

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER'S WOOING.

A chimney sweeper came down to woo
The farmer's dairy maid, sweet Sue,
Clad in his best, so nice was his dress,
He won the heart of Sue you may guess.
But when he spoke of his occupation,
As honest a trade as ought in the nation,
She crys out "my life I'll ne'er degrade,
To marry a sweep, so black is his trade;
Therefore Mr Sweep you never will do,
'Tis not any use of your bothering Sue,
Your clothes is so black with grim nasty soot,
You need, therefore, no longer be pressing your suit."

But the sweep, he came again and again,
And press'd hard his suit sweet Susy to gain.
"If my outside is black, my inside is pure,
I'll prove a good husband, thou may'st feel sure,
I've a pony and cart, and plenty of trade,
And ten or twelve pounds in the bank I've laid,
Therefore, sweet Sue, now give thee thine hand,
Thou'lt be the happiest woman in the land."
Then Sue spoke not, but hung down her head,
She felt there was truth in what the sweep said,
"Tho' the trade it is black, I think his heart's right,
And what does it matter if we've happiness bright."

"Now just fix the day, my darling, now do,
'Twill be a sweet day I assure thee, my Sue,
I know thou'lt not repent being my wife,
I'll not be a sweep all the days of my life;
I'll soon save enough to live on my wealth,
If God gives me strength and also good health,
We'll live in yon cot that stands on the brow,
And laugh at the folk who sneer at us now,
For although I'm a sweep, a black artizan,
I flatter myself I'm also a man,
Who has a large heart both loving and true,
Which beats for thee, and thee only, sweet Sue."

At last sweet Sue she gave her consent,
The folk all did say she sure would repent,
But they were mistaken for she seem'd to be
The happiest wife all round the country,
And in a few years the trade they forsook,
And then settled down in a snug nook,
Where now they do live in comfort and ease,
And sweet is their lives, they do as they please.
Now ladies if a good husband you wish,
The white fingered not always the best are to fish,

Don't discard a true man, tho' black be his art,
Else p'raps for your folly you some day may smart.