

## Satisfied

It matters not what be thy lot,  
    So Love doth guide;  
For storm or shine, pure peace is thine,  
    Whate'er betide.  
And of these stones, or tyrants' thrones,  
    God able is  
To raise up seed — in thought and deed —  
    To faithful His.  
Aye, darkling sense, arise, go hence!  
    Our God is good.  
False fears are foes — truth tatters those,  
    When understood.  
Love looseth thee, and lifteth me,  
    Ayont hate's thrall:  
There Life is light, and wisdom might,  
    And God is All.  
The centuries break, the earth-bound wake,  
    God's glorified!  
Who doth His will — His likeness still —  
    Is satisfied.