

## Tibby Dunbar

The Dubliners

O will to go wi' ne sweet Tibby Dunbar  
O will to go wi' ne sweet Tibby Dunbar  
With a ride on the horse or been drown in a cart  
Or walk by my side sweet Tibby Dunbar

I care that they daddy, his land or his money  
I pal and I kin say high and say lowly  
But say That all thair me for better or worse  
And come in your poetry sweet Tibby Dunbar

I offer you nay thing in cellar or land  
What men could determan the price of your hand  
But gain you could send me by richer by far  
O will to go wi' me sweet Tibby Dunbar

O will to be 'lone as a poor beggar's lady  
And sleep in the heather rolled up in my pladie  
The sky for a roof and ye candle a star  
My love for a fire sweet Tibby Dunbar

O will to go wi' ne sweet Tibby Dunbar  
O will to go wi' ne sweet Tibby Dunbar  
With a ride on the horse or been drown in a cart  
Or walk by my side sweet Tibby Dunbar