

On Pendle Hill

On Pendle Hill where heather grows,
The wind tells tales that everyone knows;
Soft moonlight walks the moor at night,
And stars above are silver bright.

Old Demdike sat with pot and herb,
While Alizon listened, not to disturb;
Jennet Device would whisper low,
And Alice Nutter walked proud and slow.

There was Chattox—Anne Whittle by name—
Her laugh like bells, her hands like flame;
These were folks who lived on the land,
Working with life and soil and sand.

But fear crept in like morning mist,
And people worried, clutched their fist;
A witch finder came with questions clear,
Pointing fingers, spreading fear.

Trials followed, hard and cold,
Stories told that weren't all told;
Now we read and try to learn
Why kindness matters at every turn.

So when you wander Pendle's trail,
Remember names and every tale;
Think kindly, ask for what is true—
That's the bravest thing for me and you.

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