

## *Bleaklow*

*Where Doctor's Gate goes swinging down curving Crooked  
Clough and Shelf Brook hurries singing 'neath bracken-covered  
bluff there rises green and lovely in bold and rugged sweep the  
rock crowned height of Shelf Stones that to the sky does leap.*

*Should you pass by Shelf Stones upon some lucky day and  
see the mist dispersing and turn from sombre grey into a  
thousand rainbows as the sun comes burning through then the  
gods who made the mountains have been more than kind to you.*

*Now Yellow Slacks and Downstone make a gateway to the  
top a gateway rough and stony where the gritstone rocks  
outcrop the rushing stream comes headlong o'ver one deep carven  
fall to send its spray a gleaming upon each mossy wall.*

*When the stream becomes a trickle and the top most hill  
is found then look you to the eastward across the trenched  
ground gaze long with joy and wonder let your heart be all a  
glow as you drink in that stern beauty the glory of Bleaklow.*

*There shall you look at Wain Stones with Bleaklow Stones  
outlined and Grinah Stones up rearing with Barrow Stones  
behind and you may trace the valleys and where each river start  
the Alport and the Westend and Derwent queen of hearts.*

*Two thousand feet of mountain that dark windswept and  
torn yet on that high bleak mountain the curlew chick is born  
where as you stand and marvel the mountain hare in fright  
shall leap a score of gullies a bounding streak of white.*

*Sometimes is Bleaklow quiet and enchanting when the  
curlew's lovely call is the only sound upon the ear to fall;  
sometimes is Bleaklow savage in a raging howling gale when the  
top is scourged and smitten by the blinding rain and hail.*

*Bleaklow can be bitter when the dark north eastern  
blow while the stones stand out in blackness against the  
blending white of snow oh it matters not how often o'er  
Bleaklow's top you stride in bitterness of winter or summers  
golden pride.*

*You'll find she never alters yet she's never twice the same  
this paradox will lure you your tribute will she claim so you  
who love high places where time goes sweet and slow will  
always face the challenge and attraction of Bleaklow.*

***C. P. Wells - 1957***