

HAPPY IN HIM

(Contrast. 8s. D.)

John Newton

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. My Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my Sun and my Song,

Sweet pros - pects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweet - ness to me;
 His pres - cence dis - per - ses my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice:
 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 no - thing to wish or to fear;
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul - cheer - ing pres - cence 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.
 Or take me to Thee up on high, Where win - ter and clouds are no more.