

Martha Wainwright, Whither Must I Wander

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 dust

Loved 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 more

Spring 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 hours

Fair 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