

Harpeth

John Newton, 1779

88. 88. 88. 88. (L. M. D.)

Transcribed from *The Missouri Harmony*, 1840.

A minor

Alexander Johnson, 1818

Tr. ⁵ ¹⁰

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have lost all their sweetness with me. The mid-summer
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice; His pre-sence dis-per-ses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice: I should, were he

T. ⁸

3. Con-tent with be-hol-ding his face, My all to his pleasure resigned; No chan-ges of sea-son or place, Would make any change in my mind: While blessed with a
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed 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

B.

Tr. ¹⁵ ²⁰ ²⁵ 1. 2.

1. sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am hap-py in Him, December's as plea-sant as May. The
2. al-ways thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear; No mor-tal so hap-py as I, My summer would last all the year. I

T.

3. sense of his love, A pa-lace a toy would appear; And pri-sons would pa-la-ces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there. While
4. clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restore; Or take me un-to thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. O

B.