

Verse 1

I've been over Snowdon, I've slept upon Crowdon,
I've camped by the Waynestones as well.
I've sunbathed on Kinder, been burned to a cinder,
And many more things I can tell.
My rucksack has oft been me pillow,
The heather has oft been me 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 me pleasure the hard moorland way,
I may be a wage-slave on Monday,
But I am a free man on Sunday.

Verse 2

The day was just ending and I was descending,
Down Grinesbrook just by Upper Tor.
When a voice cried "Hey 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".

Chorus

Verse 3

He called me a louse and said "Think of the grouse",
Well I thought, but I still couldn't see,
Why all Kinder Scout and the moors roundabout,
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

Verse 4

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

Chorus

Verse 5

So I'll 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 rocks lie ragged and steep.
I've seen the white hare in the gullies,
And the curlew fly high overhead.
And sooner than part from the mountains
I think I would rather be dead.

Chorus