poco rit.

Moderato *mf*

head is blood-y but un-bowed _____ Be-yond this place of wrath and

Moderato

poco

tears Looms but the hor-ror of the shade, And

poco

a poco cresc.

yet the men-ace of the years

a poco cresc.

ff Finds, and shall find me un-a-fraid.

rit.

Piu mosso

sff *f col canto* *mf* *cresc.*

poco a poco rit.

ff

Con passione

mf

It

poco a poco cresc.

mat-ters not how straight the gate, How

charged with pun-ish-ment the scroll,

f *stringendo*

I am the mas-ter of my fate,

f *stringendo*

ff *allargando*

I am the cap-tain of my soul.

ff *col canto*

sf **sf** **sf**

Canterbury Bells

KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON*

W. J. MARSH

Now lets a way to

Can-ter-bury, The bells ring out both blithe and merry,

A ring of bells of blue and white and

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To a Hill-top

MILORÉ SETTE

RALPH COX

Sing me a song of a

hill-top fair, Where pines and the white birch grow, Where the

... a ra-diant smile And jew-els the lakes be

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April, My April

VIRGINIA BIDDLE*

HAROLD VINCENT MILLIGAN

A - pril, my A - pril, Come o - ver the plain, —

Saa - dall'd with am - e - thyst, star - ry with rain, —

Dowr me with winds that are sil-ver and blue, Li-lace and shad-ows and

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A Contrast

ELIZABETH EVELYN MOORE**

R. HUNTINGTON WOODMAN

Allegro moderato (M.M. J.-24-90)
When No - vem - ber came to the

hills — The scar let hills — and gold, — She

brought a cloud and a sky of gray And the ra - diant world —

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