

Charlotte Mary  
9445

# The Gallant Troubadour

A CELEBRATED

## French Romance.

Arranged with

Symphonics & an Accompaniment  
for the

### PIANO FORTE

To Which is added

English Words  
by

S. of New Jersey.

English

NEW YORK Published by W. DUBOIS,  
at his Piano Forte and Music Store N<sup>o</sup>126 Broadway.

MAESTOSO

A Troubadour, inspir'd by love and fame, Panting obe\_dient to the martial swell --  
 Brulant d'amour et partant pour la Guerre, un Troubadour Ennemie du cha\_grin --

Beneath his La\_dy's casement blithely came, And, thus, impassion'd breath'd his last fare --  
 dans son de lire à sa jeu\_ne Ber\_ge\_re en la puit-tant ré\_pé\_toit ce re --

well! "My arm's my Country's right My heart's within thy bower, Gaily for  
 frain Mon bras à ma pa\_tri\_e Mon cœur à mon a\_mi\_e mourir gai --

beauty, love and fame to fight, Heav'n instructs the gallant Troubadour.  
 ment pour la gloire ou l'amour c'est le de\_voir d'un vaillant Troubadour.



3

2

With Harp in hand, while waving plumes obey,  
 Inspiring trumpets, rolling wild and shrill,  
 The Troubadour oft linger'd on his way,  
 And pour'd his song o'er plain and answering hill!  
 My arm's &c. &c.

3

And when the battle roar'd along the plain,  
 With dauntless heart and iron hand he sprung;  
 Mid spint'ring lance, mid dust, and wreck, and slain,  
 Phrophetic still his warrior descant rung!  
 My arm's &c. &c.

4

When, low, among the great — the glorious dead,  
 He nobly fell, beneath some servile's lance,  
 Exulting, from his shield — the hero's bed,  
 He sung while home obtain'd his closing glance!  
 My arm's my Country's right,  
 My heart's within thy bower  
 Gaily to die for beauty Oh Lady bright,  
 Glory instructs the gallant Troubadour!

FRENCH WORDS.

2

Dans le bivouac le Troubadour fidele  
 Le casque au front, la guitare a la main,  
 Toujours pensif, et regrettant sa belle,  
 Alloit partout en chantant son refrain,  
 Mon bras a ma patrie, &c. &c.

3

Dans les combats déployant son courage,  
 Des ennemis terminant le destin  
 Le Troubadour au milieu du carnage  
 Faisait encore entendre ce refrain;  
 Mon bras à ma patrie &c. &c.

4

Ce brave, hélas pour prix de sa vaillance,  
 Trouva bientôt le trepas en chemin;  
 Il expira sous le fer d'une lance,  
 Nommant sa belle et chantant son refrain;  
 Mon bras a ma patrie &c. &c.