

The Decemberists, The Chimbley Sweep

I am a chimbley, a chimbley sweep
No bed to lie, no shoes to hold my feet
Upon the rooftop in dead of night
You'll hear me cry, I'll shake you from your sleep

To hear me weep
Your day will come indeed
For I am a poor and a wretched boy
A chimbley, chimbley sweep

I am an orphan, an orphan boy
I've known no love, I've seen no mother's joy
A dirty doorstep, my cradle lay
My fortune's made, I'll shake you from your sleep

To hear me weep
Your day will come indeed
For I am a poor and a wretched boy
A chimbley, chimbley sweep

"Oh, lonely urchin," the widow cried,
"I've not been swept since the day my husband died."
Her cheeks a-blushing, her legs lay bare
And shipwrecked there, I'll shake you from your sleep

To hear me weep
Your day will come indeed
For I am a poor and a wretched boy
A chimbley, chimbley sweep
For I am a poor and a wretched boy
A chimbley, chimbley sweep