

The Manchester Rambler

The Dubliners

I've been over Snowdon
I've slept up on Crowdown
I've camped by the Winston's 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

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 am a free man on Sunday

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

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 am a free man on Sunday

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 masters
At that I stood shaking my head
No man has the right to own mountains
Any more than the deep ocean bed

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 am a free man on Sunday

I once loved a maid
A spot-welder by trade
She was fair as the rowan in bloom
And the bloom of her eyes
Mocked the June moorland sky
And I loved here 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

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 am a free man on Sunday

So I'll 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 rock rise rucked and steep
I've seen the white hare in the gully
And the curlew flies high over head
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead

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 am a free man on Sunday