

Billy Grimes, the drover

G D G

To - mor - row morn I'll be six - teen And Bil - ly Grimes, the dro - ver, He's

T
A
B

D G

popped the ques - tion to me, Ma, He wants to be my lo - ver.

And he'll be here in the morning, Ma,
And he'll be there quite early
To take a pleasant walk with me
Across yon fields of barley.

Oh, daughter, dear, you shall not go,
There is no use in talking,
You shall not go with Billy Grimes
Across yon fields a-walking.

Just think of such presumption, too,
The dirty ugly drover,
I wonder where your pride has gone
To think of such a lover.

Oh, Mama dear, I must confess
That Billy's not so clever,
But a nicer beau could not be found
In this wide world all over.

Oh, daughter dear, I am surprised
At your infatuation.
To think of having Billy Grimes,
Would be our ruination.

Oh, Mama dear, old Grimes is dead
And Billy is the only
Surviving heir of all that's left,
About six thousand yearly.

Oh, daughter dear, I did not hear
Your last remarks quite clearly,
But Billy is a nice young lad
And no doubt loves you dearly.