INVICTUS

a poem by
William Ernest Henley (1849 -1903)

_a tribute to Nelson Mandela

music by
Ivo Antognini

Commissioned by Defrost Youth Choir - Thomas Caplin, conductor - Norway

\( \text{\textit{pp}} \) for rehearsal only

\( \text{\textit{pp}} \) Out of the

\( \text{\textit{mf}} \) Out of the

\( \text{\textit{p}} \) 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

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not
nor cried aloud. Under the

winced nor cried aloud. Under the

winced nor cried aloud. Under the

winced nor cried aloud. Under the

winced nor cried aloud.

bludg-eon-ings of chance

my head is bloody

bludg-eon-ings of chance

bloody

bludg-eon-ings of chance

bloody

bludg-eon-ings of chance
yond this place of wrath and tears looms but the

Horror of the shade, and yet, and yet the menace of the

yond this place of wrath and tears looms but the

Horror of the shade, and yet, and yet the menace of the

Horror of the shade, and yet, and yet the menace of the

Horror of the shade, and yet, and yet the menace of the
years, the menace of the years, the

years, the menace of the years, the

years, the menace of the years, the

years, the menace of the years, the

rall.

Tempo I

years (hum) finds and shall find me unafraid,

years (hum) finds and shall find me unafraid,

years (hum) finds and shall find me unafraid,

years (hum) finds and shall find me unafraid,

rall. Tempo I
It matters not how strait the gate,
how charged with

unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
how charged with

unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
how charged with

unafraid. (hum)
I am the captain of my soul.