

Tibbie Dunbar

The Corries

O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar
O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money;
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly;
But say that thou'lt hae me for better or waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

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Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I offer you nothing of silver or land,
What man can determine the price of your hand
But g'in your consent we'd be richer by far
Oh walk by me side sweet Tibbie Dunbar

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Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

Oh wilt thou become a poor beggars lady
To sleep in the heather rolled up in my plaidie
The sky for a roof and your candle a star
And our love for your fire sweet Tibbie Dunbar..

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