

Wither must I wander

words by Robert Louis Stevenson

TTBB Chorus

R. Vaughan Williams,
arr. Cary Ratcliff

Andante

T1
8
O
Oo
mf tranquillo
Home no more home to me, _

T2
8
O
Oo

B1
8
O
mf
p
O Oo

B2
8
O Oo

4

T1
8
whith-er must I wan - der? Hun-ger my dri - ver, I go _where I must.

T2
8

B1
8
whith-er must I wan - der? Hun-ger my dri - ver, I go _where I must.

B2
8

7

T1
8
Cold blows the win-ter wind _ o-ver hill and hea ther: thick drives the

T2
8
Cold blows the win-ter wind _ o-ver hill and hea ther: thick drives the

B1
8
Cold blows the win-ter wind _ o-ver hill and hea ther: thick drives the

B2
8
Cold blows the win-ter wind _ o-ver hill and hea ther: thick drives the

Wither must I wander

10

T1 *p* *pp* *mp* *mf*

T2 *pp* *mf*

B1 *p* *f* risoluto

B2 *p* *pp* *mp* *mf*

rain, and my roof is in the dust. Loved of wise men was the

13

T1 *f* poco rit.

T2 *f*

B1 *ff*

B2 *f*

shade of my roof tree, the true word of welcome was spoken in the door.

16

T1 *a tempo* *pp* *p* *pp*

T2 *pp* *p* *pp*

B1 *p* *mp* *pp*

B2 *pp* *p* *pp*

Dear days of old with the faces in the fire light, kind folks of

Wither must I wander

19

T1

T2

B1

B2

old, you — come a - gain no more.

f

21

T1

T2

B1

B2

Home was home then, my dear, — full of kind-ly fa - ces,

p

mf

24

T1

T2

B1

B2

home was home then, my dear, — hap - py for the child.

rit.

Wither must I wander

26

T1

T2

B1

B2

mf

mf

mf

Fire and the win-dows bright _ glit-tered on the moor land; song, tune-ful

29

T1

T2

B1

B2

p *pp* *mp* *mf*

pp *mf*

p *f*

p *pp* *mp* *mf*

song, built a pa-lace in the wild. Now, when day dawns _ on the

32

T1

T2

B1

B2

f

f

ff

f

brow _ of the moor-land, lone stands the house and the chim-ney-stone is cold.

Wither must I wander

35

T1 *pp* *p*

T2 *pp* *p* *pp*

B1 *p* *mp*

B2 *pp* *p* *pp*

Lone let it stand now the friends are all de-part ed, the kind hearts, the

38

T1 *f* rit.

T2 *f*

B1

B2 *f*

true hearts, that loved the place of old.

41 a tempo

T1 *pp*

T2 *pp* *pp*

B1 *pp*

B2 *pp*

Spring shall come, come a-gain, call-ing up the moor - fowl,

5

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43

T1

T2

B1

B2

Spring shall bring the sun and rain, _ bring the bees and flowers; _

45

T1

T2

B1

B2

red shall the hea-ther bloom _ o-ver hill and val ley, soft flow the

p *pp*

p *pp*

mp

p

48

T1

T2

B1

B2

stream through the e-ven flow-ing hours. Fair the day _shine _ as it

mf

mf

p

f

mf

6

Wither must I wander

51

T1

T2

B1

B2

shone _on my child-hood; fair shone the day on the house with o - pen door.

f

f

ff

f

54

T1

T2

B1

B2

Birds come and cry ___ there and twit - ter in the chim

pp

pp

p

p

mp

pp

p

56

T1

T2

B1

B2

ney but I go for e - ver and come a - gain no more.

pp

pp

pp

7

8