

August 2019

Gaily the Troubador Touched his Guitar

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Gaily the Troubador Touched his Guitar" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1141.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1141

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.



THE
ROCHESTER LASS.

IN Rochester City a young damsel did dwell,
For wit and for beauty none could her excel,

Admired she was and had many a suitor,
But one youth above all he loved her full well,

This charming young lad he was a brisk sailor,

Long time had he been ploughing the watery main,

The enemy insulted the British flag royal,
He was summoned to go with them again

This jolly young sailor as true as reported,
Had but a very few weeks on the shore,
But has he and his true love together were walking

By a large press he from her was tore,
They cried we perceive you are a young sailor

That's fit to fight for your country and King,

And we want sailors you must plough the ocean,

No excuse we will have you must face the bold.

It was early one morning as the day was dawning,

This blooming young fair one a letter receiv'd

'Twas to inform her the ship had weigh'd anchor,

With grief and vexation this fair one was grieved,

She said O the waves they do prove cruel,
They robbed me of one I esteemed so dear.

My mind is tormented with grief and vexation,

While from her bright eye fell many a tear.

It was wrote in these words love don't be surprised,

Once more I'm compell'd to plough the rough sea,

But nevertheless my dear girl don't be grieved,

To you and you only constant I'll be,
Though many a fair one I shall see there's no doubt on't

When our ship is in port or the harbour she lays,

No one shall induce me to think of another
While I am away I hope in return you will do so by me.

So adieu my dear Sally till next time I see you,

Our ship's bound to India all with a free gale,

Quite early to morrow the day is appointed
All hands must prepare to go and not fail,

So heavens protect you until next meeting,

Which I hope will soon be when the wars may be o'er,

And then my dear Sally we will be united in sweet harmony,

And lead our lives happy when secure on the shore.

Gaily the Troubadour

TOUCHED HIS GUITAR.

GAILY the Troubadour touch'd his guitar,
As he was hastening home from the war;
Singing, From Palestine hither I come,
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home.
She for the troubadour hoplessly wept;
Sadly she thought of him while cabers slept,
Singing in search of thee, would I might roam,
Troubadour, Troubadour, come to thy home.
Hark! 'twas the troubadour breathing her name,
And from the battlements softly he came,
Singing, From Palestine hither I come,
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home!