

How Tedious And Tasteless The Hours

John Newton

DE FLUERY

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Arr. by A. M., Jr.

mel. 1 2 3 4 5

1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours When Je - sus I no long - er see;
2. His name yields the rich - est per - fume, And sweet - er than mu - sic His voice;
3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing His face, My all to His pleas - ure re - signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,

6 7 8 9

Sweet pros - pects, sweet birds and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweet - ness to me;
His pres - ence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice.
No chang - es of sea - son or place Would make an - y change in my mind:
Say, why do I lan - guish and pine? And why are my win - ters so long?

10 11 12 13

The mid - sum - mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay.
I should, were He al - ways thus nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear;
While blessed with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear;
O drive these dark clouds from the sky, Thy soul - cheer - ing pres - ence re - store;

14 15 16 17

But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cember's as pleas - ant as May.
No mor - tal as hap - py as I, My sum - mer would last all the year.
All pris - ons would pal - a - ces prove, If Je - sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me un - to Thee on high, Where win - ter and clouds are no more.