

## I'm a Freeborn Man

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

O we knew the woods, all the resting places  
And the small birds sang when wintertime was over  
Then we'd pack our load and be on the road  
They were good old times for the rover

There was 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

Now and then you'd meet up with other travelers  
Hear the news or else swap family information  
At the country fairs, we'd be meeting there  
All the people of the traveling nation

All you freeborn men of the traveling people  
Every tinker, rolling stone, or gypsy rover  
Winds of change are blowing, old ways are going  
Your traveling days will soon be over