

MANCHESTER RAMBLER.

I've been over Snowdon
I've slept up on Crowdon
I've camped by the Wainstones as well
I've sun bathed on Kinder
Been burned to a cinder
And many more things I can tell
My rucksack has oft been my pillow
The heather has oft been my bed
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead

CHORUS

I'm a Rambler, I'm a Rambler from Manchester way
I get all my pleasure the hard moorland way
I may be a wage slave on Monday
But I have my freedom on Sunday

There's pleasure in dragging, through peat bogs, and bragging
of all the fine walks that you know
There's even a measure of some kind of pleasure
In wading through 10 foot of snow.
I've stood on the edge of the Downfall,
I've seen all the valleys outspread,
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead

CHORUS

The day was just ending
As I was descending
Trough Grindsbrook just by Upper Tor
When a voice cried: "Hey You!"
In the way keepers do
He'd the worst face that I ever saw
The things that he said were unpleasant
In the teeth of his fury I said
Sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead

CHORUS

He called me a louse
And said: "Think of the grouse"
Well, I thought but I still couldn't see
Why old Kinder Scout
And the moors round about
Couldn't take both the poor grouse and me
He said: "All this land is my master's"
At that I stood shaking my head
No man has the right to own mountains
Any more than the deep ocean bed

CHORUS

(I once loved a maid a spot-welder by trade) / *(I once loved and laid a spot-welder by trade)*

(S)he was as fair as the rowan in bloom
And the blue of (her/his) eyes
Mocked the June moorland sky
And I loved (her/him) from April to June
On the day that we should have been married
I went for a ramble instead
For sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead

CHORUS

So I'll [PAUSE] walk where I will
Over mountain and hill
And I'll lie where the bracken is deep
I belong to the mountains
The clear running fountains
Where the grey rock rise rugged and steep
I've seen the white hare in the gully
And the curlew fly high overhead
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead

CHORUS