



TIT VAR TAT  
OR  
THA LAMPLIGHTER AN THA BANDSMEN

Tom light, he wur a lamplighter,  
In ower leetle town;  
Wur nearly ael he's life he'd bin  
A runnen up an down.

He wur a leetle dapper man,  
His age, jist vifty two;  
Vond of he's glass, likewise he's pipe,  
An merry compny too.

Ta zee un of a winter's night,  
Dart swiftly to an vro;  
We he's ladder on his showder,  
An vlammin torch aglow.

It wur a zite, var like a sprite,  
Ar zom imp ar ghost;  
He'd up he's ladder run ta light  
Ache lamp on wall ar pwost.

Twur in tha days, when lamps wur lit  
We cotton wick an oil;  
An not ta be compared we thase  
Var now, teant haaf tha toil.

Caas now ya zee, tha Lamplighters  
Does wieout ladders quite,  
Thay cars a rod, an turns a tap,  
Then zets tha gas alight.

Their ups an downs, beant nuthen like,  
As in them days thay were,  
Var now a ladders ony used,  
Var clanen ar repair.

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Ower hero Tom, var thirty years,  
Tha town lamps had lighteed,  
An bwoasted oft, in ael that time,  
A never had bin vrighteed.

Till one dark night, bout Crismis time,  
Atter a heavy snow;  
He on he's rounds, zuddenly met  
We a terryable blow.

Zummat had struck un in tha yead,  
Bit what a didden know,

Bit he we ladder, torch, an ael,  
Went sprawlen in tha snow.

An there he led, till consciousness  
Return'd to un agean;  
Then look'd aroun ta zee who twur,  
Bit thay had bolteed clean.

Pitch dark it wur; nar be he's torch  
Cood he a voot print vind;  
Ael wur as quiet as tha dade,  
Seave tha keen whistlin wind.

Poor Tom wis in a zorry plight,  
Tha blow, it mead'n stagger;  
A swore an oath what he hood do,  
When he cotch'd tha baiger.

That day, Tom had bin drinkin,  
We his vren Zammy Chubb,  
An caas twur Crismis time ache had  
Vive gooes a Rum an Shrub.

A plodded whoam as baste a cood,  
His wife wur vull a vright,  
When she cotch'd zite tha Lamplighter,  
Looken za ghashtly white.

“Why man alive!” zays she ta Tom,  
“Whatever is tha matter?”  
Zays Tom, “I think *Woold Nick*, jist now,  
Try'd hard me yead ta batter.”

Var's I come whoam, droo Buncom Lean,  
I met wie zich a blow;

Which like a rabbit knock'd me down

Amang tha ice an snow.

An as nar martil man wur bout,

Ar I'd bin on un quick;

Thay mist a vanishd unnergroun,

Var zartin: twur *Woold Nick*.

Tha good wife laff'd, an thought Tom's brain

Must zurely be affected;

An heet, she thought it very strainge

No martil wur detected.

If twur zomebidy who'd a got

A grudge ageanst poor Tom:

How wurt that a diden zee

Which way tha blow come vrom?

She know'd her usbin when in drink,

Aelways wur za meller;

Especilly when a com'd across

Another jovial feller.

He own'd that Zammy Chubb an he,

Thic night had bin together;

An two'r dree extry draps had had,

Cos it wur cwoold weather.

Ael night poor Tom was very queer,

An giddy in he's yead;

Zoo in tha marn, he's wife zet off

Ta zee woold Doctor Stead.

Tha good man smil'd when she twould he,

About her usbin's plight;

Zoo he perscribed a draat, an pills,  
That zoon hood put un right.

Tom took tha draat, likewise tha pills,  
Which aised un purty quick;  
But still swore he wur zet apon,  
Be nooan less then *Woold Nick*.

Var as a zed: “to ael tha voke  
About here I've bin civil;  
Zoo who hood drame ta zar me zo,  
If twerden thic *Woold Devil*?”

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Zoon atter, at he's vaverit Pub,  
A caal'd ta av he's beer;  
Tha Lanlard zays: “Why, Mister Light,  
I hear you've bin main queer.”

“Eece, zoo I have,” zays Tom, “bit now  
I'm veelin purty right;  
Tha vact on't wur, tha *Devil* he  
Zet at me tother night.”

“Ya mines thic day we had tha snow?  
Well, commin vrom me round,  
Thy sly woold baiger come behine  
An vell'd me ta tha ground.

An there I led, like one who's dade,  
We not a zawl about;  
Nor neet a vootprint on tha snow,  
Zoo twur he, ther's no dout.”

Tha Lanlard laff'd, an zed, "now Tom,  
If you'll a sacrit keep,  
I'll tell ee bout a leetle plot  
As'll het ee in a heap."

Tom promised un apon he's oath,  
Be that a hood be bound,  
Ta keep tha sacrit tight as wex  
An not let out a zound.

"Tha vact on't is then, tother night,  
When snow wur vallen down,  
Ower Bandchaps who had bin ta play  
At zom veast out a town;

Wur commin whoam, be Buncom lean,  
An zeed you commin, zee,  
One on em zays, 'yers woold Tom Light,  
Lets av a bit a spree.'

A lot a snowballs thay mead up,  
Za ard an big an round;  
Nar wonce thought a tha atterclaps,  
Ael be'n in drink vull zound.

Zoo in tha woold cart shed thay hod,  
An when ya did goo bye,  
Ache on em, a girt big snowball  
At you thay did let vly.

It seems thay knock'd ee sprawlin,  
An when on groun ya lay,  
Thay repented o ther volly,  
An cuss'd their vowl play.

Bit when in time ya did come to,  
An stan on groun agean,  
Ael on'm zed, thay wur za thankvul,  
As yarm thay diden mean.

Twur a nasty shabby business,  
Playen on ee zich a trick;  
An ael on em too, yer townsmen,  
Zoo dwoant ee bleam "*Woold Nick*."

Now mine what I've a twould ee,  
Dwoant let thase sacrit out,  
You'll come up zides we em zom day,  
There idden tha least doubt."

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Poor Tom wur struck we meazemint,  
At what tha Lanlard zed;  
Var a nevir dram'd twur snowballs  
As knock'd un off he's yead.

He owned he'd had a drap a drink,  
Cos it wur za chilly,  
Bit twurden nuff ta stagger un,  
A wurden drunk nar zilly.

He roll'd he's eyes, he shook his vist,  
He drow'd he's yarms about;  
An swore a oath, he'd meak em rue,  
Avore tha week wur out.

Zo he voun out that Zadderdy,  
Tha Band wur gwain ta play,  
To a Club veast at Humbledon,

About dree mile away.

An well a know'd ta get there thay,  
Mist goo droo Buncom lean,  
An tood be ard on midnight,  
Vore thay return'd agean.

Well prim'd thay be, var zartin sure,  
Var ael o'm lik'd their beer;  
Zays Tom: "I'll bet I'll stagger em,  
An meak em quake var veer."

Zoo Zadderdy, when he had done,  
A douten of he's lamps,  
At tha dark shed in Buncom lean,  
A waiteed var tha scamps.

A girt sheeps skin a had got on,  
Auver a girt white clout,  
A Devil's mask cover'd he's veace,  
We harns a sticken out.

An in one han he held he's torch,  
In tother a girt prong,  
Wie light ta zet tha torch ablaze,  
Zoo as thay come along.

He yeard tha woold Church clock het twelve,  
As he peep'd out tha shed;  
Bit not a zoun a vootsteps heet,  
Twur quiet as tha dade.

Anodder wait, then as tha chimes,  
Clang'd out tha haaf atter,  
Down vur end a tha lean he yeard



Tha returnen Bandsmen's chatter.

On, on thay com'd, a jovial crew,  
Zom staiggeren to an vro,  
Shouten, zingin, an zom tryen  
Their insterments ta blow.

Twur plaain, that mwoast on em wur tight,  
Be their unsteady tread;  
Thay leetle thought a that which wur  
Awaiten em ahead.

Pitch dark it wur, there wur no moon,  
An lamps wur ael put out,  
Tha leetle town wur wrapp'd in gloom,  
No zawl there wur about.

Then as thay near'd the vatevul shed,  
In road, Tom took he's stan,  
An we uplifteed vlammin torch,  
Waiteed tha comen Ban.

Tha vust ta zee, a halteed shart,  
A cooden waig no vurder;  
Bit like a madman beller'd out,  
O cracky, murder! murder!

Tha girt trumboon, vill vrim he's hans,  
His hair stood bolt upright;  
He's laigs shook like a aspen leaf,  
As he look'd at tha zight.

Tha tothers zoon come amblin on,  
Ael o'm we drink wur daz'd,  
Thay zeed tha apperition stan,

An we sheer vright wur maz'd.

It be tha Devil ar he's ghost,  
Tha leetle Drummer zed;  
Zom on ee come and hold me tight,  
Else I shall zoon be dead.

He vlung tha drum apon tha groun,  
Behine un tried ta hide,  
An wish'd ther'd bin a hawl in un,  
Var to a crope inzide.

Zom vew on em, vill on their knees,  
An loud begun ta pray;  
Tha zoberer ones, bolted an drow'd  
Their insterments away.

Tom hiss'd, then bellerd like a bull,  
An we he's dree grain'd prong,  
Beckon'd tha vrighteed musickers,  
We he ta goo along.

“Dear Devil; do ee let ess goo,”  
Zays tha lader o tha Ban,  
“We'll promise never to do yarm,  
To ooman, child, ar man.

We owns we ael av zidders bin,  
An unkind to our wives;  
Bit nevir agean; nar neet get drunk,  
If you'll speer ower lives.”

Tom thought that now, he'd had revenge,  
Appearin as *Woold Nick*,  
He better zoon meak hiszelf skierce,

Vore thay voun out tha trick.

He weav'd tha torch, then put un out,  
An we a awvul groan,  
Took to he's heels like lightenen;  
An lav'd tha Ban aloane.

Tha skin an clout a zoon drow'd off,  
Tha harn'd mask vrim he's yead;  
Ael unpercieved a rach'd he's cot,  
An zoon wur snug in bade.

As var tha Ban, when thay'd regain'd  
Their veet an zenses quite;  
To their girt jay, thay voun *Woold Nick*  
Had vanish'd out a zite.

Ael mead var whoam as vast thay cood,  
Thic vatevul Zundy marn;  
An their zad vright, an wretched plight,  
Thay wunt varget I warn.

Ache swore a sacrit shood be kep,  
Not one should tell he's wife;  
Var if twur know'd, a laffen stock  
Thay hood be ael droo life.

Twur years avore thay voun it out,  
Thay even now da dout it;  
Aelthough Tom an tha Lanlard too,  
Have twould em ael about it.

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## MORAL

Now good vrens, if ya plays a joke,  
Ar trick, on vren ar voe,  
Ya mussen be zaprised zom day,  
If they da zar ee zo.

If you caant stummick zich like things,  
Tho, tended var a geam,  
You adden better practis em,  
Less you can glitch tha seam.