

WANDERER

Allen Ash Manuscript - Ca. 1850



The Wanderer appears to be a song melody written out as a jig, with repeated parts. The lyrics below may be associated with this tune. They were copied from an early 19th century British broadside.

THE WANDERER.

O CEASE awhile ye winds to blow,
O cease ye murmuring streams to flow,
Be hush'd ev'ry rude noise,
I think I hear my true-love's voice.

Here is the brook, the rock, the tree,
Hark, hark, a voice, don't you think 'tis he,
It is not he, and the night's coming on,
O where's my lovely wanderer gone.

Loud I call'd to make him hear,
It is I that calls, my love, my dear—
Where can he rove ? where can he stray ?
I fear my love has lost his way.
The moon behind a cloud is lost,
In every crag appears a ghost,
The lightning's gleam is seen no more,