

# Invictus

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

*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 strait the gate,*

*Now charged with punishments the scroll,*

*I am the master of my fate,*

*I am the captain of my soul.*