

**PENDLE HILL;
VERSES
AND SKETCHES**

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Pendle Hill; verses and sketches by Lucy M. Key

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LUCY M. KEY

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VERSES and SKETCHES
by
LUCY M. KEY.



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GIPSY SONG

This baby sleeps in my arms
Out on the open moor;
Safe from all fears and alarms
Here on the open moor.
Steady and strong and sure
Is a mother's step on the moor;
Asleep or when waking
This baby is taking
Life from the open moor.

He opens his baby eyes
At the wide expanse of the moor;
In glad and delighted surprise
At the heather and grass of the moor;
He loves to be dipped in the pure
And life-giving streams of the moor.
His daddy is making
A cradle for taking
His baby across the moor.

HILLTOP GRASS

These tiresome tufts are tawny
In the clear morning light;
By day they are less thorny
Than when you climbed at night;

But oh the quiet splendour
Of moonlight on the hill!
The thought of it will lend a
Romance to memory still.

CLITHEROE

Pendle Hill, the river Ribble,
Fields of celandines and daisies,
Lambs that frolic, sheep that nibble,
Birds that seem to sing the praises

Of the sun, the glowing river,
Hill and dale and wood and moorland,
Green fields and the life they live there,
Lancashire, how lovely your land!

The garden is full of daffodils,
But it seems cramped compared with the rills
I have watched, flowing out of the hills;
Its crazy paths are pretty, but they
Cannot compare with the stones far away,
The ledges of beautiful smooth brown stone,
In the hidden stream that flows down alone
In the heart of Pendle Hill;
The atmosphere here is still;
But it isn't the same as the welcoming air
Of the cool fresh wind up on Pendle there,
When you climb to the top of the hill.
Then why do I linger here still?
Why not rise
And view the skies
Ever changing like the hill?

A golden star shot down the sky
As I came down the track;
Not one of that fair galaxy
Above old Pendle's back;

No, but a meteor swift and sure,
Falling upon the earth,
Emblem of God's love, deep and pure,
Coming to bless our mirth.

PENDLE AT DAWN

The morning sky is golden
Along the Pendle ridge;
Even so the people olden
Beheld each gleaming bridge
The link between this ring of fells
And Kemple and Longridge.

Deep down in this green hollow
Four sheep stand in the morn;
The grey limestone above them,
The rosy glow of dawn.

Far off across the valley
I see a farmhouse light;
Just at the foot of Pendle,
So short is their brief night;
And now the milk-girls sally
Forth townwards, fresh and bright.

Not only in the eastward
The morning sky is bright,
The glow is mostly westward,
The northward first showed light;
The south alone lies hidden
Within the mist of night,
But it will have most sunshine
Throughout the long daylight.

Evening star that leads me still
Up the side of yon steep hill,
Through the pinewood sloping down
Where the bracken crackles brown,
And the far-flung counterpane
Of green patchwork fields and grain
Gives a sense of space and light
As one gazes from the hill;
While the moon is rising, still,
Pure, benign and bright,
Leading in the night.