

## **The Woods Band**

### **"The Travellin' People"**

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I'm a freeborn man of the travelin' people;  
Got no fixed abode, with nomads I am numbered.  
Country lanes and byways were always my ways;  
I've never fancied bein' longer.  
Oh, we knew the woods and the restin' places;  
And the small birds sang when winter days were over.  
Then we'd pack our load and be on the road  
Those were good old days for a rover.  
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.  
Well, I've known life hard and I've known it easy;  
And I've cursed the life when winter's days were  
dawning;  
But I've laughed and sung through the whole night  
long;  
Seen the summer sunrise in the morning.  
All you freeborn men of the travelin' people  
Every tinker, rolling stone, or gypsy rover;  
Winds of change are blowin', old ways are going;  
Your travelin' days will soon be over.  
Your travelin' days will soon be over.

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