Tramps and Hawkers

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O come a' ye tramps and hawker-lads an' gaitherers o' bla'
That tramp the country roun' and roun', come listen one and a'
I'll tell tae ye a rovin' tale, an' places I hae been
Far up into the snowy north, or sooth by Gretna Green.

I've seen the high Ben Nevis that gangs towerin' tae the moon
I've been roun' by Crieff an' Callander an' by Bonny Doon
I've been by Nethy's silvery tide an' places ill tae ken
Far up into the stormy north lies Urquart's fairy glen

Sometimes noo I laugh tae mysel' when dodgin' alang the road
Wi' a bag o' meal slung upon my back, my face as broun's a toad
Wi' lumps o'cheese and tattie-scones or breid an' braxie ham
Nae thinking whar' I'm comin' frae nor thinkin' whar I'm gang.

I'm happy in the summer-time beneath the dark blue sky
Nae thinkin' in the mornin' at nicht where i'm gang to lie
Bothies or byres or barns, or oot amangst the hay
And if the weather does permit, I'm happy a' the day.

Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, they've oft been seen by me
The Dee, the Don, the Devron, that a' flows tae the sea
Dunrobin Castle, by the way, I nearly had forgot
And the reckless stanes o'cairn that mairks the hoose o' John
o' Groat.

I've been by bonny Gallowa', an' often roun' Stranraer
My business leads me anywhere, I travel near an' far
I've got that rovin' notion I wouldna like tae loss
For It's my daily fare an' as much'll pay my doss.

I think I'll gang tae Paddy's Lan', I'm makin' up my mind
For Scotland's greatly altered noo, I canna raise the wind
But if I can trust in Providence, if Providence should prove true
I'll sing ye's a' of Erin's Isle when I come back to you.

Recorded by Hamish Imlach & Ian MacKintosh Live and by the Dubliners