Gaily the Troubadour

Thomas Bayley (1836-1907)



She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept, Sadly she thought of him when others slept, Singing "In search of thee would I might roam! Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home!"

Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name; Under the battlement softly he came; Singing "From Palestine hither I come; Ladye love, ladye love, welcome me home!"