

They climb the ladders, some soul to save,  
 Or with branch pipe in hand the fire they brave,  
 God bless their manly souls we say,  
 Where duty calls they fly to obey.

Our city is blessed it is plain to behold,  
 Our noble firemen are worth more than gold,  
 When danger threatens we hear them say,  
 Where duty calls we fly to obey.

May they watch and listen the last trumpet to hear,  
 May they with Jesus their Saviour appear,  
 Ready are ready we hear each one say,  
 Where duty calls we fly to obey.

Then hurrah for our lads dressed in blue,  
 Who'se deeds we all much admire,  
 Then hurrah for our lads dressed in blue,  
 Who saves us and protects us from fire.

#### MR. BOYNE ON THE DEATH OF A NEIGHBOUR'S SON.

Bobby Dockeray and his dog so bold,  
 Travelled together and milk he sold,  
 As regular as the sun went down,  
 Bobby on his route was found.

His father promoted him to a horse and waggon,  
 To peddle his milk without any lagging,  
 I say no boy so proud on Christe Street,  
 As Bobby in his rig so neat.

Now Mr. Dockeray found Bobby quite a helper,  
 As he would jump in his waggon and give his horse  
[a skelp]

And Bobby worked with right good will,  
 But very soon he was taken ill.

The Doctors were summoned but to no avail,  
 But still he grew worse and sad the tale,  
 Poor Bobby is dead, and to Heaven he is gone,  
 Where we all shall follow one by one.

Father and mother God's will be done,  
 Into your hands God placed that son,  
 Lent you for a while to give you joy,  
 But now God calls your darling boy.

Father and mother, sister and brother,  
 Please do not weep no more,  
 For Bobby is not lost,  
 He's only gone before.