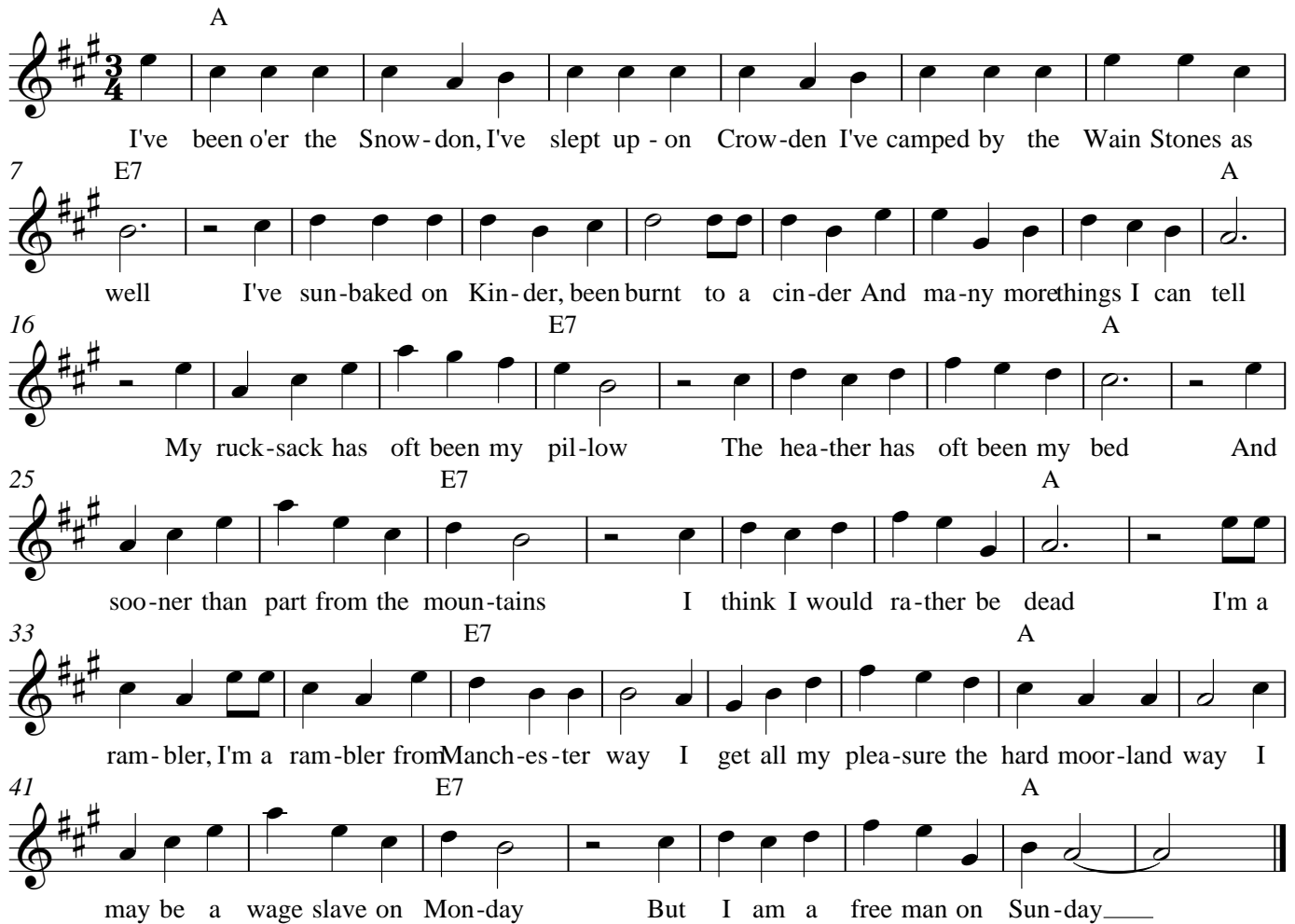


# The Manchester Rambler

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I've been o'er the Snow-don, I've slept up - on Crow-den I've camped by the Wain Stones as well I've sun-baked on Kin-der, been burnt to a cin-der And ma-ny morethings I can tell My ruck-sack has oft been my pil-low The hea-ther has oft been my bed And soo-ner than part from the moun-tains I think I would ra-ther be dead I'm a ram-bler, I'm a ram-bler from Manch-es-ter way I get all my plea-sure the hard moor-land way I may be a wage slave on Mon-day But I am a free man on Sun-day\_\_\_

The day was just ending as I was descending  
By Grindsbrook, just by Upper Tor  
When a voice cried, Eh you, in the way keepers do  
He'd the worst face that ever I 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

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 all mountains  
Any more than the deep ocean bed

I once loved a maid, a spot-welder by trade  
She was fair as the rowan in bloom  
And the blue of her eye matched the June moorland sky  
And I wooed her 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

So I walk where I will over mountain and hill  
And I lie where the bracken is deep  
I belong to the mountains, the clear-running fountains  
Where the grey rocks rise rugged and steep  
I've seen the white hare in the gully  
And the curlew fly high over head  
And sooner than part from the mountains  
I think I would rather be dead