

Then on the Oromocto stream,
The waters of Saint John,
Its northern branch was soon in flame,
Which swept their buildings down.

Then frightened numbers sought the stream,
In that distressing hour,
To shun the fury of the flame
Which threatened to devour.

One infant perished in the flame,
Two others soon expired,
Then another burnt till very lame,
But yet her life was spared.

But if our thoughts should now pursue,
One hundred miles from thence,
A more affecting scene should view,
Which near that hour commenced.

Miramichi, it was the place,
They felt the greatest wound :
I think if history we could trace,
The like could not be found.

Of Douglastown, Newcastle, too,
And up and down that place,
We can't describe one half that's true,
So dreadful was the case.

While a dead calm and darkness there
Encircled them around,
They heard a rumbling in the air,
A distant rumbling sound.

Some cinders then quickly was there,
A hurricane at hand,
Soon filled the air with flaming fire,
With ashes and hot sand.

With rapid force the solid flame
Before the wind did go,
And mighty wonders made it seem
Unlike our fire below.