515  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 e’er be tide. 2. And
   of these stones, or tyrants’ thrones, God able is To

4. Love looseth thee, and lifteth me, Ayont hate’s thrall: There
   Life is light, and wisdom might, And God is All. 5. The
   centuries break, the earth-bound wake, God’s glorified! Who

WORDS: Mary Baker Eddy
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3. Aye, dark-ling sense, arise, go hence! Our God is good. False fears are foes—truth tatters those, When understood.