When the Whip-poor-will sings Marguerite.

Words by C. M. DENISON.  
Music by J. FRED HELF.

The whip-poor-will at twilight's glow was singing, 
For weary days I've waited your returning, 
I've crick-et-chirp'd its 'Good-night' lull-a-by, 
Longed to see your dear face once again, 
The dear old village bells were sweetly 
ring-ing, As you held me in your arms and said, 'Good-bye,'
You yearn-ing, For my longing and my waiting was in vain;
'Neath the moon, I'll go and sing my song, 
So when I go, hear not the voice of the whip-poor-will. 

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told me of a love that naught could sever,
Of dear old southern skies to-night you're sleeping,
The

happy days when you and I should wed,
You "Swanee river flows upon its way,"
For

kissed my lips to part perhaps, forever,
Then old time's sake your love I still am keeping,
At

held my hand a moment while you said:
twilight's glow, I seem to hear you say:

When the Whip-poor-will &c. 4.
CHORUS: Moderato.

When the whip-poor-will sings Marguerite,
And forget-me-nots bloom at your feet,
You may know though you yearn, that to you I'll return,
Love's old story again to repeat;

So be

When the Whip-poor-will &c. - 4.
true little girl I entreat, Till the
time when again we shall meet, Let love's
star brightly shine, I'll return sweetheart mine, When the
whip-poor-will sings Marguerite.