

To Francis Rogers

INVICTUS



WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

BRUNO HUHN

Risoluto

f ben marcato

8va bassa

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.

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 *rit.*

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

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

poco a poco cresc.

charged with pun- ish- ments 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