

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 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