

## WALKING IN THE DALES (PENNINE JOURNEY)

When you walk in the Dales and your Paramo fails  
And you're soaked right through to your skin,  
Rivers rise, it's no surprise your boots let water in,  
Hands so cold can't feel your toes and you're ready to give in,  
What drives us on, is a tea and scone, when we get to the Tan Hill Inn.

Old Wainwright was an outdoor chap,  
Through the Dales he often strolled,  
Through Wensleydale, Swaledale, from Brough along to Bowes,  
Deepdale, Teesdale, Widdybank Fell before stopping at High Force,  
And that's the route we're going to take when we follow the Wainwright walk.

When you walk in the Dales ... (chorus)

Wednesday morning, best foot forward over hill and moor,  
Skies are grey, no sun today, best to wrap up warm,  
With technical advances in material and high spec,  
Don't you know, a Paramo, is the best thing since sliced bread.

(chorus)

Yvonne, Phil, Jenny, Judy and Geoff  
Out on the Dales you'll catch your death,  
Five miles walked, there's seven more left,  
That's what it says by the GPS  
But still the rain falls from the sky, the rainy season's here,  
And on my mind is a nice warm fire, hot toddy and some beer.

(chorus)

After two days being wet I got on my knees to pray,  
Said, "listen God, if I give a few bob will you send the rain away",  
But I don't think He was listening, I think he was in the bath,  
'Cos the rain came down much heavier,  
Yes God, was having a laugh!

(chorus)

Our leader, Phil, his map in hand, leads us over the sodden land,  
Judy following close behind, Jenny looks up as the clouds go by,  
Geoffrey thinks, as Geoffrey does, will the Sherpas be on time,  
"Careful Yvonne, don't fall on your bum, or you'll get a wet behind."

(chorus)

Emperor Hadrian built a wall, 8' wide and 10' tall,  
Soon we were along its length, progress slow, but quite content,  
And then we heard, in anxious tones, "avert your eyes, don't stare",  
Before we reached the kissing gate, the naked rambler was there.

(chorus)

Christmas came and Christmas went and soon it got to May,  
Appleby in Westmoreland on a dull and cloudy day,  
We caught the train to Haltwhistle, changing at Carlisle,  
No sign of the naked rambler he's in jail, awaiting trial.

(chorus)

The first of May is my birthday, I gave a jump for joy – whoopy!  
Put on my boots and waterproofs and looked up to the sky,  
I saw the snow on Cross Fell Hill and the Helm Wind that did blow,  
Packed me birthday cards away and grabbed me Paramo.

(chorus)

On the homeward stretch at last with 30 miles to go,  
Wherside beckons, Ingleborough threatens, me and my Paramo,  
But I've no need to worry because I went down the route,  
Of buying some Nikwax waterproof and splashing it on like Brut.

(chorus)

Well that's your lot, it's over now,  
My journey is complete,  
I need a bowl of water, to ease my aching feet,  
If Wainwright was around today, I'm sure that he would say,  
"No pain, no gain, let's do it all again, next year on the Pennine Way."

When you walk in the Dales with black toenails and blisters on your heels,  
There's things you'll find that's left behind, in hedgerows and in fields,  
A hat, a scarf, a boot, a sock, and naughty videos,  
There's no reason Stephen Gough should walk round with no clothes.

**Written by Chas Bailey - a two-thirds completer!**