

VICTUS

For SATB Voices

Text by
LUKE HAHN

A response to William Ernest Henley's poem "Invictus,"
from which the first two lines of the final stanza are taken.

Setting by
NATHANAEL HAHN

Without hope, con moto ♩ = 75

S
A

mf Dry chat-ter of dry souls dies out, Be - lea-guered by the ea-tern wind,

5 When this world's chaff is blown a-bout: The chaff of ev-ry soul that sinned.

T
B

p 10 Their tongues grow swol-len in their throats, Numb to the bit-ter gall of death;

mf 14 So, bold-ly do they board the boats That bear man o'er the fi - nal breath!

2

f 19 But the wind ris - es in those sails And top-ples them in - to the Pit,

23 Sur - round-ed by their pangs and wails: The fruit sown by their world - ly grit.

mp 28 "It mat-ters not how strait the gate, How charged with pun-ish - ments the scroll,"

With faith *f* 32 , rit. al fine

The Lord is ma-ster of my fate: The cap-tain of my con-quer-ed soul.