## How tedious and tasteless the hours (New Tune)

Experience of Christ — As Everything

529

(Gu	itar)
(Uu	uur)

(Guillar)					
D		G	Α		
1. How tedious and taste - less	the	hours When Jes	sus no long - er	Ι	see!
D		G	Α		
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and	sweet	flow'rs, Have al	l lost their sweet - ness	to	me.
Bm F <b>♯</b> m		G	D		
The midsummer sun shines	but	dim, The fields s	trive in vain to	look	gay;
Em D		G	Α	D	
But when I am hap - py	in	Him December's as	plea - sant as	May.	

2. His name yields the richest perfume,	4. My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
And sweeter than music His voice;	If Thou art my sun and my song,
His presence disperses my gloom,	Say, why do I languish and pine?
And makes all within me rejoice.	And why are my winters so long?
I should, were He always thus nigh,	Oh, drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;	Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
No mortal so happy as I;	Or take me to Thee up on high,
My summer would last all the year.	Where winter and clouds are no more.
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.	