

How tedious and tasteless the hours  
None Upon Earth I Desire Besides Thee  
John Newton, 1779,  
from Olney Hymns, vol. 1, hymn 46

How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,  
Have lost all their sweetness with me:  
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in Him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

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. Dear 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?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.