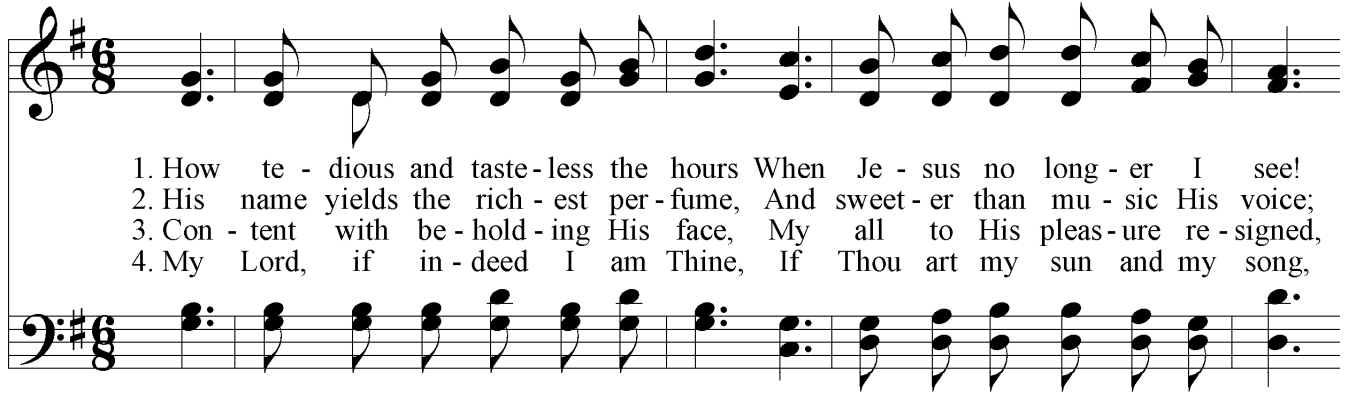
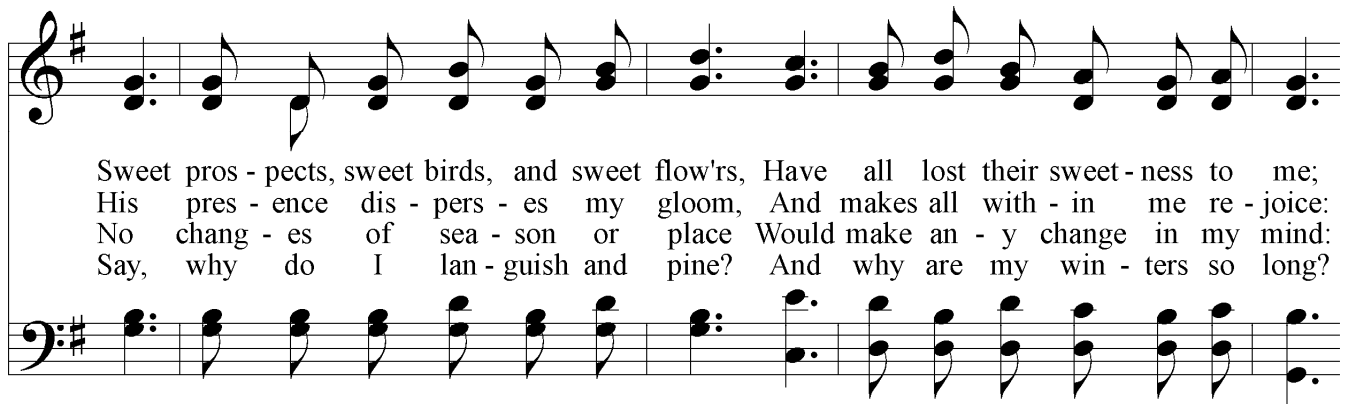


How Tedious And Tasteless The Hours



1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours When Je - sus no long - er 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 pleas - ure re - signed,
4. My Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,



Sweet pros - pects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, 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?



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 pres - ence 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 - ac - es prove, If Je - sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me to Thee up on high, Where win - ter and clouds are no more.