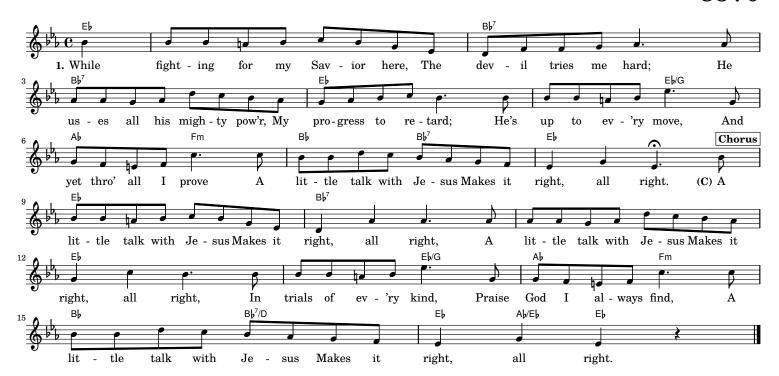
## While fighting for my Savior here

Prayer — Telling the Lord

8570



- 2. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black
  And stormy overhead,
  And trials of almost ev'ry kind
  Across my path are spread;
  How soon I conquer all,
  As to the Lord I call,
  A little talk with Jesus
  Makes it right, all right.
- 3. When those who once were dearest friends
  Begin to persecute,
  And more who once professed to love,
  Have silent grown and mute;
  I tell Him all my grief,
  He quickly sends relief,
  A little talk with Jesus
  Makes it right, all right.

4. And thus, by frequent little talks,
I gain the victory;
And march along with cheerful song,
Enjoying liberty;
With Jesus as my Friend,
I'll prove until the end,
A little talk with Jesus
Makes it right, all right.