

Manchester Rambler

Intro = C G C

[C] I've been over Snowdon, I've slept upon Crowdon
I've camped by the Waynestones as [G] well
I've sunbathed on Kinder, been burned to a cinder
And many more things I can [C] tell
My rucksack has oft been me [G] pillow
The heather has oft been me [C] bed
And sooner than part from the [G] mountains
I think I would rather be [C] dead

[C] I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler from [G] Manchester way
I get all me pleasure the [C] hard moorland way
I may be a wage slave on [G] Monday
But I am a free man on [C] Sunday

[C] The day was just ending and I was descending
Down Grinesbrook just by Upper [G] Tor
When a voice cried "Hey you" in the way keepers do
He'd the worst face that ever I [C] saw
The things that he said were un-[G]-pleasant
In the teeth of his fury I [C] said
"Sooner than part from the [G] mountains
I think I would rather be [C] dead"

[C] I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler from [G] Manchester way
I get all me pleasure the [C] hard moorland way
I may be a wage slave on [G] Monday
But I am a free man on [C] Sunday

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

[C] I'm a rambler, I'm a rambler from [G] Manchester way
I get all me pleasure the [C] hard moorland way
I may be a wage slave on [G] Monday
But I am a free man on [C] Sunday

[C] I once loved a maid, a spot welder by trade
She was fair as the Rowan in [G] bloom
And the bloom of her eye watched the blue moorland sky
I wooed her from April to [C] June
On the day that we should have been [G] married
I went for a ramble in-[C]-stead
For sooner than part from the [G] mountains
I think I would rather be [C] dead

[C] I'm a Rambler, I'm a Rambler from [G] Manchester way
I get all me pleasure the [C] hard moorland way
I may be a wage slave on [G] Monday
But I am a free man on [C] Sunday

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

[C] I'm a Rambler, I'm a Rambler from [G] Manchester way
I get all me pleasure the [C] hard moorland way
I may be a wage slave on [G] Monday
But I am a free man on [C] Sunday
(Slowing down)