

G Major. John Newton, 1779.

1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours, When Je - sus no long - er I see! The mid - sum - mer sun shines but  
Sweet pros - pects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me;

2. His name yields the sweet - est per - fume, And sweet - er than mu - sic His voice; I should, were He al - ways thus  
His pres - ence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice.

3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing His face, My all to His pleas - ures re - signed, While bless'd with a sense of His  
No chang - es of sea - son or place, Would make an - y change in my mind.

4. Dear Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song, Oh, drive these dark clouds from my  
Say, why do I lan - guish and pine, And why are my win - ters so long?

dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cember's as pleas - ant as May.  
nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear; No mor - tal as hap - py as I, My sum - mer would last all the year.

love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear, And pris - ons would pal - ac - es prove, If Je - sus would dwell with me there.  
sky, Thy soul - cheer - ing pres - ence re - store, Or take me to Thee up on high, Where win - ter and clouds are no more.