

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Beggar Man (2)

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A beggar man came o'er yon lea, seeking oot for charity
Goodwife for your courtesy, would you lodge a lame poor man
Well the nicht being wet and it being cold
she's taken pity on the poor old soul
She's ta'en pity on the poor old soul, and she bad him to sit doon

Wi his tooren ooran an tan ee
Right an ooren fal de do dee
Right an ooren ooren ee
Wi an tooren ooren ay do

He sat himself in the chimney nook, wi al his bags behind a crook
Wi all his bags behind a crook, right merrily he did sing

A the doors being locked quite tight
The auld woman rose in the middle of the night
The auld women rose in the middle of the nicht
To find the old man gone

She ran tae the cupboard, likewise tae the kist
All thing there and nothing missed
Clapping her hands and, the Lord be blessed
Wasn't he an honest auld man

When the breakfast was ready and the table laid
The auld woman gaed tae waken the maid
The bed was there but the maid was gone
She's awa wi the lame poor man

Seven years they passed on,
An this auld beggar came back again
Seeking oot for charity,
Would you lodge a lame poor man

A beggar I'll ne'er lodge again,
For I had a dochter, ane o ma aine
An she gaed awa wi a beggar man
So I'll hae ye tae be gone

If yer dochter ye want tae see
She has twa bairnies on her knee
She has twa bairnies on her knee

And another yin comin round

Yonder she sits and yonder she stands
The fairest lady in a Scotland
Wi servants there at her command
Since she gaed wi the lame poor man

Child #279

sung by Cila Fisher and Artie Tresize
SOF