

# Our Noble Fire Brigade - song lyrics

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OUR NOBLE FIRE BRIGADE.

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Words and Music by James Barron. Arranged by W. a Parker.

No doubt you've oft been told of firemen strong and bold,  
To tell you of them now is my desire;  
To tell you how they're praised in a thousand different ways,  
When at their duty nobly fighting fire.  
They never know the danger that a fire to them may bring,  
As still as death their quarters are, when lo! the bell it rings;  
Like lightning they obey the call, one instant not delayed,  
Till they dash along the street, our noble Fire Brigade.

Chorus.

When all's asleep at midnight, and they hear the cry of "Fire!"  
It's their fellow men And women to rescue's their desire!  
What to them is fire And water? it's the rescues that are made.  
And the courage so undaunted of the Fire Brigade!

The people shout and cheer, "the Fire Brigade is here!"  
And thro' the street they dash so swift and grand!  
No sign of fear is traced in the sturdy fireman's face,  
While he obeys the captain's loud command!  
The engine's quick in action and the hooks and ladders up,  
In an instant ev'ry man of them is busily engaged  
Fighting fire in ev'ry quarter, all around, up and below.  
Are the gallant heroes of our noble Fire Brigade.- Chorus.

As they go flying past, tho' the call may be their last,  
And think not of their little ones so sweet;  
No honest fireman dare to a danger have a care;  
It's honor or it's death that they've to meet!  
They see the flames leap madly up, and burning sparks they fly,  
Down from a window, wrapt in name, comes forth heart rending cries!  
Next, at the window, we can see a woman and her babe  
In the strong arms of the heroes of the Fire Brigade. - Chorus.

Night after night we keep a watch o'er those who sleep \*  
Throughout the city, north, south, east And west!  
Waiting ever and anon, 'tis the sounding of the gong!  
A fireman's life's a hard one, at the best!  
No second ever is their own, the time they think their due;  
No rest when bang, bang, goes the gong from box "one twenty-two!"  
As down the poles they slide, they're soon outside and quickly ride,  
The best of time is then made by the Fire Brigade. -Chorus.