

VOICES OF THE PEAKS

with
Bollington Singers
Didsbury Singers
High Peak Singers



Creative Showcase



Emily Mugridge

Bollington Singers

I have lived on the edge of the Peak District for most of my life, and spend a lot of time walking and enjoying the spectacular scenery.

As a painter I am inspired by the rich textures, colours, and ever-changing skies.

My three paintings depict locations around Axe Edge Moor.



Emily Mugridge



[@emilymugridgeartist](https://www.instagram.com/emilymugridgeartist)

On Cracken Edge

By Sarah Rider (High Peak Singers)

A life lived nestled in Dark Peak Valleys,
The Hills and Edges have always been a cocooning force
And for almost three decades
Cracken Edge has dominated my northwestern horizon
Her gritstone crags jutting out to make familiar contours
That change constantly in mood with light and seasons.

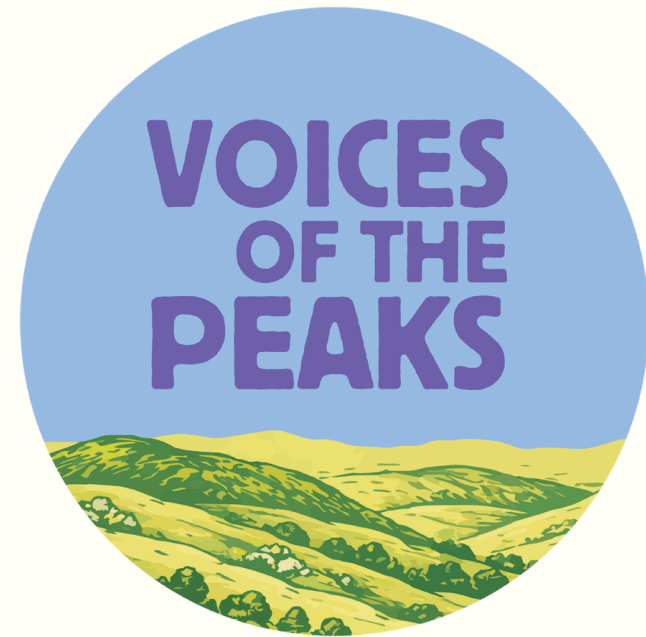


Thirty years ago, it was just another hill, a distant backdrop.
Two young children and a house to make into a home.
But as toddler legs grew stronger,
They graduated from the sledging field to the top of Steep Field,
At first in carrier packs on backs but then independently,
Encouraged by their canine friend for whom the space was heaven.

Climb to the top of Steep Field and all breath is consumed
And then is taken away again as turning round
The view makes it all worthwhile
Kinder, South Head, Combs Moss, Eccles Pike.
Breath regained, it is a gradual incline to Big Stone
A commanding turret on the top of Cracken



From which the western towers of Manchester look diminished.
This is now the land of Skylarks and Curlew,
Of Swift and Raven and hovering Kestrel below.
But once it knew the sounds of quarrying and blasting
As its precious rock was carried away.



The ways back down are so numerous -
We gave them nicknames to define them.
With time we walked these routes so frequently.
Hordes of children, running ahead, imaginary games being played,
Whilst adults snatched moments of bonding conversations.
Memories created
'Look here's where we made the magical snowman'
'Here's where she loved to sledge on her back'
'Here's the Hawthorn Skeleton'
'Here's where we scattered her ashes among the living hawthorns.'

And later, the walk along her spine was where we turned for solace
To shed silent tears, to plan, to decide, to face, to dream.
And in those months of lockdown,
The Edge came down to us,
Framing my computer as I drifted through endless meetings,

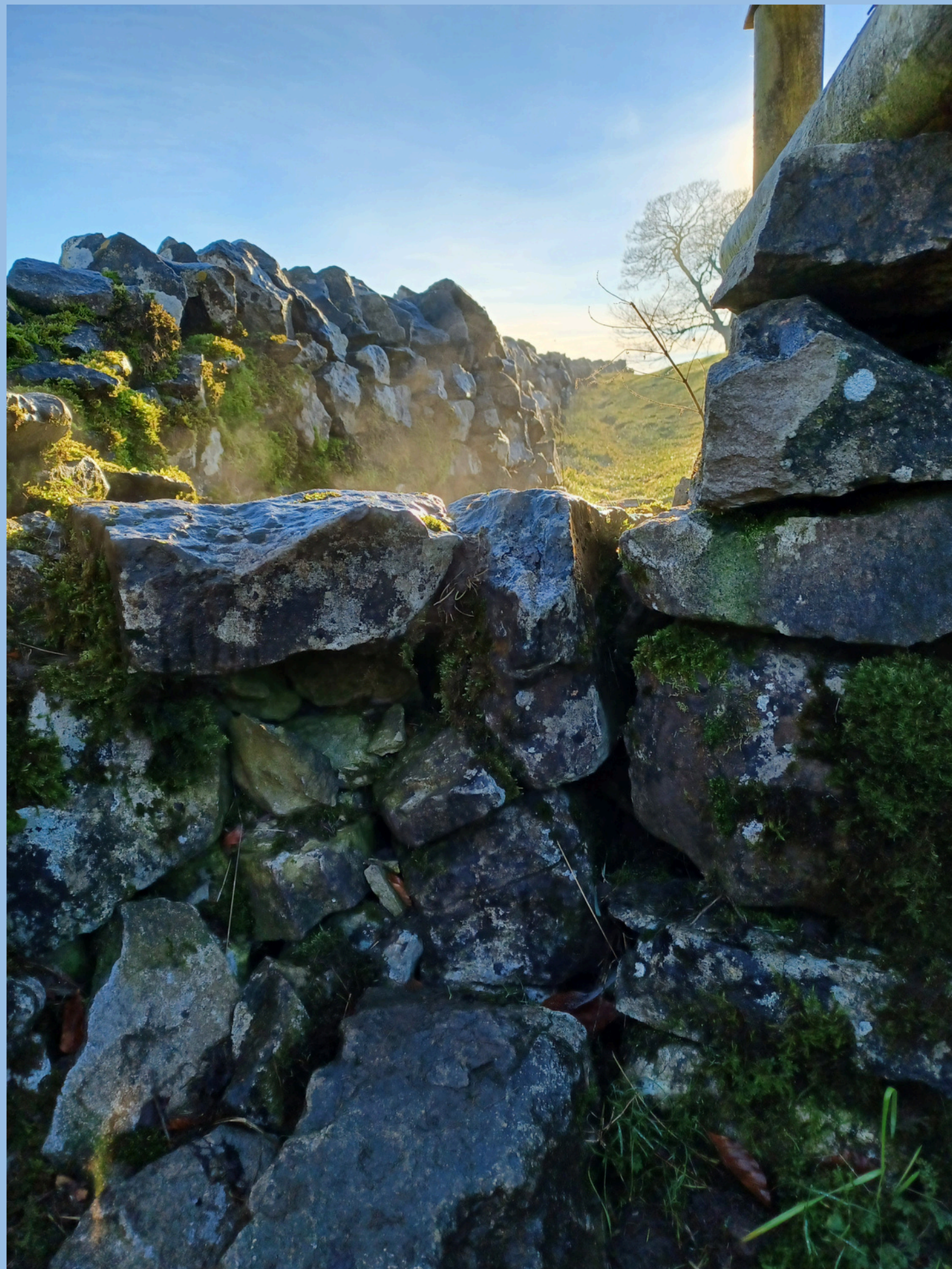


Trying to make sense of a senseless World.
Never had she been more important,
Her slopes were our freedom.
Young lives that should have been flourishing in cities,
Walking, running up to see the distant horizon, to take a longer view.
Yearning to be elsewhere,
But now they long to walk her paths, knowing they are home.

From my window, I realise how often I look up to her,
Perhaps in grateful recognition of her presence;
A constant as my life unfolded beneath her.
And though the sun slips down behind her too quickly
And from this landlocked place, I long for the sea
To the top of her, is where I go, Gritstone in my bones,

By Sarah Rider (High Peak Singers)





Marie-Claire Uhart

High Peak Singers

(1) Stone stile: walking in the Goyt Valley one summer morning the dew was rising off the walls in the sunlight highlighting the beautiful stones of this traditional stile

(2) Mossy wall: I love the way this wall has become almost more moss than wall.

(3) Winter: Walking up Beet Lane between Chinley and The Wash one wintry day I looked back and saw my footprints and the tractor tyre marks pointing the way to the trees framed by the winter sky

2



Marie-Claire Uhart
High Peak Singers

3





**Spring leaves, full fresh green
Give me heart as the year grows
Verdant once again**

Erica Brown
High Peak Singers

**The bluebells ringing
Gentle Hyacinth scent
Assails my senses.**

**The flowers shine bright
Encapsulate the feel of
Sunlight in my heart.**

Marion E-N
High Peak Singers

1



Richard Foulkes

High Peak Singers

1. Archangel is a climbing route on Stanage Edge. I enjoy frequent walks along this edge and wonder at the panoramic views of the Peak District from the top.
2. The distant landscape is of Kinder Plateau from the Big Sone on Cracken Edge. This is just above our house and as we walk along Chinley Churn the weather on Kinder changes the view. Luckily it was a fine day when I did this painting.
3. Walking through the old stone quarry on Cracken Edge I saw these rock faces covered in a lichen which creates an amazing red colouration on the stone surface.



**Sun sets over Lyme
It casts a strike of lightning
Darkness comes soon**

**Rolling hills spread wide
colourful walks inspire my mind
making quiet of all**

Emily Sheldon
High Peak Singers





Rebecca Baron

High Peak Singers

These are a set of photos highlighting the beautiful Kinder mountain. I have a strong affinity to mountains, and feel so fortunate to have a mountain so close to home. I love to look at Kinder from a distance, and see the mountain shape and downfall. I also enjoy the climb and walk along the top. I've been lucky enough to see a white hare a few times in winter - usually around Kinder Low End.

These photos are a mix of the view over kinder, and some photos from an amazing winter walk where the sun set during the descent, and then the moon rose, giving the most amazing effects.



Rebecca Baron
High Peak Singers



**Walk as darkness falls
Moon shine keeps our steps in view
Beauty of Kinder stuns**

**Winter light shines on clouds
Lantern pike views kinder plateau
Joyous wonder to behold**

Rebecca Baron
High Peak Singers

Rebecca Baron
High Peak Singers



75 Years of the Peak District National Park

By Louise Alder (High Peak Singers)

These words are for those to come
and those who've gone before
this year we celebrate as one
with nature at our core

the National Park turns 75
and what a life she's seen
historic influence remains
what is, what will, what's been

Honouring the past today
and looking forward too
I feel so very privileged
to share this verse with you

The beating heart of England
Five Counties at our door
Grit, lime, peat and rolling hills
with Millstone at its core

The Mass Trespass - a right to roam
saw access to the land
Benny lead the throngs across
defying laws at hand

Water voles and birds of prey
Orchids, mountain hare
Red deer rut whilst sheep graze close
Lush habitat, they share

Water rushes, rivers flow
fresh and pure and clear
Novels penned, the wells are dressed
inspired by all found here

Today a buzzing hub of life
community shines through
Artists, singers, craftsmen graft
deep pride in all we do

Vibrant people, welcome smiles
a happy friendly tone
Aren't we fortunate to call
The Peak District our home



This is a selection of my photos of the Peak District and surrounds.

I am blessed to live in such a beautiful place and appreciate the changing seasons, scenery and history of the area. I try to represent this in my images.

Helena Jones
High Peak Singers



Helena Jones
High Peak Singers



Helena Jones
High Peak Singers



Helena Jones
High Peak Singers

Life on the Edge

By David Kent (Bollington Singers)

Windgather Rockswell named.

The Roaches.....home to Wallabies in days gone by, also a hermit or so they say.

Ramshaw Rocks.....the 'Winking Man.'

These gritstone ramparts guard the Western Edge, their sandpaper surfaces tough on the climbers arms and legs.

Heading East..... Earl Sterndale, Stoney Middleton and Dovedale expose the soft, smooth and slippery limestone.

Up the cliff or down the cave the adventurers go, with clanking carabiners and gaily coloured ropes and tapes.

Then the mighty Eastern edges rear up along the skyline..... Baslow, Curbar, Froggatt, Stanage.....home of the hard men and women of Sheffield.....made of steel.

Playground of the young and fit, watched by the walkers rambling by.....re-living the days of their youth.

Leah Hannon
High Peak Singers

Longshaw Estate
Peak District



Mark Hannon

High Peak Singers

Longshaw Estate
Peak District





Debra Wilson

High Peak Singers

The Peak District landscape is so varied from the macro to the micro level.

I was drawn to the reindeer lichen in a patch of star moss at the Roaches - the tiny plant habitats are like little fractal worlds beneath our feet.

The hawthorn is one of my favourite trees and I've often wandered past but this was the first time I stopped and took a photo.



Debra Wilson
High Peak Singers



I sketch every Tuesday morning with MaccSketchers, a Macclesfield based art group that I run, and these are three peak district places we have visited (Marple Locks, Whaley Bridge Mechanics Institute and St Bartholomew's Churchyard in Longnor). It's a great way to get out and practice something you love with others who love the same thing!

Sue J Watson
Bollington Singers



Sue J Watson
Bollington Singers



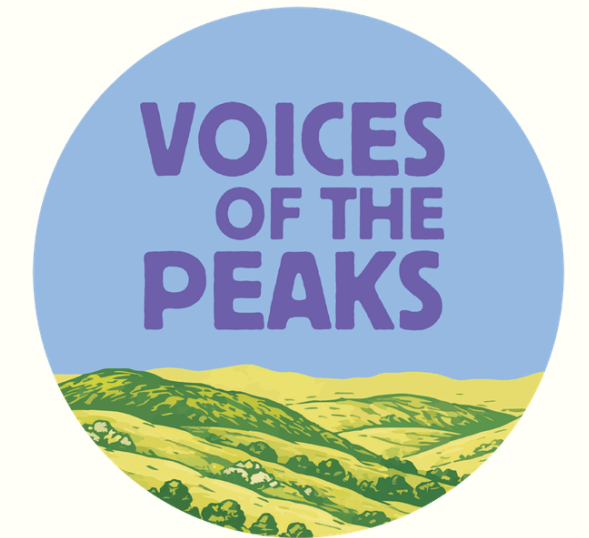
Nicola Raine
High Peak Singers



Nicola Raine
High Peak Singers

Footsteps Through Valleys and Peaks

By Judi (High Peak Singers)



Walking through time with hands held,
My footsteps fall where there's fell before
On worn paths between dry-stone walls
On old tracks pressed deep into the bones of the hills

I walk the valleys where mist gathers like breath over morning fields
Past grazing sheep and leaning gates
Where Skylarks and Curlews stitch song into the wide Derbyshire sky

Across the moors the wind remembers them
It moves through the heather and bilberry, over gritstone edges and weathered tors,
whispering the names of those who walked here long before I was born.

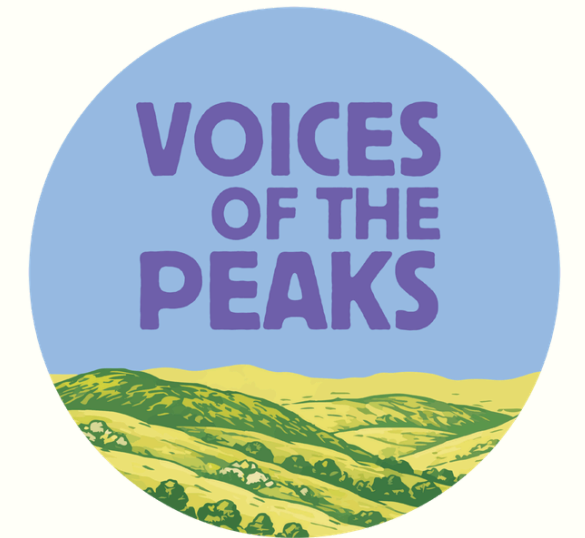
Streams tumble bright through the valleys, over limestone, gritstone and mossy stones,
Feeding quiet dams and silver waters that mirror passing clouds

Every step carries a story
Every path holds a memory
Generations have passed through these hills, yet their footsteps still travel with me

Hands held, we walk forward together
The past steady at my shoulder
The future opening like the long valley ahead

My family has never wandered far
Yet what a tapestry they have woven here
I hear threads of their laughter and feel their sorrow
In the valleys I see stone cottages that were built with their hands
I see them running through the heather on the hill and swimming in the water of the
dams

These valleys and hills are my inheritance,
They are my past, my present and my future
The wind on the moor, the shadow of clouds on Win Hill and Loose Hill
The quiet strength of ancient paths that flow from field to field, valley to valley.
The memories of my family, carried step by step into tomorrow.



By Judi (High Peak Singers)



Maureen Monaghan

High Peak Singers

These photos were taken during lockdown when we were confined to walking locally.

I wanted to capture the simple beauty of my environment and my great fortune in living in Little Hayfield.

Maureen Monaghan
High Peak Singers



Maureen Monaghan
High Peak Singers



Carols in the Cavern

By Marion E-N (High Peak Singers)

In the blue john cavern,
Everything discordant everything wrong,
The cavern is out of its quiet, out of its space,
It has been over run,
I am in here to celebrate the outside world,
Yet I feel it has invaded here,
Christmas trees and candle-light,
The World turned on its head,
The outside World shaken in with sombre greyness,
Tinsel trivia bleeding into this World,
Bringing with it meaningless,
I feel I don't belong,
I am the alien blood
inserted into the veins of this world,
And it feels wrong.

Yet there is live music going on
which, by accident, I stumble upon,
Music and dancing that is thrilling,
This time the uninvited guests
'gate crashing' through the ceiling,
Water drops, each drip bigger than itself
propelling downwards,
Dancing, moving, each drop a celebration, singing,
The water music arriving that's of this place,
Each drip, with its own sound, landing regular as you like,
beating out its rhythm with the stones
in perfect time,
Here is the beauty, here is the music that I sought,
I stand entranced, I stand transfixed, I listen hard,
I realise I've found my band!



I love to walk with friends in the Peaks and these are things I see and feel on my walks.

I feel so blessed to live in this wonderful place.

Julie Sutton
High Peak Singers



Julie Sutton
High Peak Singers

Paeon to the Peaks

Land of grit and granite,
Of green and rolling hills,
Of peaceful, hidden valleys,
Huge, historic mills.

Land of craft and heritage,
Wells dressed and favourite puds
Land of peat and poetry
Of heather, bog and mud.

Land of never-ending skies
With patchwork quilts below.
Where cattle, deer and sheep graze
And gentle rivers flow.

Land of kindred spirits,
Walkers free to roam,
Awe-inspiring majesty
This land that I call home.



Poem to the Peaks

By Jane Turner (Didsbury Singers)

The grumpy geese and snooty swans
Always make me smile
The tethered boats
Waiting patiently
As runners run their mile

The sun is out
And from on high
Floating crystals shine
And red brick mills stand solidly
Attesting an earlier time

And out beyond the tower blocks
Etched in brown and green
Rolling hills peak modestly
An unexpected scene

It feels like they are holding us
But only with one arm
*'Off you go, explore and play
We'll keep you all from harm'*

It feels like they are watching
With wisdom and with grace
A constant, quiet assurance
That each of us has our place

They hold my gaze the longest
Drawing me ever near
Their presence is emboldening
Releasing me from fear

So look beyond the tower blocks
And allow your soul to still
The ancient hills will ground you
The city never will

**By Jane Turner
(Didsbury Singers)**

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