Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me

“For He knows our frame; He remembers that we are dust.” (Ps. 103:14)

E D. MADO

EDMUND S. LORENZ

1. Amid the trials which I meet, Amid the thorns that 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 shadows 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!

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me,

What need I fear since Thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me.