How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours

Unknown Composer





How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to me.

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay. But when I am happy in Him, December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music His voice; His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice. I should, were He always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear; No mortal as happy as I, My summer would last all the year.

Content with beholding His face, My all to His pleasure resigned, No changes of season or place Would make any change in my mind.

While blessed with a sense of His love, A palace a toy would appear; All prisons would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.

John Newton

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