“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...

It matters not how strait the gait, 
How charged with punishments the scroll, 
I am the master of my fate; 
I am the captain of my soul.”

(William Ernest Henley, 1849-1903, English poet, playwright and editor, from ‘Invictus’, more precisely titled: Echoes, No4, In Memoriam RT Hamilton Bruce, written in 1888.)