

Billy Grimes the Rover

The Shelor Family

Tomorrow morn I'll be sixteen
And Billy Grimes, the rover
He's popped the question to me, Ma
And he wants to be my lover
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 rover
I wonder where your pride has gone
To think of such a lover
Oh, Mama dear, I must confess
That Billy isn't quite 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
It would be 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 man
And no doubt loves you dearly

