

Great Big Sea, Rigadoon

Well, I am a little beggarman, a begging I have been
For three score or more in the little isle of green
All over the Liffey and down to Segue
I'm known by the name of auld Johnny Dhu

Of all the trades a going, begging is the best
When a man gets tired he can sit down and rest
Singin' for his supper when there's nothing else to do
When I come around the corner with me old rigadoo

I went to a barn, went down to Currabawn
Got down on the floor and I slept till the dawn
Holes in the roof and the rain seeping thru
Me toes froze together in me little beggar shoes

Buy a pair of leggings and a collar and a tie
A nice old lady you will find by and by
Buy a pair of leggings and I'll color them blue
For a foxy old lady I'll make her too

(Way-hay and away we go)

I met a little flaxen haired girl one day
Good morning little flaxen haired girl, I did say
Good morning little beggarman how do you do
With your bags and your rags and your auld rigadoo

Who should I waken but the woman of the house
With her white spotted apron and her calico blouse
She began to frighten so I said boo
Sure, don't be afraid, it's only Johnny Dhu

Over the road with me pack on me back
Over all the fields with me big heavy sack
Over the hills with the moon peeking through
Singing, skin a ma rink a doodle on me auld rigadoo

I must be going to bed, it's getting late at night
The fire is all out, so out goes the light
Now you've heard the story of the auld rigadoo
So good night and God be with you, this is auld Johnny Dhu