



RED HAired BOY

Traditional

Oh, I am a little beggarman and begging I have been
For three score years in this little isle of green
I am known along the Liffey from the Basin to the Zoo
And everybody calls me by the name of Johnny Dhu.
Of all the trades agoin' sure the beggin is the best
For when I man is tired he can sit him down and rest
He can beg for his dinner he has nothing else to do
But to slip around the corner with his ould rigadoo.

I slept in a barn one night in Currabawn,
A shocking wet night it was but I slept until the dawn
There were holes in the roof and the raindrops a'pourin' 'thru
And the rats and the cats were all playing tinkaboo
Who did I waken but the woman of the house
With her white-spotted apron and her fine gingham blouse
She began to get excited and all I said was Boo!
Sure and don't be afraid at all, tis only Johnny Dhu

I met a little girl when a walkin out one day
Good morrow, little flaxen-haired girl I did say
Good morrow, little beggarman, and how do you do
With your rags and your tags and your ould rigadoo
I'll buy a pair of leggins and a collar and a tie
And a nice young lady I'll go courtin' by and bye
I'll buy a pair of goggles and I'll color them with blue
And an ould-fashioned lady I will make her too

So all along the high road with my bag upon my back
Over the fields with my bulgin' heavy sack
With holes in me shoes and me toes a peepin through
Singin' skill-a-mack-a-doodle with my auld rigadoo
Oh, I must be goin'to bed for it's getting late at nite
The fire's all raked and now 'tis out the light
For now you've heard my story of my ould rigadoo
So good-bye and God be with you, from ould Johnny Dhu