



### **No Coward Soul Is Mine**

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the worlds storm-  
troubled sphere:  
I see Heavens glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming  
me from fear.  
O God within my breast.  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life, that in me has 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 Thine 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 man 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:  
Thou, Thou art Being and  
Breath,  
And what Thou art may never be  
destroyed.



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