Whither Must I Wander

Martha Wainwright

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 dustLoved 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 firelight
Kind folks of old, you come again no moreHome 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 moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wildNow when day dawns on the brow of the moorland
Lone stands the house, and the chimney stone is cold
Lone lt it stand, now the friends are all departed
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved that place of oldSpring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl
Spring shall bring the sun and the rain, bring the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hoursFair 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 chimney
But I go for ever and come again no more

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