

SWEEP HO !

SWEEP ho ! Sweep ho !
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

Tired and hungry both is he,
And he whistles vacantly ;

Sooty black his rags and skin,
But the child is fair within.

Sweep ho ! Sweep ho !
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

Ice and cold are better far
Than his master's curses are.

Mother of this ill used one, —
Couldst thou see thy little son !

Sweep ho ! Sweep ho !
He trudges on through sleet and snow.

At the great man's door he knocks,
Which the servant-maid unlocks ;

Now let in with laugh and jeer,
In his eye there stands a tear.

He is young, but soon will know
How to bear both word and blow.

Sweep ho ! sweep ho !
In the chimney, sleet and snow.

Gladly should his task be done,
Were't the last beneath the sun :

Faithfully it now shall be ;
But soon spent, down droppeth he ;

Gazes round as in a dream ;
Very strange, but true, things seem ;

Led by a fantastic power
Which sets by the present hour,

Creeps he to a little bed,
Pillows there his aching head,

Falls into a sudden sleep,
Like his childhood's sweet and deep ;

But, poor thing ! he does not know
Here he lay long years ago.