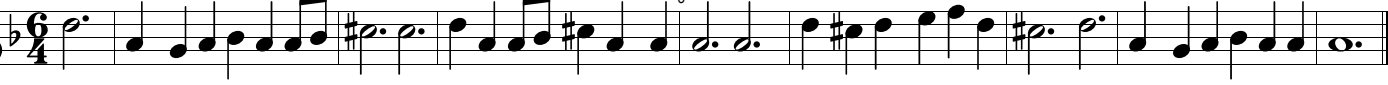


Tr.  

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus 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, December's as plea-sant as May.
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.

T.  

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.
5. Con-tent with be-hol-ding his face, My all to his pleasure re-signed; 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 Jesus 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-cheering pre-sence restore; Or take me un-to thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.