

Alto 1

# Whither Must I Wander

All-Virginia Chorus Audition

R. Vaughn Williams

$\bullet = 66$  *mf* *tranquillo*

Home no more home to me,—

4

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

7

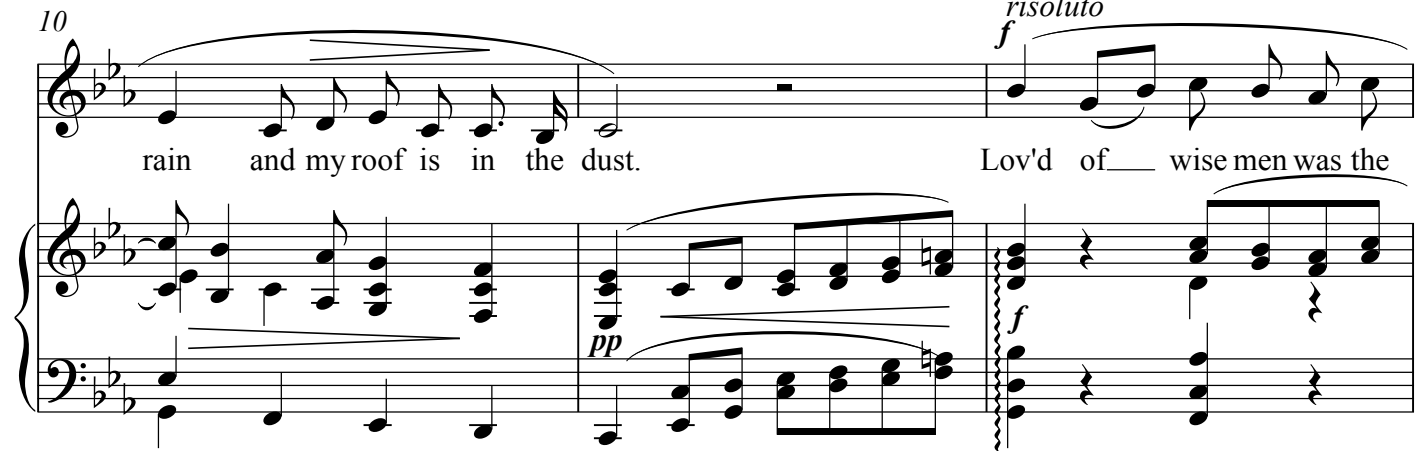
Cold blows the win-ter wind\_ o - ver hill and hea - ther: Thick drives the

Alto 1

10

*f* *risoluto*

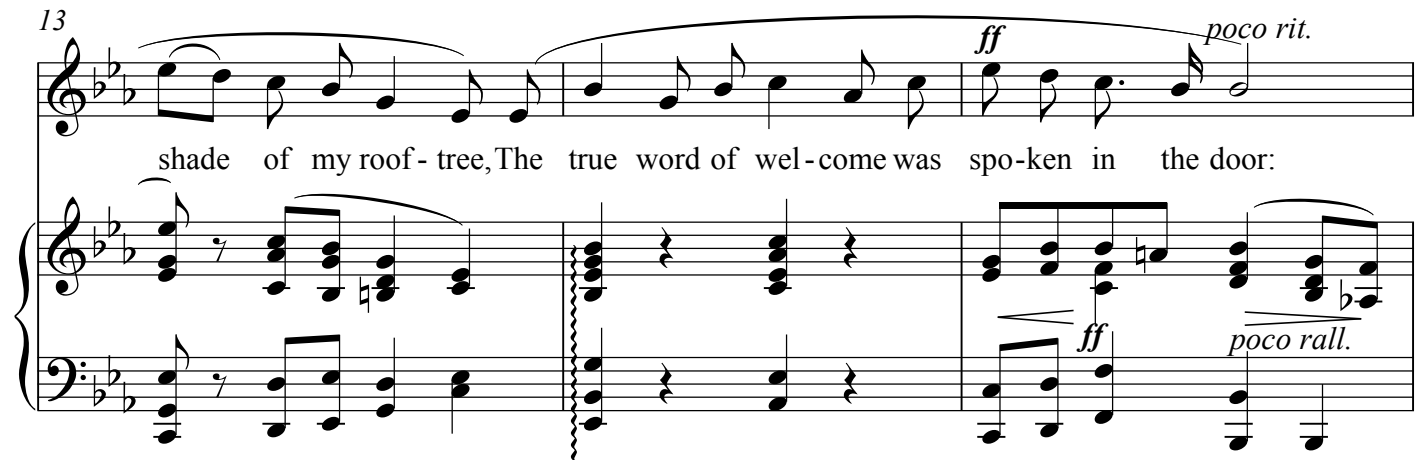
rain and my roof is in the dust. Lov'd of wise men was the



13

*ff* *poco rit.*

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



16

*p* *a tempo* *pp*

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



19

*rall.*

old, you come again no more.

