Thou Thinkest Lord Of Me

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorn - which pierce my feet,
   One thought re - mains su - preme - ly sweet, Thou think - est, Lord, of me.
   Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou think - est, Lord, of me.

2. The cares of life come throng - ing fast, Up - on my soul their shad - ow cast;
   I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou think - est, Lord, of me.

3. Let shad - ows come, let shad - ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,
   What need I fear when Thou art near And think - est, Lord, of me?

Words and Music: E. S. Lorenz

PDHymns.com