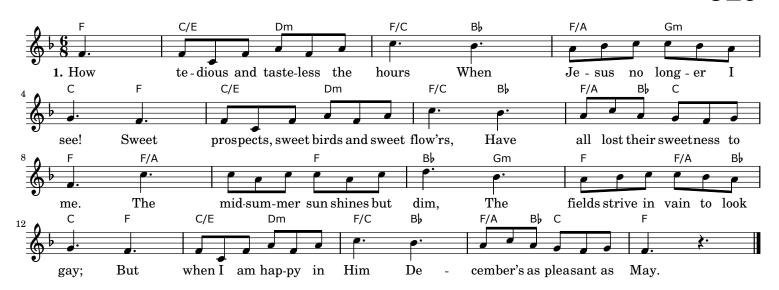
How tedious and tasteless the hours

Experience of Christ — As Everything

529



- 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.