The Little Beggarman

I am a little beggarman, and begging I have been,
Aye, for three score and four in this little isle of Green.
I'm known from the Liffey down to Segoo,
And I'm known by the name of ould Johnny Dhu.
Of all the trades a-going now, sure beggin' is the best,
For when a man is tired he can sit him down and rest;
Beg for his dinner, he has nothin' else to do --
Only cut around the corner with his ould rig-a-doo.

I slept in a barn way down in Currabawn,
A wet night came on and I slept until the dawn,
With holes in the roof and the rain comin' through,
And the rats and the cats, they were playing peek-a-boo.
Who should awaken but the woman of the house,
With her white-spotted apron and her calico blouse;
She began to frighten, and 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 bags and your ould rig-a-doo?
I'll buy y'a pair of leggins and a collar and a tie,
And a nice young lady I'll fetch by and by.
I'll buy y'a pair of goggles, and color them blue;
And an ould-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 peepin' through,
I must be goin' 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 ould rig-a-doo,
It's "Goodbye and God be wit' ya!" says ould Johnny Dhu.

(Vocables verse)