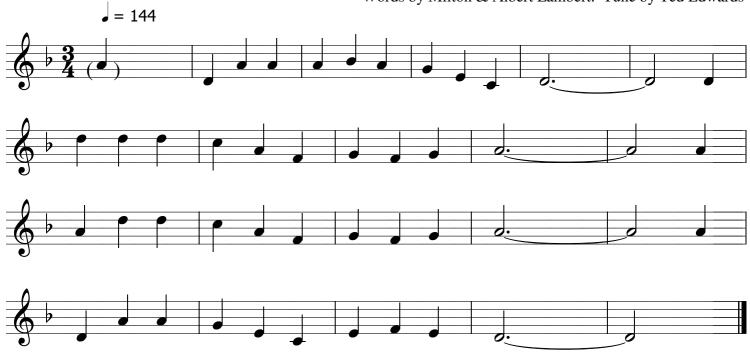
## Old Pendle

Words by Milton & Albert Lambert. Tune by Ted Edwards



Pendle, old Pendle, thou standest alone. Twixt Burnley and Clitheroe, Whalley and Colne, Where Hodder and Ribble's fair waters do meet With Barley and Downham content at thy feet.

Pendle, old Pendle, majestic, sublime Thy praises shall ring till the end of all time Thy beauty eternal, thy banner unfurled, Th'art dearest and grandest old hill in the world

## Chorus:

When witches fly out on a dark rainy night, We'll not tell a soul, and we'll bar the door tight, We'll sit near to t' fire, and keep ourselves warm Until once again we can walk on thy arm.

## Chorus:

Pendle, old Pendle, by moorland and fell In glory and loveliness, ever to dwell On life's faithful journey, where e'er I may be, I'll pause in my labours, and oft think of thee.

## Chorus: