

Little Beggarman

Fiddler's Green

I am a little beggarman and beggin I have been
For three score years in this little isle of green
I'm known along the Liffey from the basin to the zoo
And I'm known by the name of the Bold Johnnie Dhu
My brother called "The Jolly Beggar" tripped over the plain
He comes unto the farmer's doors a lodging for a gain
Sometimes the farmers' daughter views him cheek and chin
And calls him a handsome man and takes him in
Of all trades a going sure the begging is the best
For when a man is tired he can sit down and rest
He begs for his dinner, he has nothing else to do
But to slip around the corner with his old rigadoo

I slept last night in a barn in Currabawn
T' was a shocking wet night but I slept until the dawn
Holes in a roof and the rain coming through
And the rats and the cats were all playing peek-a-boo
Oh when I was awaken by the woman of the house
With her white spotted apron and her fine gingham blouse
She began to frighten, all I said was: "Boo"
Don't be afraid, cause it's only Johnny Dhu

I met a little flaxen-haired girl on day
"Good morning, little flaxen-haired girl" I did say
"Good morning, little beggarman, and how do you do
With your rags and your tags and your old rigadoo?"
"I'll buy pair of leggins and a collar and a tie
And a nice young lady I'll go courting by and by
I'll buy a pair of goggles and I'll colour them blue
And an old-fashioned lady I will make her too

So all along the highroad with my bag upon my back
And over the fields with my heavy bulging sack
Holes in my shoes and the toes peeping through
Singing "Skin-ma-link-a-dooddle" with my old rigadoo
Oh I must be gone to bed now for it's getting late at night
The fire's all raked and there isn't any light
For now you've heard the story of my old rigadoo
So good night and God be with you from old Johnny Dhu