

## The Time Is Near

Fairport Convention

The time is near for things to pass,  
the time for me to leave  
But as I lie here all alone,  
I really can't believe  
That twenty years I've spent on earth would end in so  
much grief  
That the many friendly faces should now stare hatefully

A letter home to mother, and a letter home to dad  
Another to my sweetheart, for whom I feel so sad  
A lock of hair to cling to is all that will remain  
And the grave inside this prison yard,  
a stone that bears no name.

My trials and tribulations are nearly now all gone  
A murderer I never was and my spirit will live on  
Jesus, help me in this troubled time,  
this hour of trouble deep  
Help me find my peace of mind,  
help me Lord, to sleep