



# William Grimes the Drover


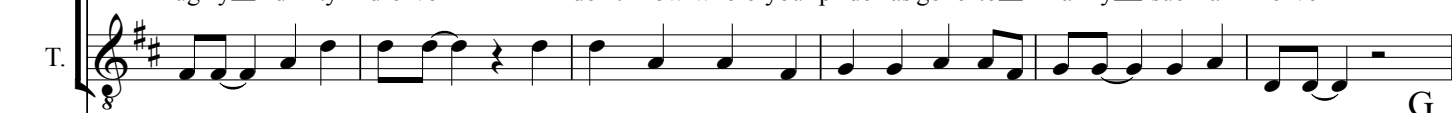
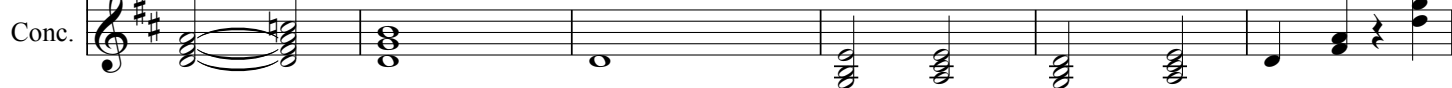
Sung by Bessie and Molly Tobin, Guyra

Conc. 

S.   
To - mo row Ma I'm sweet eight-een and Will- iam Grimes the dro-ver Has bid me take a walk with him A -  
Conc. 

S.   
cross the fields of clo-ver You must not go my daugh-ter There's no use now in talk-ing You  
T.   
Conc. 

S.   
must not go a - cross the fields with Will-iam Grimes a walk-ing To think of his pre-sump-tion too the  
T.   
Conc. 

S.   
ug ly dir-ty dro-ver I don't know where your pride has gone to mar ry such a ro-ver  
T.   
Conc. 

30 D G A G A D

Conc.

34 D A D G D G A

S.

You know Ma ma old Grimes is dead and Will- iam is so lone-ly Be -sides they say to Grimes'es-tate that

Conc.

41 G A D D G A D G

S.

Will iam is heir on-ly I did not\_ hear my daugh-ter dear that last re mark quite clear ly\_ But

T.

Conc.

47 D G A G A D D A

S.

Will iam is a cle ver\_ lad and\_ no doubt loves you dear-ly To- mo row dear you'rsweet eigh- teen and\_

T.

Conc.

50 D G D G A G A D

S.

be both bright and early\_ To take a walk with Will - iam Grimes a - cross the fields of bar-ley

T.

Conc.

56 D G A G A D

Conc.