

Whither Must I Wander

R. Vaughn Williams

$\text{♩} = 66$

mf *tranquillo*

BASS I

Home no more home to me_ whi-ther must I wan - der?

$\text{♩} = 66$

Piano

p

5

Hun-ger my dri - ver, I go_ where I must. Cold blows the win-ter wind o-ver hill and heath -

9

f *risoluto*

er: Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust. Lov'd of_ wise men was the

pp

13

ff poco rit.

p a tempo

shade of my roof-tree, The true word of welcome was spoken in the door: Dear days of old_ with the

17

fa-ces in the fire - light; Kind folks of old, you_ come a-gain no more.