

SM1594

To FRANCIS ROGERS

# INVICTUS

uh - ah  
ih - ee



WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

BRUNO HUHN

Risoluto

1 2 3 4

*f ben marcato*

5 6 7 8

*f*

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

ah-ee uh ee ah-ee ah

9 10 11 12

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

rit

ah

*a tempo* 13 14 15

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

*a tempo*

16 17 18

*poco a poco rit.*

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

*hold open*

*poco a poco rit.*

19 20 21

*Moderato* *mf*

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

*mf Moderato*

22 23 24

*poco*

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

*poco*

ah  
open  
26 darker

*a poco cresc.* 25

yet the men - ace of the years,

*a poco cresc.*

*ff* 27 *rit.* 28

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

*open throat* *eh* *Fiu mosso*

*ff* *f col canto* *mf* *cresc.*

29 30

*poco a poco rit*

*ff*

31 32

*Con passione* *mf*

It

*mf a tempo*

