1. It matters not what be thy lot, So love doth guide; For storm or shine, pure peace is thine, What-e’er be tide. 2. And of these stones, or tyrants’ thrones, God able is (4.) looth thee, and lifteth me, A-yont hate’s thrall: To raise up seed— in thought and deed— To There Life is light, and wisdom might, And faithful His. God is All. 3. Aye, darkling sense, a— rise, go hence! Our God is good. False fears are foes— earth-bound wake, God’s glorified! Who doth His will— truth tatters those, When understood. 4. Love His likeness still— Is satisfied.