

Robert L. Allan

H. Hankinson



1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus— How it smooths the rug - ged road,
2. I tell Him I am wear - y, And I fain would be at rest,
3. I know the way is drear - y To yon - der far - off clime,
4. I can - not live with - out Him, Nor would I if I could;
5. So I'll wait a lit - tle lon - ger, Till His ap - point - ed time,



How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint be - neath my load:
 And I'm dai - ly, hour - ly long - ing For a home up - on His breast;
 But a lit - tle talk with Je - sus Will while a - way the time:
 He is my dai - ly por - tion, My medicine and my food:
 And glo - ry in the knowledge That such a hope is mine;



When my heart is crushed with sor - row, And my eyes with tears are dim,
 And He answers me so sweet - ly, In tones of ten - d'rest love,
 And yet the more I know Him, And all His grace ex - plore,
 He's al - to - geth - er love - ly, None can with Him com - pare—
 Then in my Fa - ther's dwell - ing Where man - y mansions be,



There is naught can yield me com - fort Like a lit - tle talk with Him.
 "I am com - ing soon to take thee To My hap - py home a - bove."
 It on - ly sets me long - ing To know Him more and more.
 The chief a - mong ten thousand, The fair - est of the fair.
 I'll sweet - ly talk with Je - sus, And He shall talk with me.

