Bill Monroe, The First Whippoorwill

Springtime is near my darling You say that you are going away My heart will be with you my darling And Im counting now the days

I know that soon III have to travel I know Im over the hill I feel so all alone my darling said shed 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