

# Midsummer

John Newton, 1779

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

Transcribed from *Southern Harmony*, 1835.

A Major

William Walker, 1835

Tr. 5 1. 2. 10

1. { How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no lon - ger I see; } The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look  
 { Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers Have lost all their sweetness with me. }

T. 5 1. 2. 10

2. { His name yields the richest per - fume, And sweeter than mu - sic his voice; } I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to  
 { His pre - sence dis - per - ses my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice: }

B. 5 1. 2. 10

3. { Content with be - hol - ding his face, My all to his ple - asure re - signed; } While blessed with a sense of his love, A palace a toy would ap -  
 { No changes of sea - son or place, Would make a - ny change in my mind: }

Tr. 15 1. 2.

1. gay; But when I am hap - py in him, De - cem - ber's as plea - sant as May. The

T. 15 1. 2.

2. fear; No mor - tal so hap - py as I, My summer would last all the year. I

B. 15 1. 2.

3. -pear; And prisons would pa - la - ces prove, If Je - sus would dwell with me there. 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 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.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2018

Measure 5, *Tenor*: last three notes changed from F#-E-F# to E-F#-G#.