

The Granite Mill Fire - song lyrics

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THE GRANITE MILL FIRE.

Tune-"Wreck of the London."

The wheel goes gently round, my friends, and time is on the win?,
A leisure moment, I'll employ, and a song to you I'll sing
About them | poor unfortunate souls, on the morning bright and still,
That leaped for life from the burning out of the granite mill.
'Twas on the 12th of September, the morn was bright and clear.
The wheel went round, the people worked with a good and faithful cheer:
But hark! the cry of fire is heard from voices loud and strong.
The alarm from seventy-four rang out, 'tis the granite number one.

The work of desolation, the fire had begun-
From bolt to wheel like lightning, from room to room it run ;
The people hastening in their fright, and working with a will,
Trying to save the unhappy souls from the burning granite mill.
Up in the highest windows they clung in wild despair.
Some shrieking in their utter woes, and others knelt in prayer;
They jumped from that six story, which made the strong hearts chill,
To gaze on the dead and dying around the granite mill.

The sight was sad and mournful, most piercing were the cries-
The desperate and daring stood by with tearful eyes.
To see the young and beautiful perish as they looked on,
As the fire-fiend was raging in granite number one.
Oh! where is my three children, the widowed mother cried,
Where is Katy, Maggie, Annie-they were my only pride.
Thus mournfully this mother wept as a group moved slowly on,
Bearing the bodies of her children from the granite number one.