

Penni McLaren Walker

"Travelling Man"

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Travelling man, do you live alone? Do you look at the stars
do you wonder of home?

Travelling man, are you thinking of me, when we
walked on the beaches, down by the sea?

His hair was the black of a cormorant's wing
His eyes were as blue as the songbird that sings

With echoes of song that would dance on the breeze
With a voice that could charm the thrush from the trees.

Winters were bitter, the wind blew so cold but he still
spent his days walking the road

By night he would rest and sing to the moon the air
would stop still just to hear his sweet tune

Spring brought the sun and he woke with the day
Work came from farmers he met on his way

He courted the girls till their Fathers came home
Leaving them sighing he left with the dawn

He worked with the fishermen, by the shoreline he sat
on the quay drinking brandy and wine

From Lough Eske he went to the wild of Corveen
He would dance in the firelight down by the sea

He met a young woman who fell for his charms
He held her so close she was locked in his arms

They danced in the waves and her love overflowed but
Autumn was beckoning back to the road

Her eyes shone with tears as she waved him farewell,
her heart it was lost in the travellers spell

She took up her shawl and she locked up the door and
she vowed she would ne'er see the traveller no more

But her heart would not mend so she roamed the
byways, she prayed she would find him by Â'end of the
day

At last in the twilight she heard a voice sing, a man with
the hair black as cormorants wing.

He gazed in her eyes tÂ'was the sound of her sigh the
love of this woman he could not deny

And now they will wander by valleys and hill, on the
roadways of Erin, they are travellers still

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