

The Boston Fire - song lyrics

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THE BOSTON FIRE

As sung by William Scanlan.

It was only on the tenth of last November,
That we heard the news we ever shall remember.
That the fire-king had cast his burning embers
O'er another fated city in our land.
As the woeful tidings flashed along the wire,
Of this other sad catastrophe so dire,
That Boston, beauteous city, was on fire,
And sinking 'neath the fiend's relentless hand.

Chorus.

Fire! fire! was heard the cry.
In every breeze that passed us by,
All the world did heave a sigh of pity
Strong men in anguish prayed
Fervent prayers to heaven to aid,
Before the fire in ruins laid.
Fair Boston, beauteous city.

And all through the terrible commotion
The wind blew a gale from off the ocean,
The brave firemen worked with all devotion,
To laugh at their efforts yet it seem'd;
And soared with fiery prayer still higher,
O'er chimney top, steeple and church spire,
Till all was one vast flame of fire.
And the light around the horizon gleamed.-Chorus.

But who saved the city from a panic,
From the rule of the fire-king too tyranic;
But the brave-hearted fireman and mechanic,
The best and the noblest in the land;
Far brighter than the soldier's record of glory,
Are the names of those who live in song and story,
Who'll rebuild the city to its former glory,
And build her up, if possible, more grand.

Chorus.

And soon will no trace remain
Of that vast sea of flame,
Boston will rise again, remember;
Brave men will be found
Who will build a fairer town,
Like Chicago, from the ground,
Before the next November.