

# Bertha's Wail

Ron Greene (inspired by Jean Rhys's *Wide Sargasso Sea*)

4/4 capo 2

"Mad woman in the attic" –  
That's your legacy.  
Even among your sisters, though  
Not all of them agree.  
How could Jane Eyre's rival  
Come to such a fate?  
How could darling Rochester  
Do that to his mate?

C G  
G C  
F C  
G G  
F C  
E A<sub>m</sub>  
D D  
G G

**chorus:** Bertha, we can hear your wail;  
It chills our very core.  
Your's a tragic woman's tale –  
One we can't ignore.

f e<sub>m</sub>  
D<sub>m</sub> D<sub>m</sub>  
A<sub>m</sub> E  
E A<sub>m</sub>

In a way it's not surprising  
You did not get along:  
From two very different cultures,  
With temperaments, both strong.  
A stranger in a strange land,  
The English man believed  
A ne'er-do-well lingo,  
With a mind set to deceive.

C G  
G C  
F C  
G G  
F C  
E A<sub>m</sub>  
D D  
G G

[chorus]

Rochester soon could see  
You were of fiery stock. Though  
Your mother declared a lunatic,  
Must have been a shock. But  
Impressing that trait upon you  
Can not be justified.  
Nor can his withdrawal  
Of affection for his bride.

C G  
G C  
F C  
G G  
F C  
E A<sub>m</sub>  
D D  
G G

[chorus]

Few can accept such banishment  
And remain among the sane. So  
It's no wonder that you sought  
A lover for your pain.  
But Bertha, in that foolish age,  
You chose a female friend.  
"Lock her up, for she is mad,"  
Said all the powerful men.

C G  
G C  
F C  
G G  
F C  
E A<sub>m</sub>  
D D  
G G

[chorus]

D<sub>m</sub> e<sub>m</sub> A<sub>m</sub> A<sub>note</sub>