

1. FALL, LEAVES FALL (EMILY BRONTË)

Fall leaves fall die flowers away
Lengthen night and shorten day
Every leaf speaks bliss to me
Fluttering from the autumn tree

I shall smile when wreaths of snow
Blossom where the rose should grow
I shall sing when night's decay
Ushers in a drearier day

2. THE NIGHT IS DARKENING ROUND ME (EMILY BRONTË)

The night is darkening round me,
The wild winds coldly blow;
But a tyrant spell has bound me,
And I cannot, cannot go.

The giant trees are bending
Their bare boughs weighed with snow;
The storm is fast descending,
And yet I cannot go.

Clouds beyond clouds above me,
Wastes beyond wastes below;
But nothing drear can move me;
I will not, cannot go.

3. SHE DRIED HER TEARS (EMILY BRONTË)

She dried her tears and they did smile
To see her cheeks' returning glow
How little dreaming all the while
That full heart throbbled to overflow

With that sweet look and lively tone
And bright eye shining all the day
They could not guess at midnight lone
How she would weep the time away

4. MOONLIGHT, SUMMER MOONLIGHT (EMILY BRONTË)

'Tis moonlight, summer moonlight,
All soft and still and fair;
The solemn hour of midnight
Breathes sweet thoughts everywhere,

But most where trees are sending
Their breezy boughs on high,
Or stooping low are lending
A shelter from the sky.

And there in those wild bowers
A lovely form is laid;
Green grass and dew-steeped flowers
Wave gently round her head.

5. AT CASTLE WOOD (EMILY BRONTË)

The day is done, the winter sun
Is setting in its sullen sky;
And drear the course that has been run,
And dim the hearts that slowly die.
No star will light my coming night;
No morn of hope for me will shine;
I mourn not heaven would blast my sight,
And I ne'er longed for joys divine.

Through life's hard task I did not ask
Celestial aid, celestial cheer;
I saw my fate without its mask,
And met it too without a tear.

The grief that pressed my aching breast
Was heavier far than earth can be;
And who would dread eternal rest
When labour's hour was agony?

Dark falls the fear of this despair
On spirits born of happiness;
But I was bred the mate of care,
The foster-child of sore distress.
No sighs for me, no sympathy,
No wish to keep my soul below;
The heart is dead in infancy,
Unwept-for let the body go.

6. COME, WALK WITH ME (EMILY BRONTË)

Come, walk with me,
There's only thee
To bless my spirit now
We used to love on winter nights
To wander through the snow;
Can we not woo back old delights?
The clouds rush dark and wild
They fleck with shade our mountain heights
The same as long ago

And on the horizon rest at last
In looming masses piled;
While moonbeams flash and fly so fast
We scarce can say they smiled

Come walk with me, come walk with me;
We were not once so few
But Death has stolen our company
As sunshine steals the dew

He took them one by one and we
Are left the only two;
So closer would my feelings twine
Because they have no stay but thine
'Nay call me not, it may not be
Is human love so true?

Can Friendship's flower droop on for years
And then revive anew?

No, though the soil be wet with tears,
How fair soe'er it grew
The vital sap once perished
Will never flow again
And surer than that dwelling dread,
The narrow dungeon of the dead
Time parts the hearts of men'

7. IF THIS BE ALL (ANNE BRONTË)

O God! if this indeed be all
That Life can show to me;
If on my aching brow may fall
No freshening dew from Thee;

If with no brighter light than this
The lamp of hope may glow,
And I may only dream of bliss,
And wake to weary woe;

If friendship's solace must decay,
When other joys are gone,
And love must keep so far away,
While I go wandering on,—

Wandering and toiling without gain,
The slave of others' will,
With constant care, and frequent pain,
Despised, forgotten still;

Grieving to look on vice and sin,
Yet powerless to quell
The silent current from within,
The outward torrent's swell

While all the good I would impart,
The feelings I would share,
Are driven backward to my heart,
And turned to wormwood there;

If clouds must ever keep from sight
The glories of the Sun,
And I must suffer Winter's blight,
Ere Summer is begun;

If Life must be so full of care,
Then call me soon to thee;
Or give me strength enough to bear
My load of misery.

8. NIGHT (ANNE BRONTË)

I love the silent hour of night,
For blissful dreams may then arise,
Revealing to my charmed sight
What may not bless my waking eyes.

And then a voice may meet my ear,
That death has silenced long ago;
And hope and rapture may appear
Instead of solitude and woe.

Cold in the grave for years has lain
The form it was my bliss to see;
And only dreams can bring again,
The darling of my heart to me.

9. LINES COMPOSED IN WOOD ON A WINDY DAY (ANNE BRONTË)

My soul is awakened, my spirit is soaring
And carried aloft on the wings of the breeze;
For above and around me the wild wind is roaring,
Arousing to rapture the earth and the seas.
The long withered grass in the sunshine is glancing,
The bare trees are tossing their branches on high;
The dead leaves beneath them are merrily dancing,
The white clouds are scudding across the blue sky
I wish I could see how the ocean is lashing
The foam of its billows to whirlwinds of spray;
I wish I could see how its proud waves are dashing,
And hear the wild roar of their thunder to-day!

10. ON THE DEATH OF EMILY JANE BRONTË (CHARLOTTE BRONTË)

My darling thou wilt never know
The grinding agony of woe
That we have bourne for thee,
Thus may we consolation tear
E'en from the depth of our despair
And wasting misery.
The nightly anguish thou art spared
When all the crushing truth is bared

To the awakening mind,
When the galled heart is pierced with grief,
Till wildly it implores relief,
But small relief can find.

Nor know'st thou what it is to lie
Looking forth with streaming eye
On life's lone wilderness.
"Weary, weary, dark and drear,
How shall I the journey bear,
The burden and distress?"

Then since thou art spared such pain
We will not wish thee here again;

He that lives must mourn.
God help us through our misery
And give us rest and joy with thee
When we reach our bourne!

11. ON THE DEATH OF ANNE BRONTË (CHARLOTTE BRONTË)

There's little joy in life for me,
And little terror in the grave;
I 've lived the parting hour to see
Of one I would have died to save.
Calmly to watch the failing breath,
Wishing each sigh might be the last;
Longing to see the shade of death
O'er those beloved features cast.

The cloud, the stillness that must part
The darling of my life from me;
And then to thank God from my heart,
To thank Him well and fervently;
Although I knew that we had lost
The hope and glory of our life;
And now, benighted, tempest-tossed,
Must bear alone the weary strife.

12. SPEAK OF THE NORTH (CHARLOTTE BRONTË)

Speak of the North! A lonely moor
Silent and dark and tractless swells,
The waves of some wild streamlet pour
Hurriedly through its ferny dells.

Profoundly still the twilight air,
Lifeless the landscape; so we deem
Till like a phantom gliding near
A stag bends down to drink the stream.

And far away a mountain zone,
A cold, white waste of snow-drifts lies,
And one star, large and soft and lone,
Silently lights the unclouded skies.

13. FALL, LEAVES FALL (REPRISE) (EMILY BRONTË)

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All Music by Guiem Soldevila · Published by Satele K
All Lyrics by Emily, Anne and Charlotte Brontë

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GUIEM SOLDEVILA: vocals, piano, prophet synth, acoustic, electric and nylon guitars, banjo,
oud, handpan and percussion.

CLARA GORRIAS: vocals · NEUS FERRI: vocals · LLUÍS GENER: double bass
PAU CARDONA: cellos · HELENA ARMENTEROS: harp · ANDREU MARQUÈS: drums and percussion
MOISÉS PELEGRÍ: additional percussion · PEP EROLES: duduk · GELIAH: whispering voice

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