Fall, leaves, fall

Words: Emily Bronte Music: Craig Bakalian

Fall, leaves, fall

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.

Fall, leaves, fall

Emily Bronte Craig Bakalian

















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