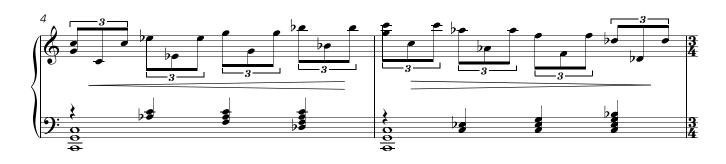
Crosses and Troubles

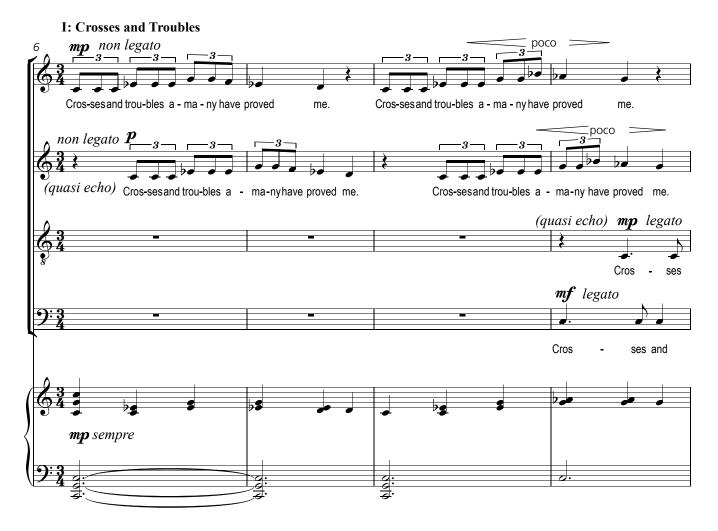
'a double Henley diptych'

T.: William Ernest Henley (1849-1903)

M.: Martin Slootmaekers



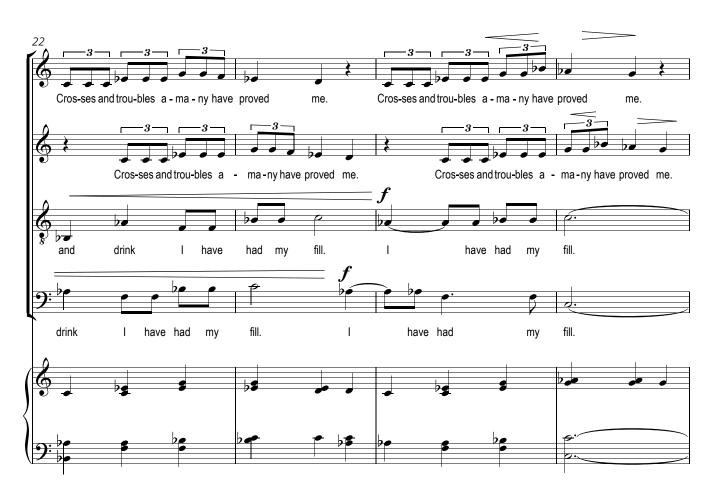




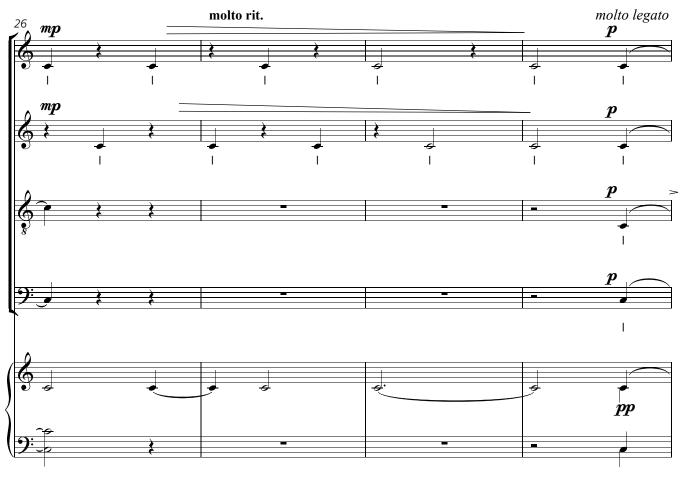


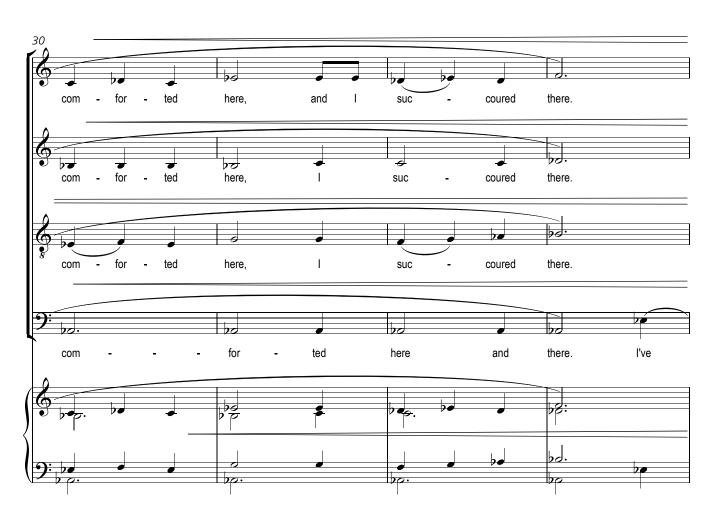
















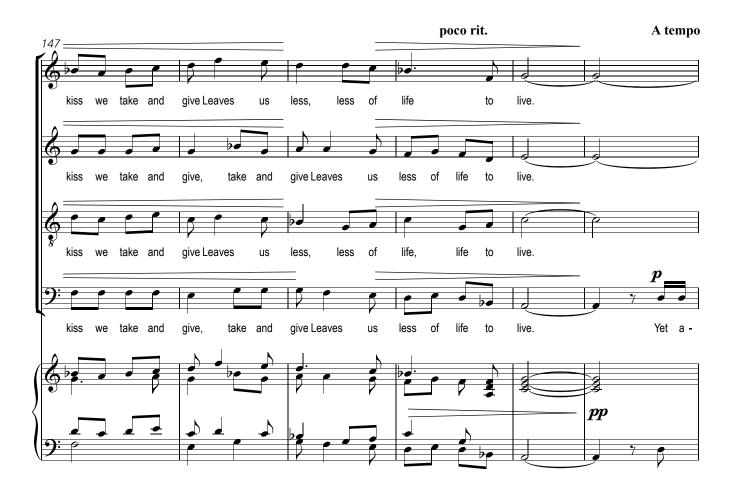








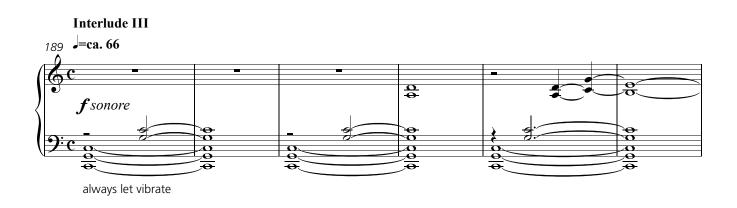


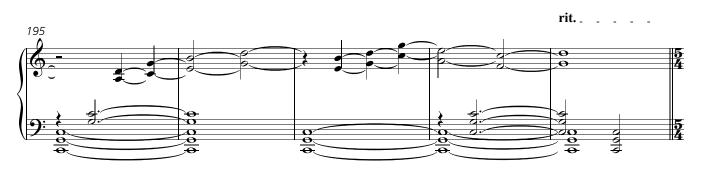




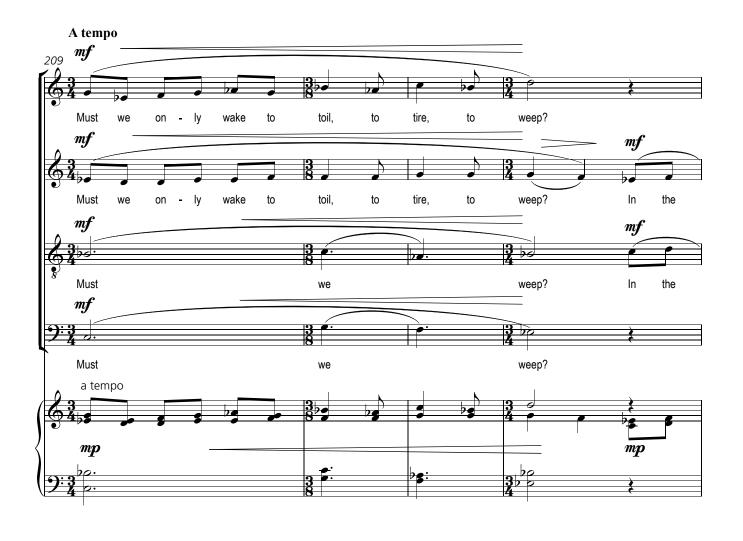


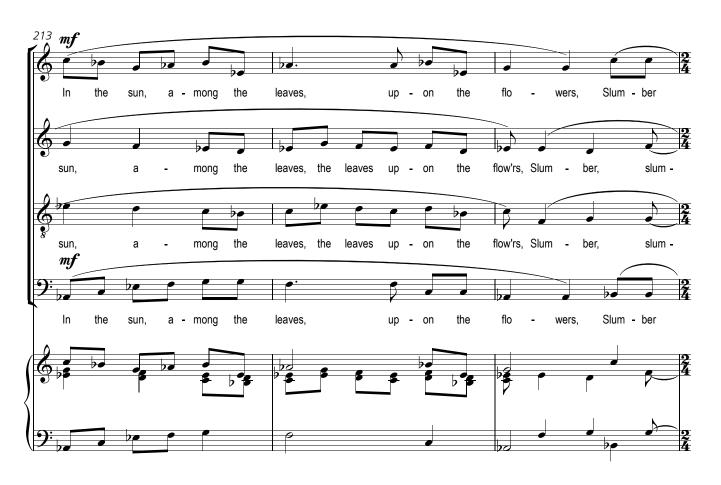














Met dit werk werd de componist laureaat van de prijs van de Stad Ninove voor compositie vocale muziek.

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IV: Life is bitter	pg. 23

If performed a cappella, omit the Prelude and Interludes.

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Crosses And Troubles

Crosses and troubles a-many have proved me.

One or two women (God bless them) have loved me.

I have worked and dreamed, and I've talked at will.

Of art and drink I have had my fill.

I've comforted here, and I succoured there.

I've faced my foes, and I backed my friends.

I've blundered, and sometimes made amends.

I've prayed for light, and I've known despair.

Now I look before, as I look behind,

Come storm, come shine, whatever befall,

With a grateful heart and a constant mind,

For the end I know is the best of all.

William Ernest Henley

Invictus

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.

William Ernest Henley

Fill A Glass With Golden Wine

Fill a glass with golden wine,
And the while your lips are wet
Set your perfume unto mine,
And forget.
Every kiss we take and give
Leaves us less of life to live.

Yet again! Your whim and mine In a happy while have met. All your sweets to me resign, Nor regret That we press with every breath, Sighed or singing, nearer death.

William Ernest Henley

Life Is Bitter

Life is bitter. All the faces of the years,
Young and old, are gray with travail and with tears.
Must we only wake to toil, to tire, to weep?
In the sun, among the leaves, upon the flowers,
Slumber stills to dreamy death the heavy hours ...
Let me sleep.

Riches won but mock the old, unable years;
Fame's a pearl that hides beneath a sea of tears;
Love must wither, or must live alone and weep.
In the sunshine, through the leaves, across the flowers,
While we slumber, death approaches through the hours ...
Let me sleep.

William Ernest Henley