

# 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 blud-geon-ings of chance My head is weary but un-bowed

*dolce.*  
*rit.*

*Andante Sostenuto.*

Beyond this place of wrath and tears

Looms but the horror of the shade

and yet the menace of the years

*Sra.*

Find's and shall find, me un-a-fraid.

*rit.*

It matters not how st-rail the gate

*A tempo.*

How charged with punish-ments the scroll. I am the master of my fate

I am the captain of my soul.

*Maestoso.*

ped

29-6-08  
U.B.W.