

## Gentle Giant "Raconteur Troubadour"

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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.  
Note:  
Here we have tried to capture something  
of the medieval English troubadour,  
by the instrumentation, arrangement  
and lyrics.

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