

Travelling Man

Bert Jansch

I'm a travelling man, a-moving
 You name it I've been there
And night and day I strive to sell my wares
 Got nothing I can show you
 Nothing you can wear
But hang around a while and lend an earWhile travellin' on a freight-train
 On the Rocky Island line
 My young love said to me
 My mother, she don't mind
And through twelve gates of the city
 I came into my prime
I was singing songs of wild mountain thymeSing little birdie
 From the greenwood side-o
 Where the trees they do grow high
 Come say hello
 Summer is a-coming
 And I'm standing on the shore
And where I'm boundOh Lord, I can't be sure
 From the Arizona dustbowl
 Out to Van Diemons land
To the North-West Passage snowbound
 Where Lord Franklin made his stand
 While high above I'm flying
 With my guitar in my hand
Thinking about one tiny grain of sandIf anyone should ask me
 If I be a rambling boy
 The sporting life
 I know I have enjoyed
 Met a lady from Louisville
A-pleasing to my mindShe took my hand and said
 Would you please be kind
 And from the foggy dew I stumbled
 Into a shady grove
Where the redbird sang his sweet songHe sang of careless love
 And the bells of Rhymney rang out
 And brought the people round
Saying welcome to your friendly travelling man
 Welcome to your friendly travelling man

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