

Doc Watson, Hicks' Farewell

VERSION #1

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

To call poor sinners to repent
And seek their Savior dear.
My brother preachers, boldly speak
And stand on Zion's wall.
Confirm the drunk, confirm the weak
And after sinners call.

My loving wife, my bosom friend,
The object of my love,
The time's been sweet I've spent with you,
My sweet and harmless dove,
My little children near my heart
My warm affections know.
From each the path will I attend.
O from them can I go?!

O God, a father to them be
And keep them from all harm,
That they may love and worship Thee
And dwell upon Thy charm.
How often you have looked fer me
And often seen me come.
But now I must depart from thee
And nevermore return.

My loving wife, don't grieve fer me,
Neither lament nor mourn;
Fer I will with my Jesus be
And dwell upon his charm.

VERSION #2

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.