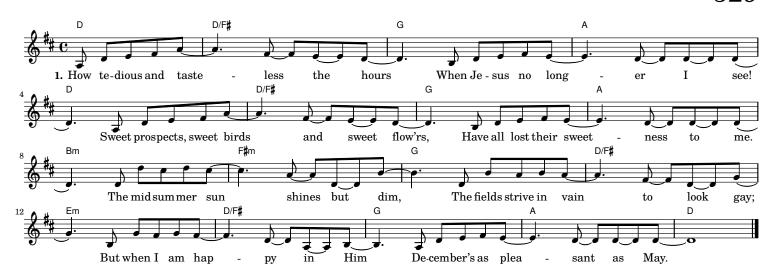
How tedious and tasteless the hours (New Tune)

Experience of Christ — As Everything

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- 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.