

# The Travelling People

## The Dubliners

I'm a freeborn man of the travelling people  
got no fixed abode with nomads I am numbered  
country lanes and bye ways were always my ways  
I never fancied being lumbered

Well we knew the woods and all the resting places  
the small birds sang when winter time was over  
then we'd pack our load and be on the road  
they were good old times for the rover

In the open ground where a man could linger  
stay a week or two for time was not your master  
then away you'd jog with your horse and dog  
nice and easy no need to go faster

And sometimes you'd meet up with other travellers  
hear the news or else swop family information  
at the country fairs we'd be meeting there  
all the people of the travelling nation

I've made willow creels and the heather besoms  
And I've even done some begging and some hawkin'  
and I've lain there spent rapped up in my tent  
and I've listened to the old folks talking

All you freeborn men of the travelling people  
every tinker rolling stone and gypsy rover  
winds of change are blowing old ways are going  
your travelling days will soon be over