Thou Thinkest Lord Of Me

Words and Music: E. S. Lorenz

1. Amid the trials which I meet, Amid the thorns which pierce my feet,
   One thought remains supremely sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Upon my soul their shadow cast;
   Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,
   I am content, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

Chorus

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me;
What need I fear when Thou art near And thinkest, Lord, of me?