

# Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me

Edmund Simon Lorenz, 1885

Edmund Simon Lorenz

$\text{♩} = 95$

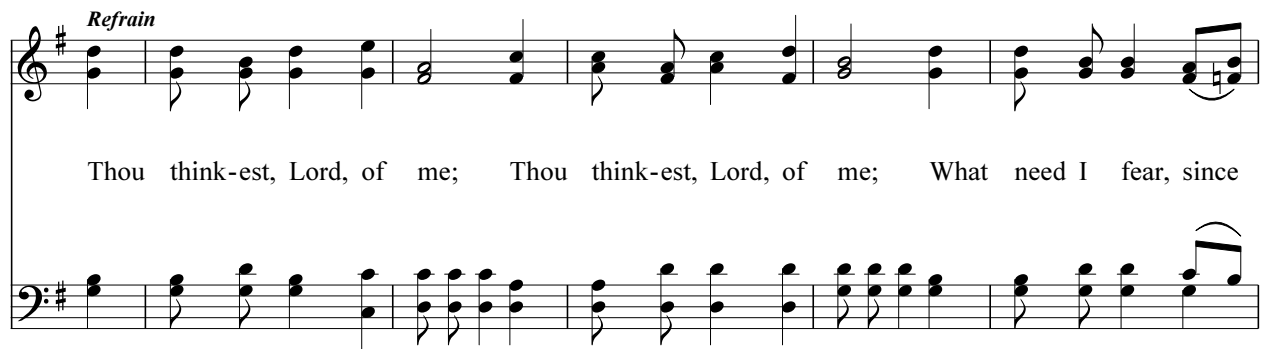


1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that  
2. The cares of life come thron - ing fast, Up - on my soul their  
3. Let sha - dows come, let sha - dows go, Let life be bright or

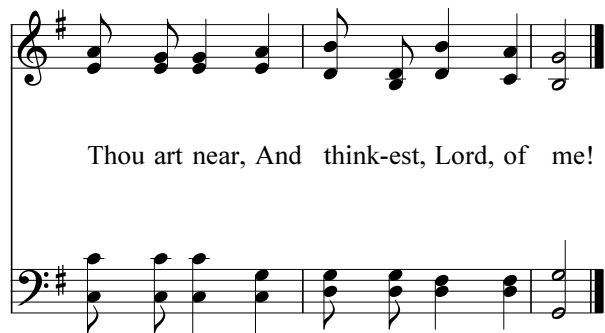


pierce my feet, One thought re - mains su - preme-ly sweet, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!  
sha - dows cast; Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!  
dark with woe; I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou think-est, Lord, of me!

*Refrain*



Thou think-est, Lord, of me; Thou think-est, Lord, of me; What need I fear, since



Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me!