

# Red Haired Boy (A)

## Additional Lyrics not in Songbook

### Lyrics

I am a little beggarman and 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 Doo  
Of all the trade's that's going, 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, down at Carrabawn  
A storm came on and I slept 'till 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 and I said "Boo!"  
Don't be afraid at all it's only Johnny Doo

I met a little flaxy-haired girl one day  
"Good morning little flaxy-haired girl" I did say  
"Good morning little beggarman, a how do you do  
With your rags and you tags and you old rig-a-doo"  
I'll buy a pair of leggings, a collar and a tie  
And a nice young lady I'll fetch by and by  
I'll buy a pair of goggles and I'll colour them blue  
And an old fashioned lady I will make her too

Over the road with my pack on my back  
Over the fields with my great heavy sack  
With holes in my shoes and my toes peeping through  
Singing skiddly-rink-a-doodle 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 my old rig-a-doo  
It's good-bye and God be with you says old Johnny Dhu

#### Definitions

rig-a-doo - walking stick

Liffey / Segue / Carrabawn - place names in Ireland

goggles - glasses