

Billy Grimes The Rover - song lyrics

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BILLY GRIMES THE ROVER

"To-morrow morn I'm sweet sixteen, and Billy Grimes, the rover.
Has popp'd the question to me, mamma, and wants to be my lover;
To-morrow morn, he says, mamma, he's coming bright and early,
To take a pleasant trip with me across the fields of barley."
"You must not go, my daughter dear, it is no use a talking,
You cannot go across the field with Billy Grimes a walking;
To think of his presumption now, the dirty ugly drover
I wonder where your pride has gone to think of such a rover."

"Old Grimes is dead, you know, mamma, and Billy is so lonely,
Besides they say, too, Grimes has said, that Billy is the only.
So I'll be heir to all he's left, and that they say is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars' worth, and about six hundred yearly."

"I did not hear, my daughter dear, your last remark quite clearly;
But Billy is a clever lad, and no doubt loves you dearly.
Be ready then, to-morrow morn, and be up bright and early.
To take a, pleasant walk with him across the fields of barley."
"And when we're married, dear mamma, we both shall look so neatly,
I'll wear a thousand-dollar shawl:-'twill make me look so sweetly;
This common frock is getting old, and silks will soon be fashion,
I'll turn his pockets Inside out, and meet with a short, guess him."

"Not quite so fast, my pretty miss, don't try to win the drover,
Who's traveled this whole country through In search of a true lover;
My money ne'er shall buy your shawl, nor build your castles higher,
Please, Madam, take your daughter home, I only did It to try her."