

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
7 C7 F
well I've sun-baked on Kin-der, been burnt to a cin-der And ma-ny more things I can tell
16 C7 F
My ruck-sack has oft been my pil-low The hea-ther has oft been my bed And
25 C7 F
soo-ner than part from the moun-tains I think I would ra-ther be dead I'm a
33 C7 F
ram-bler, I'm a ram-bler from Manch-es-ter way I get all my plea-sure the hard moor-land way I
41 C7 F
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