


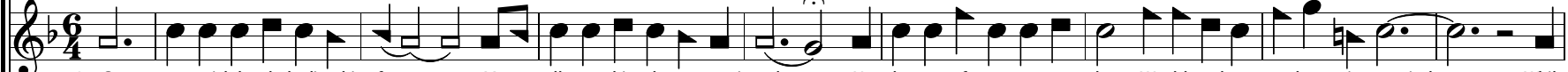
Placentia


John Newton, 1779 88. 88. 88. 88. (L. M. D.)

Transcribed from *The Middlesex Harmony*, 1803.

F Major
Samuel Babcock, 1803

Tr. 
1. How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Je-sus no longer I see; Sweet prospects sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness with me: The
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

T. 
3. Con - tent with be-hol-ding his face, My all to his pleasure resigned; No changes of season or place, Would make any change in my mind: While
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

B. 

Tr. 
1. midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am happy in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleasant as May. The
2. should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear; No mor-tal so happy as I, My sum-mer would last all the year. I

T. 
3. bless'd with a sense of his love, A palace a toy would appear; And prisons would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there. While
4. 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. O

B. 