

# Hick's Farewell

## Doc Watson

### 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 for me  
And often seen me come.  
But now I must depart from thee  
And nevermore return. My loving wife, don't grieve for me,  
Neither lament nor mourn;  
For I will with my Jesus be  
And dwell upon his charm. VERSION #2

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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.

Songwriters  
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