**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 wageslave on Monday  
But I am a free man on Sunday**

**The day was just ending and I was descending  
Down Grindesbrook 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:**

**I'm a rambler,I'm a rambler from Manchester way  
I get all me pleasure the hard moorland way  
I may be a wageslave 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 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:**

**I'm a rambler,I'm a rambler from Manchester way  
I get all me pleasure the hard moorland way  
I may be a wageslave 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 eye matched the blue Moorland 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:**

**I'm a rambler,I'm a rambler from Manchester way  
I get all me pleasure the hard moorland way  
I may be a wageslave on Monday  
But I am a free man on Sunday**

**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:**

**I'm a rambler,I'm a rambler from Manchester way  
I get all me pleasure the hard moorland way  
I may be a wageslave on Monday  
But I am a free man on Sunday**