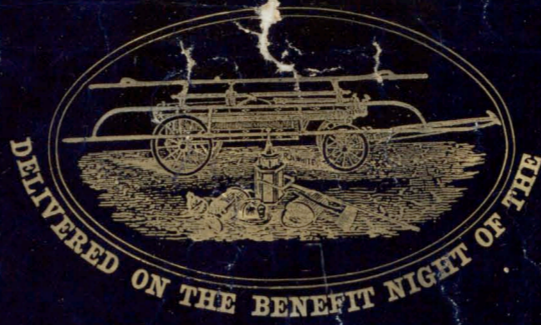


# FIREMAN'S ADDRESSES,



WIDOW OF PATRICK HAVEY,  
At Plunkett's Metropolitan Theatre,

Rochester, December 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1857,

BY MRS. ADA PLUNKETT,

AND RESPECTFULLY PRESENTED TO THE

## FIRE DEPARTMENT OF ROCHESTER.

Ho! Comrade, up, arise, look forth into the night;  
Say, is yon gleam the morning beam,—yon broad and blood-red light;  
Speak! does it tell, yon clanging bell, of mass or matin song?  
That drum-roll! calls it to parade the soldiers armed throng?

No, Brother, no—no morning beam is yonder crimson glare—  
That deep bell tolls no matin, 'tis the Tocsins' horrid flare;  
Yon sullen drum-roll mutters out no summons to parade—  
To fight the flame it summons now the valiant Fire Brigade.

Then fast the fireman rose, and waked his friend that lay beside,  
And each man grasped his trusty axe as he donned his dress of pride;  
There bounds beneath that well worn dress a heart as strange to fear,  
As ever swelled beneath the steel of gilded Cupasier.

Off dash the thund'ring Engines, like goblin Jagner chase,—  
The sleeper shudders as they pass, and pallid grows his face.  
Away! away! 'though close and bright yon ruddy glow appears,  
Far, far we have to gallop yet or e'er our work we near.

A plain of upturned faces, pale brows and quivering lips,  
All flickering like the restless waves in the green light of eclipse;  
And the multitude surge to and fro, as in the Tropic seas,  
After a tempest, rise and fall the ground swell sleeplessly.

And sound as sleeps that mansion, ye may mark in every chink  
A gleam as in the lava crack by the red volcano's brink;  
Through the key hole, and through window pane, a white and sullen glow,  
While all above is rolling smoke, and all is dark below.

The Engines now are ranged a-row,—hark! how they sob and pant!  
How gallantly the water-jets curve soaringly aslant!  
Up whirls the stream—it meets the flame, it bursts in fleecy rain,  
Like the last spout of the dying whale, when the lance is in his brain.

Ha! ha! from yon high window thrill'd the wild shriek of despair,  
And gibbering phantoms seem to dance within the ruddy glare;  
Now, as a gallant Foreman leads his boarders to the fray,  
"Up, up, my men," the brave man shouts, "up, Firemen, and away!"

Their arms are strong and sinewy,—see, how the splinters fly!  
Their axes, they are sharp and good: "we'll save them, or we'll die!"  
They dash them through the withering flames, the gallant deed is done,—  
A husband's arms embrace his wife, a mother's clasp her son.

And when the morrow's sun did light the ruins, dark and drear,  
A blackened corse amid the wreck then claim'd the widow's tear;  
With sounds of woe she rent the air, in accents sad and wild,—  
The frantic mother wailed above the father of her child.

And thus ye peril life and limb, ye gallant men who save,  
At willing hazard of them both, the victims of the grave;  
What conqueror can ever boast a fame so purely bright  
As yours,—whose courage can subdue the fire fiend's fearful might?

God's blessing rest on one and all of your true-devoted bands,—  
The Fireman, with three times three, applaud them heart and hand;  
May they here receive, as recompense, earth's purest, dearest love,  
And meet, when they have passed from here, eternal peace above.