Station Forty-three - song lyrics

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STATION FORTY-THREE.
Copyright, 1894, by D. W. O'Connor & J. J. Kiernan.
Words by D. W. O'Connor. Music by J. Joseph Kiernan.

On the midnight air there's pealing forth a warning sound,
In the street is none of footsteps hast'ning past my door;
Rumbling comes a glit'ring engine girt with fire around,
Drawn by plunging steeds, it passes with a roar;
I now read the signal strokes, as on my ear they fall;
They, alas! once tolled the knell of happiness for me.
When the life of my brave love went out to their drear call;
'Tis a summons now as then from Station Forty-three.

Refrain.
One, two, three, four, sound the mournful notes;
One, two, three, now o'er the slumb'ring city floats;
Firemen, heroes true, God above speed ye
On your noble mission, on to Station Forty-three.

Fancy now recalls that scene-a night of long ago;
I, in peril, at the window-my despairing cry;
Struggling with the throng, my lover's in the street below,
Heeding not its warning shout, "to enter is to die,"
He is bounding to my side-the flames a victim crave;
As he wraps my form he prays, "O spare her, God, to me";
We now gain the street, but Jack falls dying to the pave.
As the signal strokes die out for Station Forty-three - Refrain.

Tears have flown, but still my heart to my dear lad is true,
And I'm weary waiting for our meeting by and by;
There is naught but sadness for me as I journey through,
Through a world where all must know a sorrow ere they die.
When I hear the fire-bells toll And see the distant glow,
Then I pray that loved ones from all dangers may be free;
And their solemn tones have always caused my tears to flow,
To me they are ever ringing, "Station Forty-three." -Refrain.