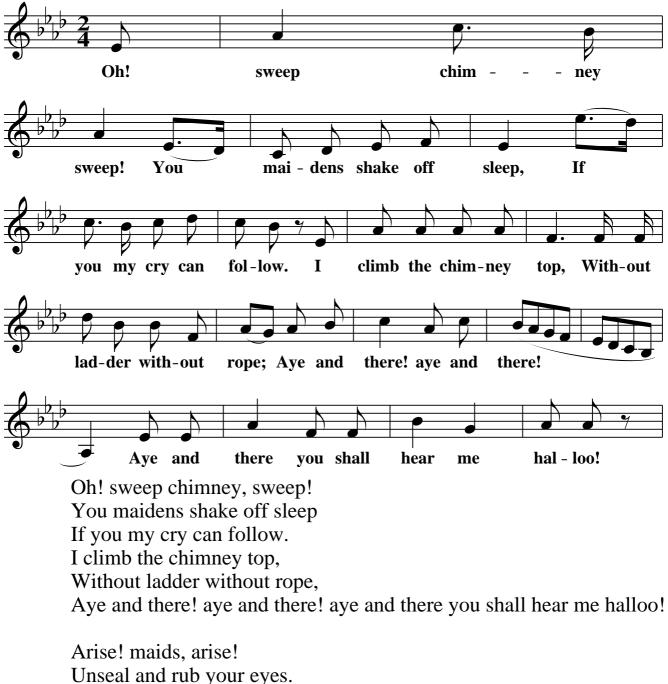
The Chimney Sweep.



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.