

**Amid the trials that I meet**  
 Comfort in Trials — By the Lord's Care

698

1. A - mid the tri - als that I meet, A - mid the thorns that  
 pierce my feet, One thought re-mains su - preme-ly sweet— Thou thinkest, Lord, of  
 me! (C) Thou think-est, Lord, of me! Thou think-est, Lord, of  
 me! What need I fear when Thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me!

**Chorus**

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!