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Gaily the Troubadour

Gaily the Troubadour
(Thomas Bailey)

Gaily the troubadour
touched his guitar,
When he was hast'ning
home from the war.
Singing from Palestine
hither I come;
Lady love, lady love
welcome me home.
Singing from Palestine
hither I come;
Lady love, lady love
welcome me home

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.
Singing in search of thee
would I might roam.
Troubadour, troubadour
come to thy home.
Lady love, lady love
welcome me 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."
Singing, "From Palestine,
hither I come;
Lady love, lady love,
welcome me home."

Note: I found a copy of "Gaily the Troubador" in Denes Agay's "Best Loved Songs of the American People" (Doubleday, 1975. It's a rather strange book -- about a third folk tunes, the rest pop songs). The book has this to say about the song:

"A popular sentimental serenade of the 1820s by Thomas Haynes Bailey, who also wrote 'Long, Long Ago.'" BW

AJS, BW, RG