

## 660

## 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 he-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleasure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my suu 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 hlest 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.

