

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.