

# 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 ear While 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 thyme Sing 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 bound Oh 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 sand If 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 mind She 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 song He 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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