

515 It Matters Not What Be Thy Lot

“Satisfied” by Mary Baker Eddy

1. It mat - ters not what be thy lot, So Love doth guide; For
4. Love loos - eth thee, and lift - eth me, A - yont hate's thrall: There

storm or shine, pure peace is thine, What - e'er be - tide. 2. And
Life is light, and wis - dom might, And God is All. 5. The

of these stones, or ty - rants' thrones, God a - ble is To
cen - turies break, the earth-bound wake, God's glo - ri - fied! Who

WORDS: Mary Baker Eddy

MUSIC: Ryan Vigil

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GRATITUDE

8.4.8.4.

Alternate tunes 160–162, 513, 514

end here

raise up seed— in thought and deed— To faith - ful His.
doth His will— His like - ness still— Is sat - is - fied.

3. Aye, dark - ling sense, a - rise, go hence! Our God is good. False

to beginning

fears are foes— truth tat - ters those, When un - der - stood.