

Bert Jansch **"Travelling Man"**

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I'm a travelling man, a-moving
You name it I've been there
And night and day I strive to sell my wares
Got nothing I can show you
Nothing you can wear
But hang around a while and lend an ear

While travellin' on a freight-train
On the Rocky Island line
My young love said to me
My mother, she don't mind
And through twelve gates of the city
I came into my prime
I was singing songs of wild mountain thyme

Sing little birdie
From the greenwood side-o
Where the trees they do grow high
Come say hello
Summer is a-coming
And I'm standing on the shore
And where I'm bound

Oh Lord, I can't be sure
From the Arizona dustbowl
Out to Van Diemons land
To the North-West Passage snowbound
Where Lord Franklin made his stand
While high above I'm flying
With my guitar in my hand
Thinking about one tiny grain of sand

If anyone should ask me
If I be a rambling boy
The sporting life
I know I have enjoyed
Met a lady from Louisville
A-pleasing to my mind

She took my hand and said
Would you please be kind
And from the foggy dew I stumbled

Into a shady grove
Where the redbird sang his sweet song

He sang of careless love
And the bells of Rhymney rang out
And brought the people round
Saying welcome to your friendly travelling man
Welcome to your friendly travelling man

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