

## Hicks' Farewell

Doc Watson

The time is swiftly rolling on  
When I must faint and die,  
My body to the dust return  
And there forgotten lie.  
Let persecutions rage around,  
Let Antichrist appear;  
Beneath the cold and silent ground  
There's no disturbance there.

Through heats and cold I've toiled and went  
And wandered in despair;  
To call poor sinners to repent  
And seek the Savior dear.

My brother preachers, boldly speak  
And stand on Zion's wall.  
Confirm the strong, revive the weak,  
And after sinners call.

My little children, near my heart,  
And nature seems to bind,  
It grieves me sorely to depart  
And leave you here behind.

Oh Lord, a father to them be  
And keep them from all harm  
That they may love and worship Thee  
And dwell upon Thy charm.

My loving wife, my bosom friend,  
The object of my love,  
The time's been sweet I spent with thee,  
My sweet, my harmless dove.

Though I must now depart from thee  
Let this not grieve your heart,  
For you will shortly come to me  
Where we shall never part.