

A Little Talk with Jesus
Fanny Crosby, 1893.
Howard Doane.

A little talk with Jesus,
It smoothes the rugged road;
It seems to help me onward
When fainting 'neath my load;
When, worn by care and sorrow,
My eyes with tears are dim,
There is nothing can give me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

Refrain

A little talk with Jesus,
A little talk with Jesus;
There is nothing that giveth me comfort
Like a little talk with Him.

A little talk with Jesus,
Alone in secret prayer,
It gives me strength and courage,
Life's many toils to bear;
And though I sometimes falter,
Because the way is dim,
There is nothing can cheer me onward
Like a little talk with Him.

Refrain

I'll trust and wait with patience
Till my appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge
That such a trust is mine;
Then, where no hearts are weary,
No eyes with tears are dim,
He will talk with me for ever,
And I will talk with Him.

Refrain