513 It Matters Not What Be Thy Lot

“Satisfied” by Mary Baker Eddy

1. It matters not what be thy lot, So Love doth guide; For storm or shine, pure peace is thine, What-good. False fears are foes—

2. And of these stones, or ty-rants’ thrones, God a-ble is To raise up seed—in

3. Aye, dark-ling sense, a-rise, go hence! Our God is e’er be-tide. To faith-ful His.

4. Love loos-eth thee, and thought and deed— To faith-ful His. And God is All.

5. The cen-turies break, the earth-bound wake, God’s glo-ri-fied!

Who doth His will— His like-ness still— Is sat-is-fied.

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