

# 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