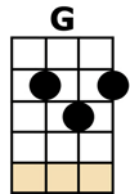
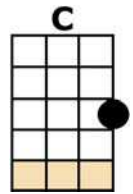


THE MANCHESTER RAMBLER

[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



CHORUS:

[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 WAGESLAVE 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"

CHORUS

[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

CHORUS

[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 MATCHED THE BLUE MOORLAND SKY
I WOODED 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

CHORUS

[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.

CHORUS