

THE LAMBTON WORM

One sunday morn young Lambton
went a-fishin' in the Wear;
An' caught a fish upon his heuk,
He thowt leuk't varry queer,
But whatt'n a kind of fish it was
Young Lambton couldn't tell.
He waddn't fash to carry it hyem,
So he hoyed it in a well.

CHORUS:

Whisht! lads, haad yor gobs,
Aa'll tell ye aall an aaful story,
Whisht! lads, haad yor gobs,
An' Aall tell ye 'boot the worm.

Noo Lambton felt inclined to gan
An' fight in foreign wars.
He joined a troop o' Knights that cared
for neither wounds nor scars,
An' off he went to Palestine
Where queer things him befel,
An' varry seun forgot about
The queer worm i' the well.

CHORUS AGAIN

But the worm got fat an' growed an' growed,
An' growed an aaful size;
He'd greet big teeth, a greet big gob,
An' greet big goggle eyes.
An' when at neets he craaled about
To pick up bits o'news,
If he felt dry upon the road,
He milked a dozen coos.

CHORUS AGAIN

This fearful worm wad often feed
On calves an' lambs an' sheep,
An' swally little bairns alive
When they laid doon to sleep.
An' when he'd eaten aall he cud
An' he had had he's fill,
He craaled away an' lapped his tail
Seven times roond Pensher Hill.

CHORUS AGAIN

The news of this most aaful worm
An' his queer gannins on
Seun crossed the seas, gat to the ears
Of brave an' bowld Sir John.
So hyem he cam an' caught the beast
An' cut 'im in three halves,
An' that seum stopped he's eatin' bairns,
An' sheep an' lambs and calves.

CHORUS AGAIN

So noo ye knaa hoo aall the folks
On byeth sides of the Wear
Lost lots o' sheep an' lots o' sleep
An' lived in mortal fear.
So let's hev one to brave Sir John
That kept the bairns frae harm,
Saved coos an' calves by myekin' haalves
O' the famis Lambton Worm.

CHORUS AGAIN

Noo lads, Aa'll haad me gob,
That's aall Aa knaa aboot the story
Of Sir John's clivvor job
Wi' the aaful Lambton Worm.