



efdss
english folk dance
and song society

Old Pendle

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 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.

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

Old Pendle is about Pendle Hill in North East Lancashire. It is believed that witches live there. Although it sounds like an old folk song, this song was written in the 1950s in the folk style. The composers were Milton and Allen Lambert (words) and Ted Edwards (tune).

Additional Online Resources

- Audio recording performed by Sue Bousfield and Liz Moore

www.efdss.org/resourcebank

