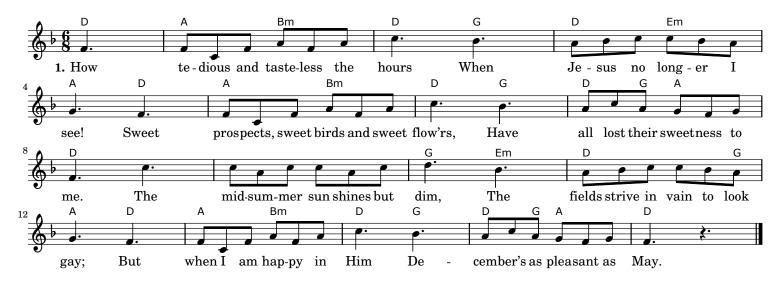
## How tedious and tasteless the hours

Experience of Christ — As Everything

(Guitar: Capo 3)



- 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.

529