

## WILLIAM BLAKE

*The Chimney Sweeper*

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.

Theres little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head  
 That curl'd like a lambs back, was shav'd, so I said,  
 Hush Tom never mind it, for when your head's bare,  
 You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair. 5

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 lock'd up in coffins of black 10

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,  
 And he open'd 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. 15

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. 20

And so Tom awoke and we rose in the dark  
 And got with our bags & our brushes to work.  
 Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm,  
 So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.