

The travelling people

G C D

I'm a freeborn man of the travelling people,
Oh we knew the woods and the resting places,
There was open ground where a man could linger,
Now and then you'd meet up with other travellers,
Now I've known life hard and I've known it easy,
All you freeborn men of the travelling people,

G

Got no fixed abode, with nomands I am numbered
And the small bird sang when winter days were over.
For a week or two, for time was not our master.
Hear the news, or else swipe family information.
And I've cursed that life when winter days were dawning.
Every tinker, rolling stone and gypsy rover,

D G C G

Country lanes and by-ways were always my ways
Then we'd pack our load and be on the road,
Then away you'd jog with your horse and dog,
At the country fairs, you'd be meeting there
But we've laughed and sung through the whole night long,
Winds of change are blowing, old ways are going,

C G C F G

I never fancied being lumbered.
Those were good old times for a rover.
Nice and easy, no need to go faster.
All the people of the travelling nation.
Seen the summer sun rise in the morning.
Your travelling days will soon be over.