

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