

William Ernest Henley

I. M.

R. T. HAMILTON BRUCE

(1846-1899)

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.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

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

1875

Invictus

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Düşmez

Beni saran geceden doğru,
Eksen uçtan uca kuyu, koyu,
Şükür tanrılara, ne iseler artık,
Ele geçmez ruhumdan ötürü.

Ahvalin amansız yakalayışıyla
Ürkmedim ya ağlamadım sesle.
Baht, alt etmeğe çalışırsa da
Başım kanlıysa da eğilmez.

Öfke gözyaşı bu yer, ötesinde
Karanlıktan dehşet belirir sade,
Yıllar gözdağı veriyorsa daha
Görür korkmadığımı, korkmazım.

Tomarda cezalar çok yüklüymüş,
Geçit dar boğazmış önemi yok,
Benim kaderime hükmeden:
Ben kumandan ruhuma.

çeviren: Şüko

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/51642/invictus>