

# The Little Beggarman

Traditional

I am a little beggarman and begging I have been  
 For three score or more in this little isle of green  
 I'm known along the Liffey from Basin to the zoo  
 And I'm known by the name of old Johnny Dhu  
 Of all the trade's that's going, sure begging is the best  
 For when a man is tired, he can sit down and rest  
 He can beg for his dinner, he has nothing else to do  
 Only cut around the corner with his old rig-a-doo

I	-	I	VII
I	-	VII	v
I	-	I	VII
I	-	VII	I
v	-	VII	IV
I	-	VII	v
I	-	I	VII
I	-	VII	I

I slept in the barn, down at Caurabawn  
 A wet night came on and I slept 'till the dawn  
 With holes in the roof and the rain coming through  
 And the rats and the cats, they were playing peek-a-boo  
 When who did I waken but the woman of the house  
 With her white spotty apron and her calico blouse  
 She began to frighten and I said "boo  
 Aarah, don't be afraid mam it's only Johnny Dhu"

I met a little flaxy-haired girl one day  
 "Good morning little flaxy-haired girl" I did say  
 "Good morning little beggarman, a how do you do  
 With your rags and you tags and you old rig-a-doo"  
 I'll buy a pair of leggings, a collar and a tie  
 And a nice young lady I'll fetch 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

Over the road with my pack on my back  
 Over the fields with my great heavy sack  
 With holes in my shoes and my toes peeping through  
 Singing skinny-me-rink a doodle o and old Johnny Dhu  
 I must be going to bed for it's getting late at night  
 The fire's all raked and out goes the light  
 So now you've heard the story of my old rig-a-doo  
 It's good-bye and God be with you says old Johnny Dhu