When the Whip-poor-will sings Marguerite.

Words by C. M. DENISON.

Moderato.

The whip-poor-will at twi-light's glow was singing,
For wea-ry days I've wait-ed your re-turn-ing,
I've longed to see your dear face once a-gain,
The dear old vil-lage bells were sweet-ly ring-ing,
As you held me in your arms and said, "Good-bye?"

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told me of a love that naught could sever,
dear old southern skies tonight 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. - A.
CHORUS: Moderato.

When the whip-poor-will sings Mar-gue-rite, And for-

get-me-nots bloom at your feet, You may

know though you yearn, that to you I'll re-turn, Love's old

sto-ry a-gain to re-peat; 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 sweet-heart mine, When the

whip-poor-will sings Marguerite.

When the Whip-poor-will &c. 4.