The Belleville Convent Fire - song lyrics

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The Belleville Convent Fire.
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Words by John Fletcher.-Music by Ned Straight.

Kind friends give attention to what I relate.
And ever remember those poor children's fate;
In full health and vigor, they retired for the night,
Not thinking of fire, that soon raged with its might.
The rooms and the hallways were clouded with smoke
When the dear little children from slumbers awoke-
They rdshed to the windows-it would make brave hearts sigh
To see those white faces at the window so high.

Chorus.
No one to help them, no one to bless-
No one to save them in their sad distress;
It was in Belleville City, sad grief did abound,
Ou the night that the convent was burned to the grovvC

Near thirty dear souls from the earth took their flight,
In that ill-fated convent on that fatal night;
And fathers and mothers are now left to mourn
Their children, who had better never been born.
A girl at the window, stood, three stories high,
"Oh, save me! dear mother," in vain she did cry;
Just then an explosion, we grieve to relate,
And all in that convent had met their sad fate.-Chorus.

Let us mention this pure soul, who went with the rest,
To that sweet land above, to be there ever blest;
The brave holy mother from the rooms would not go,
Although twice before she had been down below;
A brave heroine, she stood true to her post,
When she saw that the children would surely be lost;
She rushed up the stairway with pitiful cry,
While praying to God with her children to die. - Chorus.

When the dread cry of "fire," was heard loud in the air,
Fond fathers and mothers were seen everywhere;
When the firemen arrived, alas! it was too late,
For all those poor children had met their sad fate.
We know they have gone to a far better shore,
Where the death-dealing fire fiend can reach them no more;
Let us hope we will meet them all up there again,
Where there's no more sorrow, no anguish or pain.-Chorus.