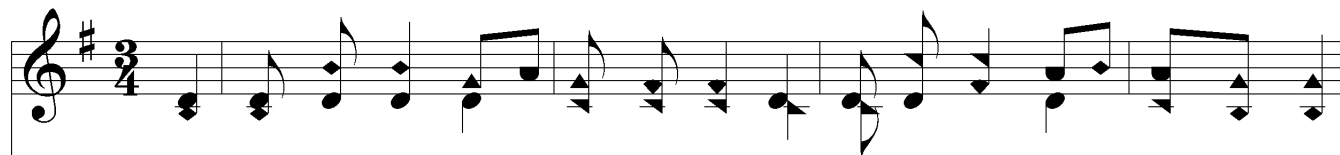


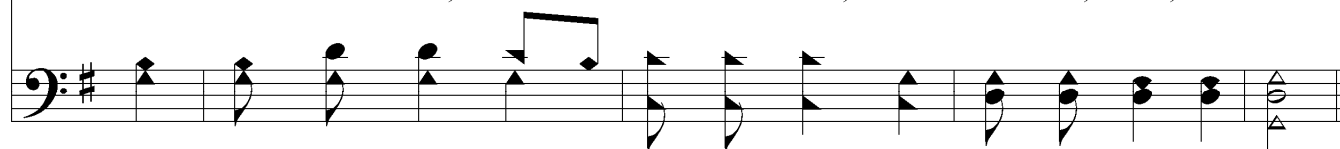
# Thou Thinkest Lord Of Me



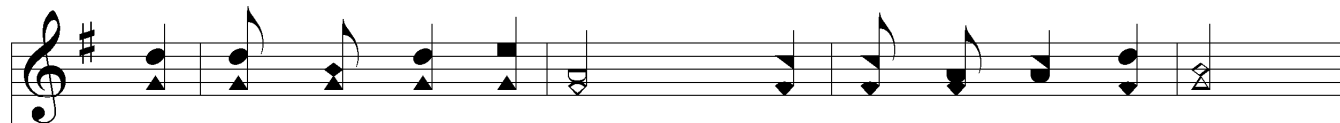
1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns which pierce my feet,  
2. The cares of life come throng - ing fast, Up - on my soul their shad - ow cast;  
3. Let shad - ows come, let shad - ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,



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.



## Chorus



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



What need I fear when Thou art near And think - est, Lord, of me?

