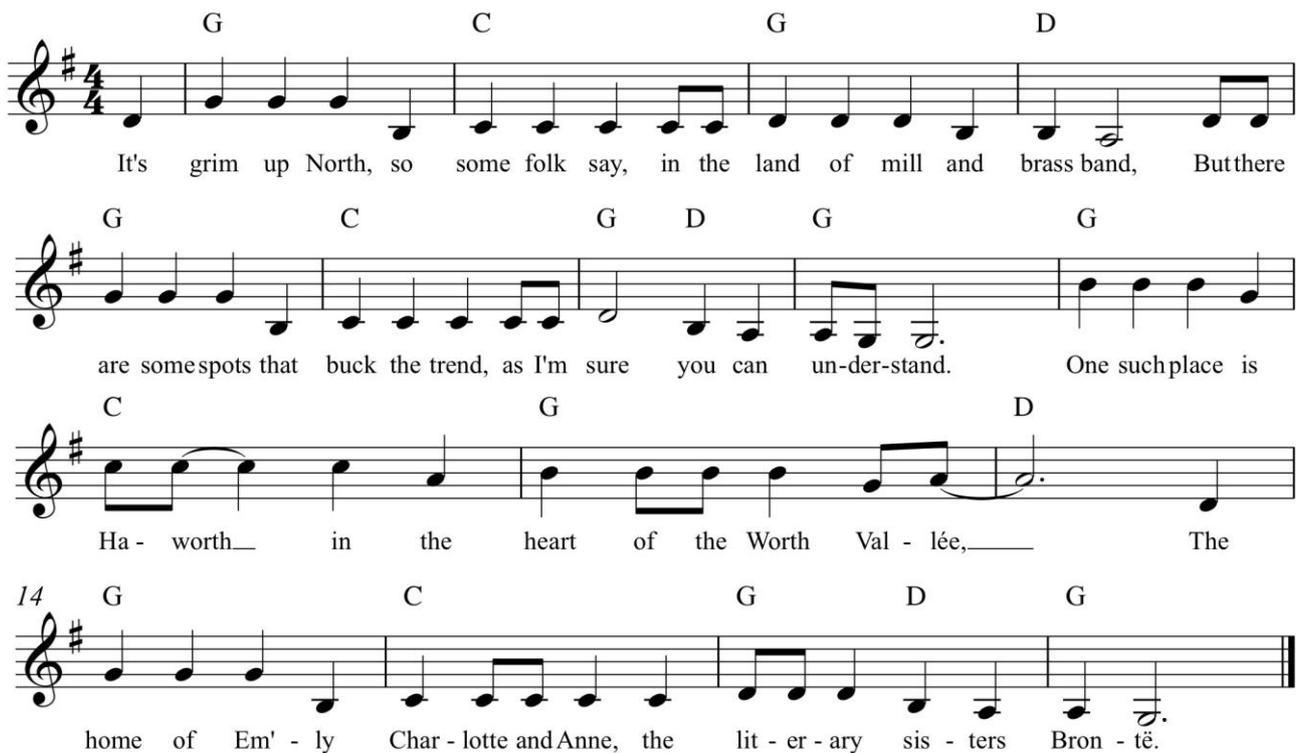


# Bucking Brontës

Words and Music: Nigel Harbron



G C G D

It's grim up North, so some folk say, in the land of mill and brass band, But there

G C G D G G

are some spots that buck the trend, as I'm sure you can un-der-stand. One such place is

C G D

Ha - worth in the heart of the Worth Val - lée, The

14 G C G D G

home of Em' - ly Char - lotte and Anne, the lit - er - ary sis - ters Bron - të.

It's grim up North, so some folk say, in the land of mill and brass band,  
But there are some spots that buck the trend, as I'm sure you can understand.

One such place is Haworth in the heart of the Worth Vallée,  
The home of Em'ly, Charlotte and Anne, the literary sisters Brontë.

The sisters went to church each day - their father was the Parson,  
But if only someone living then had tried a spot of arson.  
If action had been taken then, the street signs would be different -  
None would live in Brontë Mews or inhabit Heathcliffe Crescent.

After several meals in Haworth pubs, we all were feeling queasy,  
So we bought some food to cook *chez nous* - we thought it would be easy,  
But when we switched the oven on, we saw that it was faulty,  
So back to town we had to go to the odorous Brontë Balti.

While out one day on Penistone Hill 'twixt heather, gorse and dog-dirt,  
We found a walker in distress - he really did look quite hurt.  
He couldn't walk without support, his skin was white and waxy,  
So back to Haworth we all did go in the ramshackle Brontë taxi.

Whilst having a spot of lunch one day in the bar of the Brontë Hotel,  
Some carrot and coriander soup onto my Rohan trousers - it fell.  
I couldn't wipe the stain away, and was getting rather angry,  
When a helpful sign I chanced to see: 'Welcome to the Brontë Laundry'.

On the other side of Haworth Town there stands the Brontë Cinema,  
Close to the Brontë Beauty Shop (doing facial wax and enema).  
There's the Brontë Bakery and Café, and a sign for the Brontë Wheelwright,  
There's a Brontë Grill and a Brontë Bar and the sprawling Brontë Camp Site.

Now Brontë is a funny word particularly with its umlaut,  
But Parson Brontë couldn't bear the name - its two dots without.  
A Japanese visitor came to town, with pronunciation wonky,  
And the only words that she could say came out as *Shallot Blondee*.

The sisters had a brother dear, a ne'er do well named Branwell.  
He liked a drink; he liked a pipe, and, er, other things as well.  
The Brontës' name may be everywhere in this Yorkshire town, quite gloomy,  
But let's be grateful for the fact that at least they weren't called Rooney.

If ever you go to Haworth town in search of literary history,  
The names of all the shops you see will never be a mystery.  
Whatever service they provide whether wholesome or quite risqué,  
No matter what the second is, the first name's always Brontë.



**Haworth Parsonage**

