

THE LAMBTON WORM

One Sunday morn young Lambton
Went a-fishin' in the Wear;
An' caught a fish 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 doon a well.



Chorus:

*Whisht! lads, haad yor gobs,
Aa'll tell ye aall an aaful story,
Whisht! lads, haad yor gobs,
An aa'll tell ye aboot 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 aboot
The queer worm in the well.

Chorus.....

But the worm got fat an' growed an' growed,
An' growed an aaful size;
With greet big teeth, and greet big gob,
An' greet big goggley eyes.

An' when at neets he craaled aboot
To pick up bits o' news,
If he felt dry upon the road,
He milked a dozen coos.

Chorus.....

This feorful 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 his fill,
He craaled away an' lapped his tail
Seven times roond Penshaw Hill.

Chorus.....

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 seun stopped him eatin' bairns
An' sheep an' lambs and calves.

Chorus.....

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 feor.

So let's hev one to brave Sir John
That kept the bairns frae harm,
Saved coos an' calves by myekin' halves
O' the famis Lambton Worm.

Final Chorus:

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