

1911

The Bangor Fire: Dedicated to the People who Lost Their Homes on Sunday, April 30th, 1911

John C. Friend

Follow this and additional works at: https://digicom.bpl.lib.me.us/books_pubs

Recommended Citation

Friend, John C., "The Bangor Fire: Dedicated to the People who Lost Their Homes on Sunday, April 30th, 1911" (1911). *Books and Publications*. 272.
https://digicom.bpl.lib.me.us/books_pubs/272

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Special Collections at Bangor Community: Digital Commons@bpl. It has been accepted for inclusion in Books and Publications by an authorized administrator of Bangor Community: Digital Commons@bpl. For more information, please contact ccoombs@bpl.lib.me.us.



THE BANGOR FIRE

Dedicated to the People of Bangor who Lost Their Homes on
Sunday, April 30th, 1911

BY JOHN J. FRIEND, BANGOR, MAINE

It was on a Sunday afternoon
The sky was bright and clear,
The people of our dear old town
They felt no dread or fear;
But 'ere the clock it had struck four
They heard the signal bell
Which drove them from the homes they loved
And bid that last farewell.

Far down Broad Street the flames rose high,
And crossed Kenduskeag Stream
They landed at the Crosby shed,
It seemed so like a dream;
The savings bank is all afire
Our Library is no more
Oh! who would thought this Sabbath eve.,
Would bring sorrow to our door.

I'm standing on Exchange Street,
To view this awful scene
The Stearns block is toppling down,
Great heavens what can it mean!
And just across, the Morse-Oliver
Is falling o'er our head
And gazing there with anxious fear,
Upon the aged dead.

Old Granite Block it has gone down,
That landmark known to you
The Universalist on the hill,
That looked so bright and new;
The First Baptist on Harlow Street
The flames have entered there,
Where but an hour or two before
They knelt in silent prayer.

Please come with me to old Broadway,
The First Church it stood there,
'Twas built by Bangor's grand old stock,
When life was young and fair;
And that old bell with mellow tones
'Twas cast by Paul Revere,
It's silent now, it's heard no more
We'll drop the heartfelt tear.

To French Street now I look again,
The Third Church walls are bare,
Home after home they have gone down,
It fills us with despair;
And old St. John's, that Gothic pile
To memory ever dear,
And that loved bell, whose grand deep tones,
Was music to the ear.

I'm standing here on Somerset
To view that sad, sad scene,
On Centre, Spring and Cumberland,
Our homes no more are seen;
And those grand elms whose shades we sought
At the closing of the day,
Are mouldering into ashes
As I sing my doleful lay.

Come back with me to Harlow Street,
The High School it stood there,
Where early in the morning,
The girls and boys so fair;
They came from every quarter
And congregated here
There is naught but desolation
On that spot we loved so dear.

Farewell unto the Windsor,
And its walls that soared so high,
And also to the Graham Block,
It was pleasing to the eye;
And dear old Norombega,
Within whose walls, stood there
The artists, yes, from every land
When life was young and fair.

To every one who gave his mite,
Tho', much or little be,
Their names be written on the scroll,
As they pass o'er life's dark sea;
And to our Mayor Mullen
Who holds the leading reign,
May he stand for laws that true and just
At Bangor down in Maine.

Now to our local firemen
And strangers who came too,
They fought as only men could fight,
And showed their worth to you;
And when the years have passed and gone,
To children yet unborn
They'll tell how they stood like pyramids
To hail the coming morn.

There's one more verse it's to our God
Who dwells beyond the skies,
He can change our sad afflictions
And let silver clouds roll by,
For we'll clasp the hem of his garment
Without a dread or fear,
For in the hollow of his hand he holds us
And can stay the silent tear.