

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Beggarman (6)

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The night being dark and very cold,
A woman took pity on a poor soul.
She took pity on a poor old soul
And asked him to come in.

cho: With a tooroo, rooroo, rantin hi,
A tooroo, rooroo, rantin hi,
Tooroo, rooroo rantin hi,
And hi for the beggarman.

He sat him down in a chimney nook;
He hung his coat up on a hook.
He hung his coat up on a hook,
And merrily he did sing.

In the middle of the night the old woman rose;
She missed the beggarman and all his clothes.
She clapped and clapped and clapped again,
Says, "He has my daughter gone!"

Three long years have passed and gone,
When this old man came back again,
Asking for a charity:
"Would you lodge a beggarman?"

"I never lodged any but the one,
And with that one me daughter's gone,
With that one me daughter's gone
So merrily you may gang."

"Would you like to see your daughter now,
With two babies on her knee,
With two babies on her knee
And another coming on?"

"For yonder she sits and yonder she stands,
The finest lady in all the land;
Servants there at her command
Since she went with the beggarman."

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