Lightly, with gusto

Chim chim-uey, chim chim-uey, Chim Chim Cher-ee! A sweep is as lucky, as
luck y can be. Chim chim-uey, chim chim-uey, chim chim cher-oo! Good luck will rub
off when I shakes 'ands with you, or blow me a kiss and that's lucky, too.

Now, as the lad-der of life 'as been strung, you
choose me bris-tles with pride, yes, I do: a
may think a sweep's broom for the shaft and a brush for the flute. Though I
spends me time in the
broom and smoke, in this 'ole wide world there's no 'ap-pi-er bloke.
'ted to me toes, a sweep knows 'e's wel-come when 'e goes.

Up where the smoke is all bill-ered and curled, 'tween pave-ment and star, is the chim - ney
world. When there's 'ard-ly no day nor 'ard-ly no night, there's things 'all in
shadow and 'all-way in light. On the roof-tops of Lon - don, coo, what a sight!

Chim chim-uey, chim chim-uey, Chim Chim Cher-ee! When you're with a sweep you're in

'Chim Chim Cher-ee, chim cher-oo!’” Chim chim-uey, Chim Chim, Cher - ee, chim cher-oo!