

Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me

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

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1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come throng - ing fast, Up - on my soul their shad - ows cast;
 3. Let shad - ows come, let shad - ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

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!
 I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!

Thou think - est, Lord, of me, Thou think - est, Lord, of me,
 of me, of me,

What need I fear since Thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me.