

Gaily The Troubadour - song lyrics

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GAILY THE TROUBADOUR

Gaily the Troubadour touched his guitar,
When he was hastening home from the war,
Singing, "from Palestine, hither I come,
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home."

She for the Troubadour, hopelessly wept,
Sadly she thought of him while others slept,
Singing, "in search of thee would I might roam,
Troubadour, Troubadour, come to my home."

Hark! 'twas the Troubadour, breathing her name,
Under the battlement softly he came,
Singing, "from Palestine, hither I come,
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home."