

## HICKS' FAREWELL. C.M.

Berryman Hicks

William Walker

1. The time is swift - ly roll - ing on, When I must faint and die; My bod - y to the dust re - turn, And there for - got - ten lie.

2. Let per - se - cu - tion rage a - round, And An - ti - Christ ap - pear; My si - lent dust be - neath the ground, There's no dis - tur - bance there.

3. Thru heats and colds I've of - ten went, And wan - dered in de - spair To call poor sin - ners to re - pent, And seek the Sav - ior dear.