

The Life Of The Rover

The Irish Rovers

The old ways are changing, you cannot deny
The day of the traveller is over
There is nowhere to go and there is nowhere to buy
So farewell to the life of the rover

Farewell to the tent and the old caravan
To the tinker, the gipsy, the travelling man
Farewell to the life of the rover

Farewell to the ken and the travelling tongue
Farewell to the romany talking
The buying and selling, the old fortune telling
The knock at the door and the hawking

Farewell to the besom of heather and broom
Farewell to the creel and the basket
The folks of today, they would far soon and pay
For a thing that's been made out of plastic

Farewell to the tent . . .

Farewell to the fields where we sweated and toiled
The pulling and crowning and lifting
They'll soon have machines and the travelling queens
And their menfolk can better be shifting

Farewell to the tent . . .

The old ways are passing and soon will be gone
For progress is aye a big factor
It's sent to afflict us and when they evict us
They tow us away with a tractor

You've got to move fast to keep up with the times
For these days a man cannot dander
There's a bylaw to say you must be on your way
And another to say you can't wander

Farewell to the tent . . .