

Bill Monroe

"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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