

How tedious and tasteless the hours

Experience of Christ — As Everything

529

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D **A** **Bm** **D** **G** **D** **Em**

1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours When Je - sus no long - er I

A **D** **A** **Bm** **D** **G** **D** **G** **A**

see! Sweet pros-pects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweet-ness to

D **G** **Em** **D** **G**

me. The mid - sum - mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look

A **D** **A** **Bm** **D** **G** **D** **G** **A** **D**

gay; But when I am hap - py in Him De - cember's as pleasant as May.

2. 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 so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3. 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;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4. My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
Oh, drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.