

Gentle Giant, Raconteur Troubadour

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.