

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.

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