

The Tedious Hour

John Newton, 1779


None On Earth I Desire Besides Thee 88. 88. (L. M.)

Transcribed from Ingalls' *Christian Harmony*, 1805;


Counter by B. C. Johnston, 2017.

D minor


Jeremiah Ingalls, 1805

Tr.  5


1. How te-dious and tasteless the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have lost all their sweetness with me.
2. The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as plea-sant as May.

C. 

3. His name yields the richest perfume, And swee-ter than mu-sic his voice; His pre-sence dis-perses my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice.
4. I should, were he always thus nigh, Have no-thing to wish or to fear; No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My summer would last all the year.

T.  8

5. Con-tent with be-hol-ding his face, My all to his pleasure resigned; No chang-es of sea-son or place, Would make any change in my mind:
6. While blessed with a sense of his love, A pa-lace a toy would appear; And pri-sons would palaces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.

B. 

7. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am thine, If thou art my sun and my song; Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my winters so long?
8. O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-chee-ring pre-sence restore; Or take me un-to thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.