


John Newton



1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours, When Je - sus no lon - ger I see;
Sweet pros - pects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweet - ness to me. The mid - sum - mer sun shines but

2. His name yields the rich - est per - fume, And sweet - er than mu - sic His voice;
His pres - ence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice. I should, were He al - ways thus

3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing his face, My all to his plea - sure re - signed,
No chan - ges of sea - sons or place Would make an - y change in my mind! While bless'd with a sense of his

4. Dear Lord, if in - deed I am thine, If thou are my sun and my song,
Say why do I lan - guish and pine, And why are my win - ters so long! O drive these dark clouds from my



dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay, But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem - ber's as pleas - ant as May

nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear; No mor - tal as hap - py as I, My sum - mer would last all the year.

love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear; And pris - ons would pal - ac - es prove, If Je - sus would dwell with me there.

sky, Thy soul - cheer - ing pres - ence re - store, Or take me un - to thee on high, Where win - ter and clouds are no more.