

Raconteur, Troubadour

Gentle Giant

Gather round the village square
Come good people both wretched
and fair
See the troubadour play on the drum
Hear my songs on the lute that I strum.
I will make you laugh,
Revel, Merry-dance
Throw your pennies, then you'll hear
more of
the story-telling half
There's no other chance,
Always move on
Raconteur, troubadour

Take the face that you see for the man,
Clown and minstrel, I am what I am
All my family, not of my kin
Home, wherever, the place that I'm in
Humors give me wage,
Favors for my art
Rising, falling
Everyone struggle on
All the world's a stage
All can play their part
I have chosen
Raconteur, troubadour

Dusk is drawing my story is spun,
Dawn is falling my day's work is done
Morning, rested I set on my way
Find new faces to offer my play
I will make you laugh,
Revel, Merry-dance
Throw your pennies, then you'll hear
more of
The story-telling half
There's no other chance
Always move on
Raconteur-Troubadour