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.