

# 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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