

THE LAWYER AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

A roguish old lawer was planning new sin,
 As he lay on his bed in a fit of the gout;
 The maids and the daylight were just coming in,
 The milkmaids and rush-lights were just going out;

When a chimney-sweep's boy, who had made a¹ mistake,
 Came flop down the flue with a clattering rush,
 And bawl'd, as he gave his black muzzle a shake,
 "My master's a-coming to give you a brush."

"If that be the case," said the cunning old elf,
 "There's no time to lose — it is high time to flee —
 Ere he gives me a brush, I will brush off myself -
 If I wait for the devil - the devil take me!"

So he limp'd to the door without saying his pray'rs;
 But Old Nick was too deep to be nick'd of his prey;
 For the knave broke his neck by a tumble down stairs,
 And thus ran to the devil by running away.

ANON



Illustration by Linley Samboune for *The Water Babies*, 1898.