Whither must I wander?

Words by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Music by
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Andante.

VOICE.

Home no more home to me...

whither must I wander? Hunger my driver, I go...where I must.

Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather. Thick drives the
rain and my roof is in the dust.

Loved of... wise men was the shade of my roof-tree, The true word of welcome was spoken in the door:

dear days of old... with the faces in the fire-light; Kind folks of old, you come again no more.
Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces, Home was home then, my dear,
happy for the child. Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moor-

-land; Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.

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

a tempo

chimney-stone is cold.  Lone let it stand now the friends are all de-part.

-ed, The kind hearts, the true hearts that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moor-fowl, Spring shall bring the sun and rain,

bring the bees and flowers;  Red shall the heather bloom over hill and val-
ley. Soft flow the stream through the even flowing hours.

Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood; Fair shine the day on the

house with open door. Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chim-

ney. But I go forever and come again no more