

Orthodox Celts

The Beggarman

I am a little beggarman, a begging I have been.
For fifty years or more in this little isle of green,
Up to the Liffey and down to Tessague,
And I'm known by the name of old Johnny Doo.

Of all the trades of living sure the begging is the best
For when man is tired he can sit down and rest
Beg for a living, he's got nothing else to do.
But run around the corner with his old rigado.

I slept last night in a barn at Currabawn.
A wet night came on and I slipped through the door.
Holes in my shoes and the toes peepin' through
Singin' skinny-ma-rink-a-doodlum for ould Johnny Dhu.

I must be gettin' home for it's gettin' late at night.
The fire's all raked and there isn't any light
And now you've heard me story of the old ricadoo.
It's good-night and God bless you from ould Johnny Dhu.