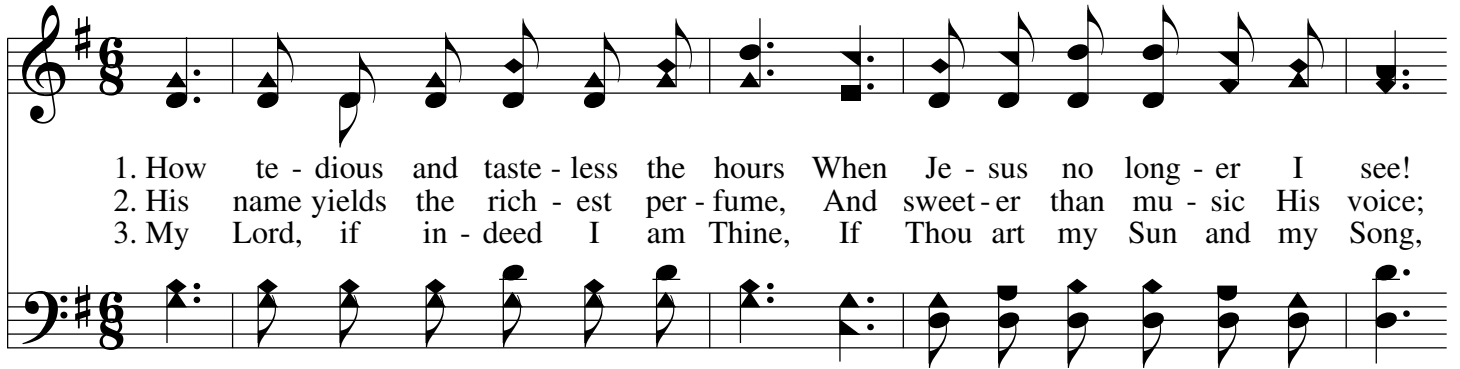
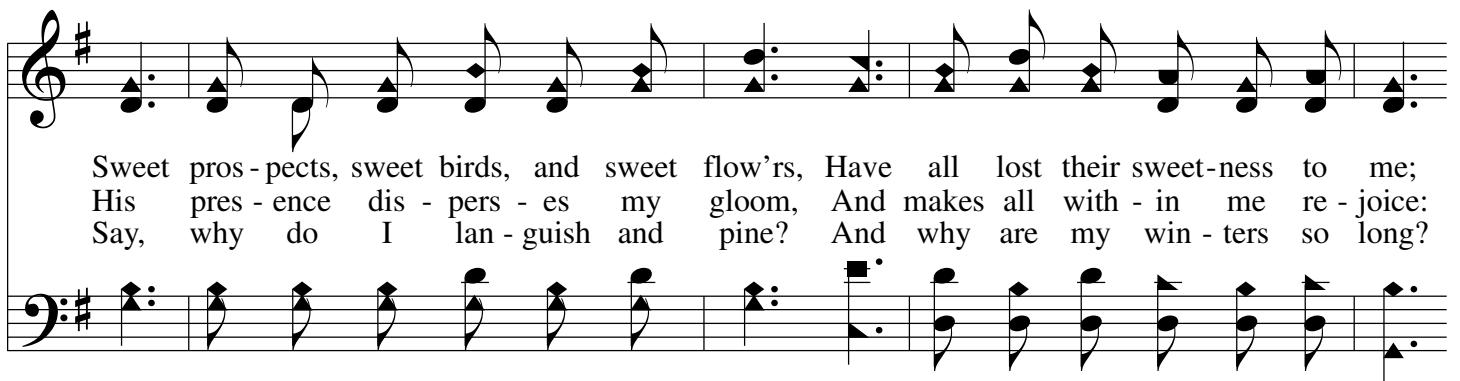


# Happy In Him

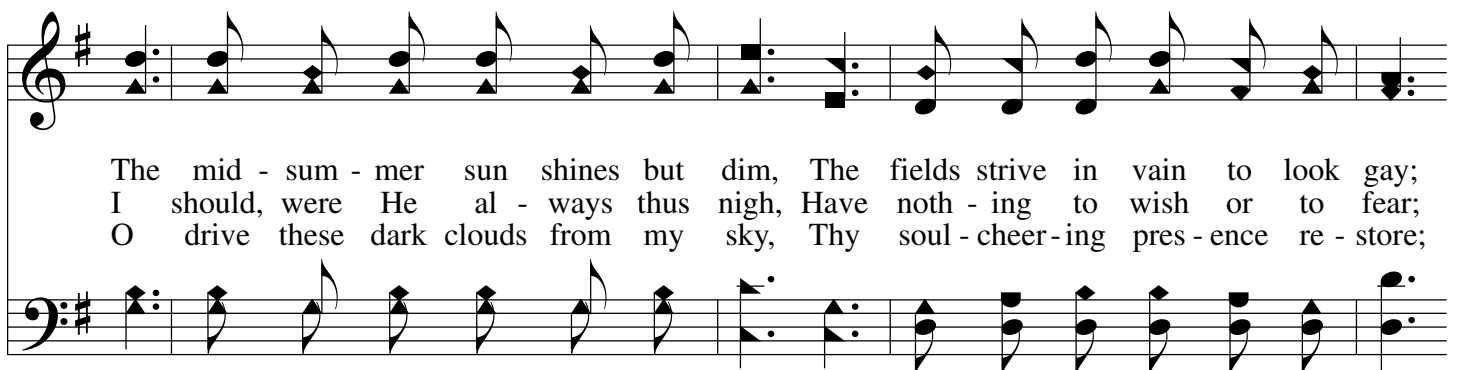
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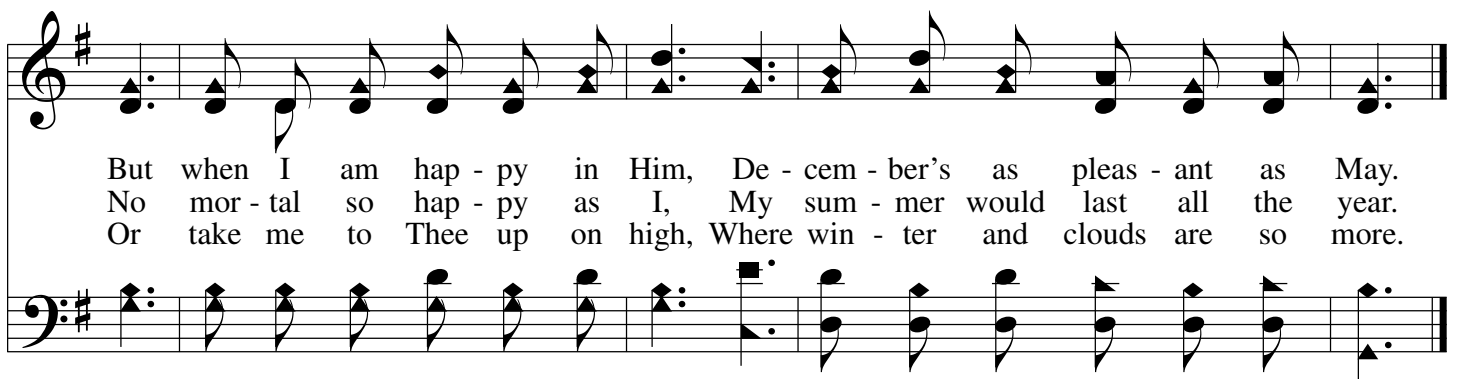
1. How te - dious and taste - less the hours When Je - sus no long - er I see!  
2. His name yields the rich - est per - fume, And sweet - er than mu - sic His voice;  
3. My Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my Sun and my Song,



Sweet pros - pects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweet - ness to me;  
His pres - ence dis - pers - es 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 noth - ing to wish or to fear;  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul - cheer - ing pres - ence 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 so more.