

M0003231: Handwritten poem Invictus by William Ernest Henley

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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 wined nor cried aloud
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed
Beyond this place of wrath & tears
Looms but the horror of the shade
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, & shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishment the scroll
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul.

W. S. Henley