

Giant Gentle

"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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