|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  | WORD | Phoneme | Meter |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| When my / mo ther / died I / was ve / ry young,  | young | A | 10 |
| And my father sold me while yet my tongue  | tongue |  |  |
| Could scarce / ly cry / ’weep! ’weep! / ’weep!’weep!’  | weep | B | 8 |
| So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.  | sleep |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| There’s little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,  |  |  |  |
| That curl’d like a lamb’s 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.’  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| And so he was quiet, and that very night, |  |  |  |
| As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such a sight!  |  |  |  |
| That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,  |  |  |  |
| Were all of them lock’d up in coffins of black.  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| And by came an Angel who had a bright key, |  |  |  |
| And he open’d the coffins and 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 and 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, and never want joy.  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |
| And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark, |  |  |  |
| And got with our bags and our brushes to work. |  |  |  |
| Tho’ the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm;  |  |  |  |
| So if all do their duty they need not fear harm.  |  |  |  |