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How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours

Contrast. 8.8.8.8.D.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779

Early American melody



1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I 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 pleasure re-signed,
 4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,



Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweetflowers Have all lost their sweetness 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?



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 blest with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing presence re-store;



But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
 No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My sum-mer would last all the year.
 And 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.

