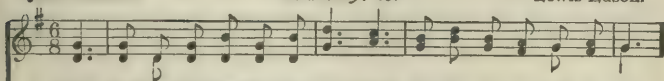


How Tedious and Tasteless.

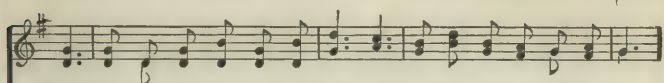
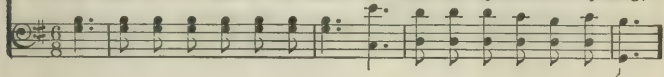
John Newton.

De Fleury. 8s.

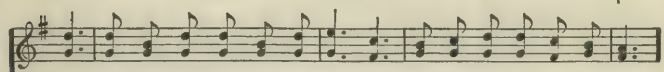
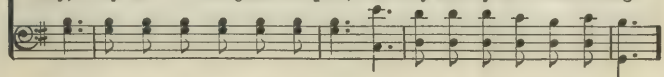
Lewis Edson.



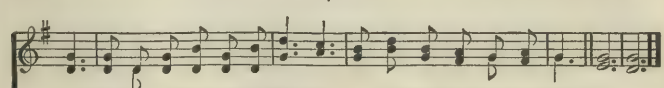
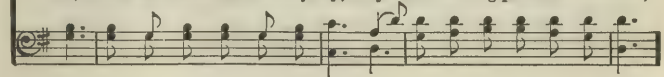
1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice;
3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re-signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,



Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness for me.
 His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice:
 No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind:
 Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win-ters so long?



The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
 While blest with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;
 Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re-store;



But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
 No mor-tal so hap-py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.
 And prisons would pal-a-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
 Or take me un-to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. A-MEN.

