

W.L. Montague

Fine

1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours, When Je - sus no long - er I see:
 Sweet pros - pects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweet - ness to me. The
D.S. De - cem - ber's as pleas - ant as May.

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
D.S. My sum - mer would last all the year.

mid - sum - mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay, But when I am hap - py in Him, *D.S.*

should, were He al - ways thus nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear; No mor - tal so hap - py as I, *D.S.*