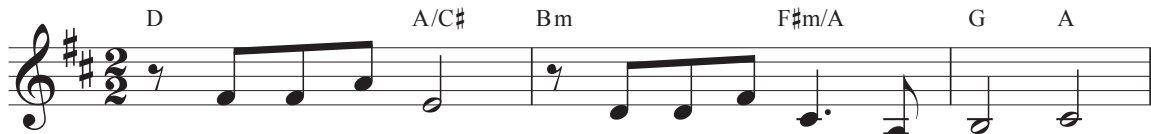
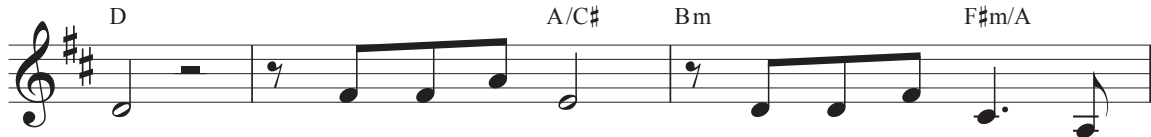


513 It Matters Not What Be Thy Lot

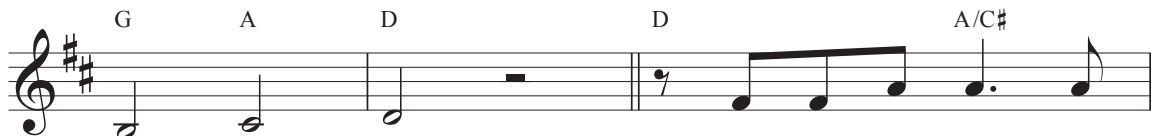
“Satisfied” by Mary Baker Eddy



1. It mat - ters not what be thy lot, So Love doth
3. Aye, dark-ling sense, a - rise, go hence! Our God is



guide; For storm or shine, pure peace is thine, What -
good. False fears are foes— truth tat - ters those, When



e'er be - tide. 2. And of these stones, or
un - der - stood. 4. Love loos - eth thee, and



ty-rants' thrones, God a - ble is To raise up seed— in
lift - eth me, A - yont hate's thrall: There Life is light, and



thought and deed— To faith - ful His.
wis - dom might, 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.



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

WORDS: Mary Baker Eddy

MUSIC: Andrew D. Brewis

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MKHAYA

8.4.8.4.

Alternate tunes: 160–162, 514, 515