

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## The Lambton Worm

The Lambton Worm

One Sunday morn young Lambton went  
A-fishing' in the Wear;  
An' caught a fish upon he's heuk,  
He thowt leuk't varry queer.  
But whatt'n a kind of fish it was  
Young Lambton cudent tell.  
He waddn't fash te carry'd hyem,  
So he hoyed it doon a well.

cho: Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs,  
An Aa'll tell ye's aall an aaful story  
Whisht! Lads, haad yor gobs,  
An' Aa'll tell ye 'boot the worm.

Noo Lambton felt inclined te gan  
An' fight i' foreign wars.  
he joined a troop o' Knights that cared  
For nowther woonds nor scars,  
An' off he went te Palestine  
Where queer things him befel,  
An' varry seun forgat about  
The queer worm i' the well.

But the worm got fat an' growed and' 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  
Te pick up bits o' news,  
If he felt dry upon the road,  
He milked a dozen coos.

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

The news of this myest aaful worm

An' his queer gannins on  
Seun crossed the seas, gat te the ears  
Ov brave and' bowld Sor John.  
So hyem he cam an' caught the beast  
An' cut 'im in twe haalves,  
An' that seun stopped he's eatin' bairns,  
An' sheep an' lambs and caalves.

So noo ye knaa hoo aall the foaks  
On byeth sides ov the Wear  
Lost lots o' sheep an' lots o' sleep  
An' leaved i' mortal feor.  
So let's hev one te brave Sor John  
That kept the bairns frae harm,  
Saved coos an' caalves by myekin' haalves  
O' the famis Lambton Worm.

#### Final Chorus

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

note: My young son at six (2 years ago) used to love to sing this song as learned in his primary school (Allendale, Northumberland). Apparently, though this may be an apochryphal interpretation, the song refers to taxation, a tax that Lord Lambton first invented, then dramatically reduced because of the economic hardship it was causing. The sting in the tail of this story, however, is that the Lambton Memorial, seen from all around Sunderland, was supposedly erected by subscription from grateful tax-payers -- when Lord Lambton realised that there was money available for this sort of subscription, he raised the taxes again, and so the memorial was never completed. LW

-----  
LW

apr96