

Bill Monroe**"The First Whippoorwill"**

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Springtime is hear my darlin'
You said that you are goin' away
My heart will be with you my darli'
Then I'm countin' 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 darlin' since you've been gone
And I heard the first whippoorwill

The flowers are bloomin' little darlin'
With the buddin' of the trees
I hear them night birds a-cryin'
I know that they are warnin' me

Our love was planted little darlin'
Just like the farmer plants his grain
But there will never be a harvest
On the hill a whippoorwill

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