

## Dubliners

### "The Travelling People"

Visit "[The Travelling People](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Dubliners](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.