

WHITHER MUST I WANDER?

Words by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Andante. *mf tranquillo.*

Voice. Home no more home to me,...

Piano. *f* *p* *p legato*

whi-ther must I wan-der? Hun-ger, my dri-ver, I go...where I must.

Cold blows the win-ter wind o-ver hill and hea-ther: Thick drives the

rain and my roof is in the dust. *risoluto* Lov'd of wise men was the

pp

Also published separately in C & D minor.

shade of my roof-tree, The true word of welcome was spoken in the door:—

ff *poco rit.*

Dear days of old...with the faces in the fire - - light; Kind folks of

p *a tempo* *pp*

old, you come a-gain no more.

colla voce *f*

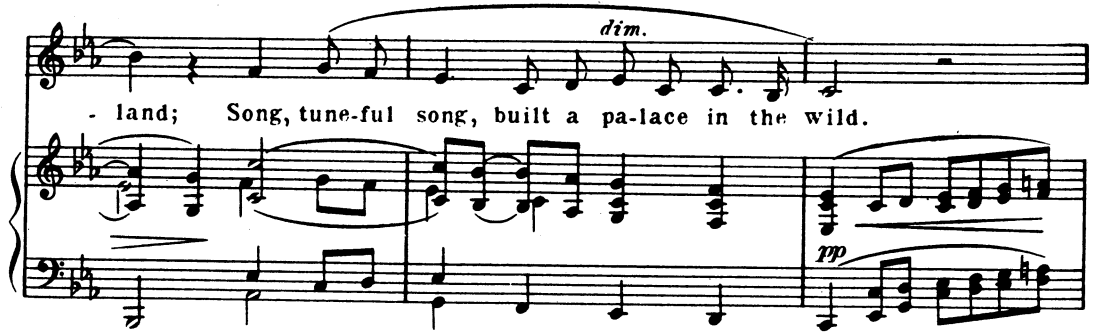
Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces, Home was home then, my dear,

mf *p*

hap-py for the child. Fire and the win-dows brightglitter'd on the moor -

mf *p*

dim.
- land; Song, tune-ful song, built a pa-lace in the wild.



risoluto
Now when day dawns on the brow of the moor-land, Lone stands the house and the



ff *poco rit.* *a tempo* *p*
chim-ney-stone is cold. Lone let it stand now the friends are all de-part -

poco rit. *pp*



- ed, The kind hearts, the true hearts, that lov'd the place of old.

colla voce *p*



pp
Spring shall come, come a-gain, call-ing up the moor-fowl, Spring shall bring the sun and rain,

pp legato



bring the bees and flowers; Red shall the heather bloom o-ver hill and val -

- ley, Soft flow the stream through the e-ven flowing hours.

Fair the day shine as' it shone on my child-hood; Fair shine the day on the

house with o-pen door. Birds come and cry there and twit-ter in the chim - -

ff *poco rit.* *pp* *a tempo*

- ney_ But I go for e-ver and come a-gain no more.

molto rall. *colla voce*