

Amid the trials that I mee

Edmund Simon Lorenz, 1854-1942



Amid the trials that I meet,
Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
One thought remains supremely sweet—
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

Refrain
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
What need I fear when Thou art near,
And thinkest, Lord, of me!

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!

Refrain
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!

Refrain

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