

## 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