

The Chimney Sweeper
from *Songs of Experience*
by William Blake (1794)

The Chimney Sweeper

A little black thing among the snow,
Crying weep, weep, in notes of woe!
Where are thy father & mother? say?
They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winter snows;
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy to dance & sing,
They think they have done me no injury;
And are gone to praise God & his Christ & King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery.



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