A Little Talk with Jesus

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1875

William Howard Doane

1. 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 cour-age, Life's many toils to bear; And though I some-times fal-ter, Be-cause the way is knowledge That such a trust is mine; Then, where no hearts are wea-ry, No eyes with tears are knowl-edge- That such a trust is mine; Then, where no hearts are wea-ry, No eyes with tears are

2. A lit-tle talk with Je-sus, A lone in se-cret prayer, It gives me strength and dim, There is no-thing that giveth me com-fort Like a lit-tle talk with Him. A lit-tle talk with dim, He will ta-lk with me for ev-er, A-and I will talk with Him. A lit-tle talk with dim, There is no-thing can give me com-fort Like a lit-tle talk with Him. A lit-tle talk with dim, There is no-thing can cheer me on-ward Like a lit-tle talk with Him. A lit-tle talk with dim, He will ta-lk with me for ev-er, A-and I will talk with Him.

3. I'll trust and wait with pa-tience Till my ap-point-ed time, And glo-ry in the Je-sus, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus; There is no-thing that giv-eth me com-fort Like a lit-tle talk with Him.

Refrain

Je-sus, A lit-tle talk with Je-sus; There is no-thing that giv-eth me com-fort Like a lit-tle talk with Him.