

Wardroper Wander - led by the Rev. Cutfield Wardroper, a characterful vicar from Farnley Tyas of the 19th century.

Listen up, you rambling lot!
I am Reverend Wardroper Trot,
My beard is long but my legs they are small,
In fact, I'm the shortest and roundest of all!

I see you have boots for walking up hills,
I am a man of much fancier thrills,
Walking for pleasure? A crazy thought!
I'd rather be carried by a fine, white horse.

For to travel to church on a fine, white horse,
Is the only way to travel, of course!

And to this day,
It's the only way,
That I will go from place to place.

But if you must go on your own two feet,
I'll lead the way for a rambling treat...

At Castle Hill one winter,
The land was thick with snow,
And three buses got stuck up there,
And had no where to go.

Continue up the hill to the wood stile. Go diagonally to the right, across the field to the road.

At footpath junction take a left down to the footbridge at the bottom of the hill.

Turn right into the woods.

At the next stile, take a left down the hill, and I'll tell you 'bout the Farnley Feast, a time of great good will.

Take the path to the right at the guide stoop.

Take a left where two paths meet. Follow the path across the field, and a wooden stile will be revealed.

You'll often see me here,
Atop my noble steed,
And I'll say 'good day to you',
And waggle my bushy beard.

Take the path to the right around the edge of the trees,
And see if you spot any beetles or bees.

Go along the road until you see a footpath sign. Turn right down the bridleway.

Pass the house on the left and go down to the road, and turn left.

Step over a stile,
Take the path to the right.

Turn right past the stone post,
And follow the path to the left.

Go through the kissing gate and carry onwards down the hill.

Now turn left.

Climb up the stone steps and over a stile,
Take the path to the left and follow for a while.

Each year at Whitsuntide,
The village men all tried,
To be the best,
From all the rest,
At climbing greasy poles.

A pole was set up in the square,
And anyone who thought they'd dare,
Would slip and slide up to the top,
And what was the big prize they got?

A leg of tasty mutton!
That fastened with a button,
Atop the greasy pole.
And the first person to reach it,
Could take the whole thing home!

And I'll tell you a story about a ghost,
While you have a little rest.

There once was a ghost of Woodsome Hall,
Who was a great trickster and nuisance to all,
And so he was turned into Red Breast Robin,
For dropping the plates and tangling the bobbins.

How absurd,
To turn him into a bird!
And just in case someone forgets,
The Farnley folk are called 'Robinets'.

In Ludhill farm there lies a tale,
Of two young lads who lived inside.
Their father was a firm old man,
From whom they used to run and hide,
He'd say "I'm at the end of my tether!"
And whip them with a belt of leather.

So, one night when the moon was clear,
The brothers had a great idea.
They took the belt and with a 'plop!',
Into the pond they let it drop.

So, all was well at Ludhill Farm,
And the brothers came to no more harm,
Until the summer sun, so hot,
Dried the pond up, all the lot!

Photography - Ian Lumb, Project manager - Michelle Atkinson, Story telling - Ruthie Boycott-Garnett, Sculptor - Dave Bradbury, Graphic design - Kirklees Graphics, Illustration - John McGregor
Thanks to: Malcolm McDonald, Geoff Hickey and Robert Barraclough for their work on the Kirkburton Parish Council to initiate these walks.



Take the next road on the right,
Through the stile to the right of the gate,
There's a farmyard here,
Walk across it straight.
Where on the right you'll find,
Another stile gate.

Take the path to the left and there's
another stile to pass. Take the path
down the hill and there's two stiles
more along the path.

It's said that Farnley Tyas has a large
number of cows,
But if you go on up the hill you'll find
some pigs and sows.

Then we have a
footbridge,
then another stile.

Pass the herd of pigs and cross the stile of stone,
Then cross three more stiles.

Take the path up, with the hedge to your right.

Continue through a gap in the wall so that you're
on the road. Turn left and then right up the road.

Climb over the wooden stile and across
the field of horses to a stile made of
stone. Turn right up the road.

At the bottom of the hill,
Can you hear a trickling stream?
There's a little bridge to cross it,
But don't dawdle or day dream.
For under any bridge,
There could be a cheeky troll,
And no one wants to end up,
In a troll's soup bowl.

Turn right on the road,
Pass The Golden Cock Inn,
It's 400 years old,
And a great place within.

And pass St Lucius Church,
That stands tall and smart,
And soon you will find yourself...
Back at the start!

First, we'll take the path on the right of the
entrance to the recreation ground, that
goes into the wood. Then we turn left.
(I hope there's not much mud!)

Go through the wood
and up to the lane,
Turn right when you
get there, then another
right again.

Continue down Ludhill Lane and pass a farm
that's on your right, if you keep along the
road a farmyard soon will come in sight.

This spot is a favourite for butterflies,
So keep a look out and open your eyes.
Flitting from flower to flower they go,
Fluttering wings both high and low.



Includes
a 4 mile
reverse
Thurstonland
walk on

A 5 mile farmer's walk

Wardroper Wander Farnley Tyas Kirkburton Parish Walks

Kirkburton Parish Walks

Farnley Tyas Wardroper Wander

A 5 mile farmer's walk

- Other walks in the series:
- Higgler Hike
 - Fitton Frolic
 - Hester's Haunt
 - PC Dibb Dash
 - Jessop's Jaunt
 - Lizzie's Lollipop
 - Beaumont's Bolt
 - Billy Sweep Saunter
 - Molly Manley's Meander

Area covered by
OS Landranger
Sheet 110

How to get there:

By bus: 311, 341 from Huddersfield
By car: parking at Butts Road, HD4 6TZ

Bus and train services are correct as of December 2011.
Please check at www.wymetro.com for timetables.

See: www.kirkburtonparishwalks.co.uk

Supported in partnership by:



Look out for the Wardroper Wander Waymarker disc to help guide you around the walk