

ABOUT THE ALDERLEY EDGE COPPER MINES



This is the badge of the Derbyshire Caving Club. We look after the mines.

We take adults and children around the old mines. We tell them stories about how the mines were worked.



Mines are dug by miners. They dig out the rock to make metal. They use picks and spades to dig the rock.

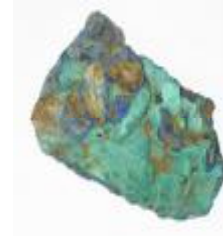


The first miners were here 4000 years ago in the Bronze Age.

Romans were the next miners at Alderley Edge. They dug holes and made tunnels to find the copper.



There was a big mine at Alderley Edge 150 years ago. The last miners worked here more than a hundred years.



The copper makes the rock green or blue. It is easy to see. Look for some green rocks when you visit the mines. Pure copper is shiny and brown like a penny.



THE LEGEND OF THE WIZARD

There is a story about the mines and caves. This is the legend of the Wizard of Alderley. His name is Merlin.

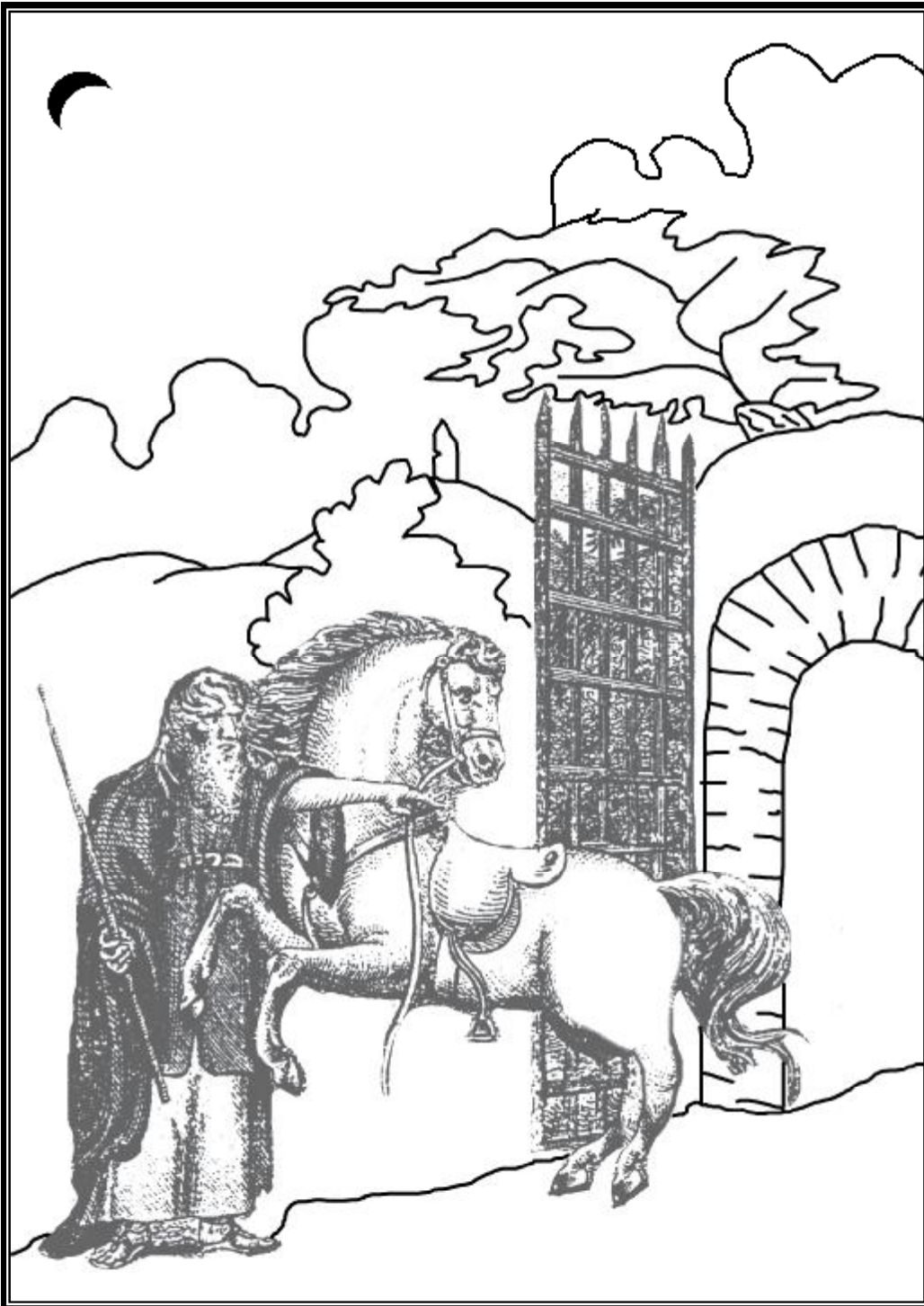


He looks after soldiers and their horses that are asleep in a cave at Alderley Edge. He needed one more horse. A farmer sold him the horse so Merlin gave him a lot of treasure.

On the other side of this page is a picture of Merlin, the horse and the cave. You can colour this in.



We hope you enjoy your day at Alderley Edge.



*A Mobberley farmer
upon a white mare
was passing this way
to the Macclesfield Fair*

*when all of a sudden
in the path there appeared
a strange looking figure:
long hair and white beard.*

*“Pray sell me your horse,
you can name your own
price”
but the farmer derided
the stranger’s advice.*

*“I’ll sell at the fair
where the best price they’ll
pay;
old man stand aside
I must be on my way.”*

*“You’ll not find a buyer”
replied the old man.
“Your horse is a part
of a mightier plan.*

*I’ll wait for you here
on your way back tonight”
and without more ado
disappeared from his
sight.*

*At Macclesfield Fair
through the heat of the day
though all praised the
mare
no one offered to pay.*

*So the farmer rode back
till he reached the same
spot,
when he tried to go on
the white mare would not.*

*The old man had waited
the farmer’s return
full knowing his offer
he’d no longer spurn.*

*“I’m in no position
to turn you down twice”
the farmer declared.
“You can name your own
price.”*

*“It will be a fair one”
the old man replied
and led mare and farmer
across the hillside*

*towards a great rock
where he lifted his staff
and mid claps of the
thunder
the rock split in half.*

*Beyond through iron gates
they went deep in the hill
and into a cave
where he bade them be still
and the farmer then
witnessed
the strangest of sights,
no less than one hundred
and forty brave knights.*

*Each knight though asleep
wore his armour with pride
and each save for one
had a mare by his side.*

*“They sleep here
enchanted”
he heard him observe
“Till England in peril
shall call them to serve.”*

*“Then out from the hill
they must ride to the plain,
to drive England’s enemies
into the main.*

*They’re ready and waiting
to do so of course,
but forgive me for stating
they’re short of one horse.”*

*The farmer struck dumb
turned aside to behold
a mountain of precious
stone,
silver and gold.*

*And to his surprise
heard the wizard declare
“Take what you can carry,
I’ll keep your white mare”.*

*He found the temptation
too much to resist.
He filled all his pockets,
his shirt and his fist.*

*Until the old Wizard
led him out from that place,
through tunnel and gates
and the solid rock face.*

*From that day to this
no one’s seen sight or sound
of the Wizard, the Knights
or a cave underground.*

