The Fire Brigade - song lyrics

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THE FIRE BRIGADE.
Written and Composed by Charles Osborne. Arranged by F. W. Eyre.
Sung with great success by Thomas T. Carter.

The scene was a fire-house, the time was midnight,
The fatal word fire on the lamps glittered bright;
The firemen are dozing, while, safely at hand.
The horses were wailing the words of command,
Click goes the message of danger and death,
Down dash the firemen, not pausing for breath;
In go the horses, hi! hi! clear the way,
While borne on the zephyrs a voice seemed to say;

Chorus.
Heaven speed the members of the fire-brigade;
Heroes true as steel, hearts that never fear;
Heady, steady, and undismayed,
Are the noble-hearted members of the fire-brigade.

On, on like the wind, how the horses perspire;
See, they arrive at the scene of the fire;
Crash go the beams of the roof to the ground.
Scorching the people standing around.
Hark! how that cry of dismay rends the air,
Look at yon window, a woman's up there;
Up goes a fireman, with resolute will,
Hushed are the people, the boldest are still.-Chorus.

Steadily upward, still higher and higher.
Choking and scorched by the smoke and the fire.
Onward he goes till the woman he nears.
Stop-see-she falters, and then disappears.
Down go the sashes, he's in through the frame,
Out with the woman he comes once again;
Faint and half-blinded he reaches the ground.
While to the skies goes the echoing sound:-Chorus.