

# The Little Beggarman

## Rootstand

I am a little beggarman, a-begging I have been  
For three score or more in this little isle of green  
I'm known from the Liffey down to Segue  
And I'm known by the name of old Johnny Dhu  
Of all the trades that's going, I'm 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 slept in the barn right down at Caurabawn  
A wet night came on and I slept until 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, I said, "Boo  
Ara, don't be afraid, ma'am, 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, and how do you do  
With your rags and your tags and your old rig-a-doo?"  
I'll buy a pair of leggings and a collar and a tie  
And a nice young lady I'll fetch by and by  
I'll buy a pair of goggles, I'll color them blue  
And an old-fashioned lady I will make her, too  
Over the road with me pack on me back  
Over the fields with me great, heavy sack  
With holes in me shoes and me 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 me old rig-a-doo  
"It's good-bye and God be with you," says old Johnny Dhu