

## **Louis Armstrong** **"Chim Chim Cher-ee"**

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Chim, chimney  
Chim, chimney  
Chim, chim, cher-ee  
A sweep is as lucky  
As lucky can be

Chim, chimney  
Chim, chimney  
Chim, chim, cher-oo  
Good luck will rub off when  
I shake 'ands with you  
Or blow me a kiss  
And that's lucky too

Now as the ladder of life  
'As been strung  
You may think a sweeps  
On the bottommost rung

Though I spends me time  
In the ashes and smoke  
In this 'ole wide world  
There's no 'appier bloke

Up where the smoke is  
All billered and curled  
'Tween pavement and stars  
Is the chimney sweep world

When the's 'ardly no day  
Nor 'ardly no night  
There's things 'alf in shadow  
And 'alf way in light  
On the roof tops of London  
Coo, what a sight

I choose me bristles with pride  
Yes, I do  
A broom for the shaft  
And a broom for the flume

Though I'm covered with soot

From me 'ead to me toes  
A sweep knows 'e's welcome  
Wherever 'e goes

Chim, chimney  
Chim, chimney  
Chim, chim, cher-ee  
When you're with a sweep  
You're in glad company

No where is there  
A more 'appier crew  
Than them wot sings  
"Chim, chim, cher-ee  
Chim, cher-oo"

On the chim chimney  
Chim, chim, cher-ee  
Chim, cher-oo

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