

# No Coward Soul Is Mine

By Emily Brontë

No coward soul is mine  
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere  
I see Heaven's glories shine  
And Faith shines equal arming me from Fear

O God within my breast  
Almighty ever-present Deity  
Life, that in me hast rest,  
As I Undying Life, have power in Thee

Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts, unutterably vain,  
Worthless as withered weeds  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main

To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by thy infinity,  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of Immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
Thy spirit animates eternal years  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears

Though earth and moon were gone  
And suns and universes ceased to be  
And Thou wert left alone  
Every Existence would exist in thee

There is not room for Death  
Nor atom that his might could render void  
Since thou art Being and Breath  
And what thou art may never be destroyed.