

The Chimney Sweeper

BY WILLIAM BLAKE

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my
tongue
Could scarcely cry "Weep! Weep! Weep!
Weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I
sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when
his head
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved,
so I said,
"Hush, Tom! Never mind it, for when your
head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your
white hair."

And so he was quiet, & that very night,
As Tom was a-sleeping he had such a
sight!

That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned,
& Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of
black;

And by came an Angel who had a bright
key,

And he opened the coffins & set them all
free;

Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing
they run,

And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.

Then naked & white, all their bags left
behind,

They rise upon clouds, and sport in the
wind.

And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good
boy,
He'd have God for his father & never want
joy.

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the
dark

And got with our bags & our brushes to
work.

Though the morning was cold, Tom was
happy & warm;
So if all do their duty, they need not fear
harm.