

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

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