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.