

**Bill Miller****"The First Whippoorwill"**

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Springtime is near my darling  
You say that you are going away  
My heart will be with you my darling  
And I'm counting now the days  
I know that soon I'll have to travel  
I know I'm over the hill  
I feel so all alone my darling said she'd be gone  
When I heard that first whippoorwill  
The flowers are blooming little darling  
With the budding of the trees  
I hear the night birds a crying  
I know that they are warning me  
Our love was planted little darling  
Just like the farmer plants his grain  
But there will never be a harvest  
On the hills the whippoorwills now sing

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