

The Travelling People

I am a freeborn man of the travelling people
Got no fixed abode, with nomads I am numbered
Country lanes and byways were always my ways
I never fancied being lumbered

Oh I knew the woods and the resting places
And the small birds sang when winterdays were over
Then we'd pack our load and be on the road
Those were good old times for a rover

Now I've known life hard and I've know it easy
And I've cursed the life when winter days were dawning
But we've laughed and sang through the whole night long
Seen the summer sunrise in the morning.

There was open ground where a man could linger
For a week or two for time was not our master
Then away you'd jog with your horse and dog
Nice and easy, no need to go faster

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