

When witches cackle on Pendle Hill



Meet the river as a beatbox, each element of the flow adding a voice to the chorus, each piece becoming part of the whole sound. The whoosh of a waterfall, wind blowing, sheep bleating, rain falling...and that is before we even hit the river itself....



first stages in drawing a trout

As the storyteller and visual artist in this project, I don't often get a chance to listen to, and watch, musician Steve Brown work his magic with a group. So it was rewarding on this lively afternoon to hand over to Steve and watch as he and our Holy Trinity School group developed ideas together. Moments came and went, ideas picked up, turned over and discarded while, like the river itself, the theme as a whole kept moving, adding words, changing shape, changing genre.

"Country, today?" "Rockabilly? Ballad? Sinister voices...."
We're in the shadow of old-storied Pendle Hill, after all....

*Witches cackle on Pendle Hill,
Cauldrons bubble and start to spill,
Rain pours down to wash the sky
As the wind blows the clouds way up high.*

*Why do trout swim against the flow
Even when they're fat and slow,
To dig a nest in a riverbed,
And lay their eggs in a gravel redd*

*They got no legs
So they can't run,
But our fish swim
In the River Brun!*

River in the classroom 2015



Maybe it's the storyteller in me, but I always want to explore images in our songs more...the thought of our Ribble Rivers growing from cauldrons spilled on Pendle Hill enchants me...there is a story there waiting to be told!



the finished trout!

Many thanks to the artists, storytellers and musicians of Holy Trinity School