

Hick's Farewell

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The time is swiftly rolling on
When I must faint and die,
By body to the dust return
And there forgotton lie.

Let persecutions rage around
Let antichrists 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 Saviour dear.

Recorded by Doc Watson