

## THE TRAVELING PEOPLE

          G                                  C                  D  
I'M A FREEBORN MAN OF THE TRAVELING PEOPLE  
  G  
GOT NO FIXED ABODE, WITH NOMADS I AM NUMBERED  
          D                                  G                  C  G  
COUNTRY LANES AND BY-WAYS WERE ALWAYS MY WAYS  
          C          G                  C          F  G  
I NEVER FANCIED BEING LUMBERED

          OH WE KNEW THE WOODS AND THE RESTING PLACES  
          AND THE SMALL BIRD SANG WHEN WINTER DAYS WERE OVER  
          THEN WE'D PACK OUR LOAD AND BE ON THE ROAD  
          THOSE WERE GOOD OLD TIMES 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

          NOW AND THEN YOU'D MEET UP WITH OTHER TRAVELERS  
          HEAR THE NEWS, OR ELSE SWAP FAMILY INFORMATION  
          AT THE COUNTRY FAIRS, YOU'D BE MEETING THERE  
          ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE TRAVELING NATION  
NOW I'VE KNOWN LIFE HARD AND I'VE KNOWN IT EASY  
AND I'VE CURSED THAT LIFE WHEN WINTER DAYS WERE DAWNING  
BUT WE'VE LAUGHED AND SUNG THROUGH THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG  
SEEN THE SUMMER SUN RISE IN THE MORNING

          ALL YOU FREEBORN MEN OF THE TRAVELING PEOPLE  
          EVERY TINKER, ROLLING STONE AND GYPSY ROVER

WINDS OF CHANGE ARE BLOWING, OLD WAYS ARE GOING  
YOUR TRAVELING DAYS WILL SOON BE OVER