

Dubliners, Tibby Dunbar

O willt thou go wi' me sweet Tibby Dunbar
O willt thou go wi' me sweet Tibby Dunbar
Wether ride on a horse or been drawn in a cart
Or walk by my side sweet Tibby Dunbar

I care not thy daddy, his land or his money
Thy pal and Thy kin say high and say lowly
But say That thou're with me for better or worse
And come in your poetry sweet Tibby Dunbar

I offer you nay thing in sillar(silver) or land
What men could determin the price of your hand
But gave you consent we'd be richer by far
O willt thou go wi' me sweet Tibby Dunbar

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

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