

The First Whippoorwill

Bill Monroe

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
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
Our love was planted, little darling
Just like the farmer plants his grain
But there will never be a harvest
On the hills the whippoorwill now sing
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 whippoor will