

Dubliners

"I'm A Free Born Man"

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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

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