

Bass 1

Whither Must I Wander

All-Virginia Chorus Audition

R. Vaughn Williams

$\text{♩} = 66$ *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

Bass 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.