

THE TRAVELLER

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He lived on wild hon-ey he wan-dered the land. A wea-ver of
 words, and a tel-ler of tales. With skin like old lea-ther as
 brown as the sand that his work-wea-ry feet had to tread
 What are you look-ing at, tra-vell-er man? Why are you look-ing at me?
 Do your dark hood-ed eyes see through my dis-
 guise? When you look, tell me, what do you see?

He lived on wild honey, he wandered the land.
 A weaver of words, and a teller of tales.
 With skin like old leather, as brown as the sand
 that his work-weary feet had to tread

*What are you looking at, traveller man?
 Why are you looking at me?
 Do your dark hooded eyes see through my disguise?
 When you look, tell me, what do you see?*

His black beard was ragged, his clothes none too clean.
 But his mind overflowed with the changes to come.
 The message was hard, and the meaning was plain,
 and it ruffled authority's pride.

He told them that riches were theirs to be shared.
 He ordered the masters to hand them around.
 He named them for snakes, and the insults he dared
 bred a hatred that none could dispel

His words gave a warning - they'd soon see the day
 when they'd find a new leader to order their lives.
 It was time to be ready, preparing the way
 for the man with the power to change.

But the the Man looked like only a traveller can
 He was dusty and ragged, with a working man's hands.
 He swam in the river with the traveller man
 and they watched as a dove took the air.