How Tedious And Tasteless The Hours

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music His voice;
3. Content with beholding His face, My all to His pleasure resigned,
4. My Lord, if indeed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all with in me rejoice:
No changes of season or place Would make any change in my mind:
Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my winters so long?

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;
While blest with a sense of His love, A palace a toy would appear;
O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore;

But when I am happy in Him, December's as pleasant as May,
No mortal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year.
And prisoners would prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.
Or take me to Thee up on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.

Words: John Newton
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