

Old Pendle

[Am]Pendle, old Pendle, thou [G]standest [Am]alone.
Twixt [F]Burnley and [C]Clitheroe, [G]Whalley and [Am]Colne,
Where [F]Hodder and [C]Ribble's fair [G]waters do [Am]meet
With Barley and [G]Downham cont[Am]ent at th[Em] [Am]y feet.

[Am]Pendle, old Pendle, ma[G]jestic, sub[Am]lime
Thy [F]praises shall [C]ring till the [G]end of all [Am]time
Thy [F]beauty et [C]ernal, thy [G]banner un[Am]furled,
Th'art dearest and [G]grandest old [Am]hill in [Em] [Am]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.