

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Sweep Chimney Sweep

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Sweep Chimney sweep is the common cry I keep,
If you can but rightly understand me. (repeat)
With my brush, broom and my rake, with my brush, broom and my rake,
See what cleanly work I make,
With my hoe, hoe, hoe and my hoe
And it's sweep, chimney sweep for me.

Girls came unto the door I look as black as any Moor,
I'm as constant and true as the day (repeat)
Although my face is black, although my face is black,
I can give as good a smack,
And there's no one, no one, no one there's no one
And there's no one shall call me on hire.

Girls came unto the door I look as black as any Moor,
Go and fetch me some beer that I might swallow (repeat)
I can climb up to the top, I can climb up to the top,
Without a ladder or a rope,
And it's there you, there you, there you and there you,
And it's there you will hear me halloa.

Now here I do stand with my hoe all in my hand
Like a soldier that's on the sentry (repeat)
I will work for a better sort, I will work for a better sort
And kindly thank them for it.
I will work, work, work and I'll work
And I'll work for none but gentry.

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