

# The Chimney Sweep.

Oh! sweep chim - - - ney  
sweep! You mai - dens shake off sleep, If  
you my cry can fol-low. I climb the chim-ney top, With-out  
lad-der with-out rope; Aye and there! aye and there!  
Aye and there you shall hear me hal - loo!

Oh! sweep chimney, sweep!  
You maidens shake off sleep  
If you my cry can follow.  
I climb the chimney top,  
Without ladder without rope,  
Aye and there! aye and there! aye and there you shall hear me halloo!

Arise! maids, arise!  
Unseal and rub your eyes.  
Arise and do your duty.  
I summon yet again  
And do not me disdain,  
That my call, that my call, that my calling's poor and sooty.

Behold! here I stand!  
With brush and scrape in hand.  
As a soldier that stands on his sentry.  
I work for the better sort,  
And well they pay me for't.  
O I work, O I work, O I work for the best of the gentry.

Oh! sweep chimney, sweep!  
The hours onward creep.  
Clear away and take  
The smut that others make.  
O I clean, O I clean, O I clean what others dirty.