



**“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.)