THE FIREMANS DEATH.

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Poco adagio con espress:

He slept, and over his
He bounded up—His practised eye, Was turn'd up on the lurid sky,

Lit by the flames, which mounting higher, Soon cloth'd the night in a robe of fire.
2nd Verse.
With lightning speed, he reached the scene
Oh! what a sight was there!
A mother stood amid the flames
And shrieked in wild despair!
Her arms around her frightened babe,
Were thrown with frenzied clasp,
As tho’ she feared the Fire fiend
Would tear it from her grasp.

2nd Chorus.
With helmet turn’d, thro’ fire and smoke,
The gallant fellow fearless broke;
He saved them both, but ah! his life,
Was lost in the unequal strife.

3rd Verse.
Now in sweet Green-wood’s peaceful shade
The noble hero sleeps
And o’er his grave, full many a friend
In silent sorrow weeps.
A monument erected there
Is pointed to with pride
By those with whom he oft has fought,
The fire, side by side.

3rd Chorus.
Sweet flow’rs exhale their fragrant breath
Where now he, peaceful, sleeps in death
And trees their spreading branches wave
Above his solemn Green-wood grave.

Swain Eng.