

SATIS 8.4.8.4.

PERCY WHITLOCK

SATISFIED

MARY BAKER EDDY

1. It mat - ters not what be thy lot, So  
 2. And of these stones, or ty - rants' thrones, God  
 3. Aye, dark - ling sense, a - rise, go hence! Our  
 4. Love loos - eth thee, and lift - eth me, A -  
 5. The cen - turies break, the earth - bound wake, God's

Love doth guide; For storm or shine, pure  
 a - ble . . . is To raise up seed — in  
 God is . . . good. False fears are foes — truth  
 yont hate's thrall: There Life is light, and  
 glo - ri - - fied! Who doth His will — His

peace is thine, What - e'er . . . be - tide.  
 thought and deed — To faith - - ful His.  
 tat - ters those, When un - - der - stood.  
 wis - dom might, And God . . . is All.  
 like - ness still — Is sat - - is - fied.

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