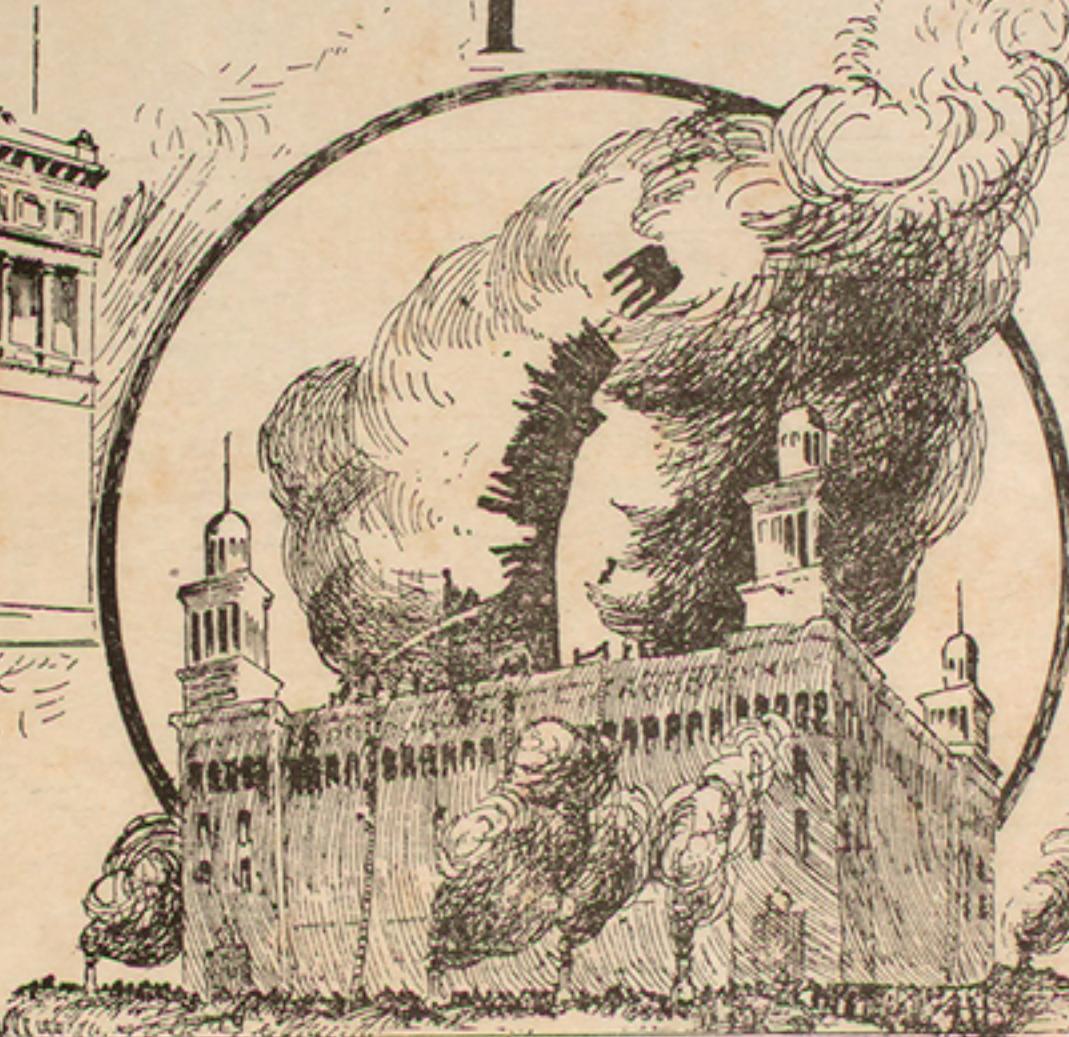
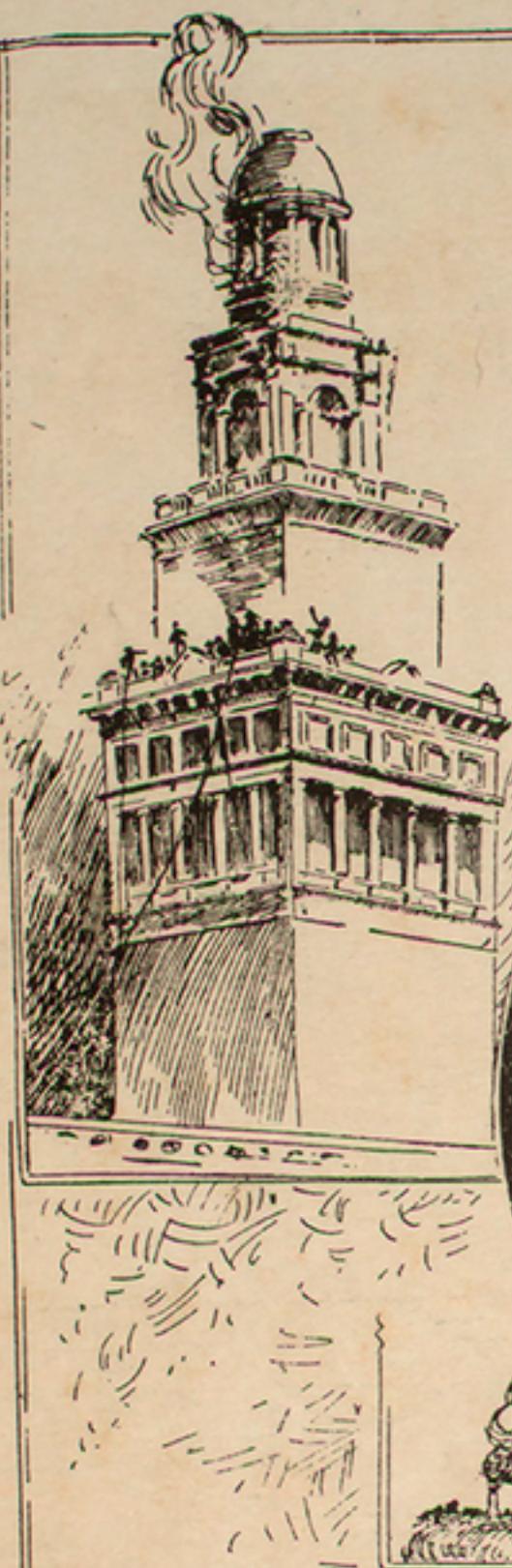


# Death in The Flames

OR  
=THE=  
TERRIBLE  
WORLD'S  
FAIR  
CALAMITY



Harry Scott

WORDS BY  
Arthur T. Lamb.

MUSIC Arranged  
BY  
OTTO MUELLER

40

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# Death in the Flames.

OR

## A Terrible World's Fair Calamity.

Words by ARTHUR J. LAMB.

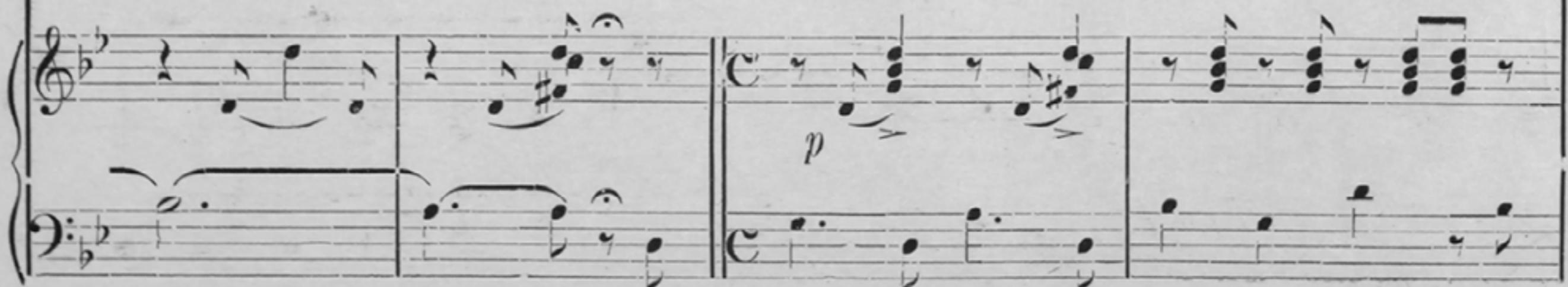
Arr. by O. MULLER.

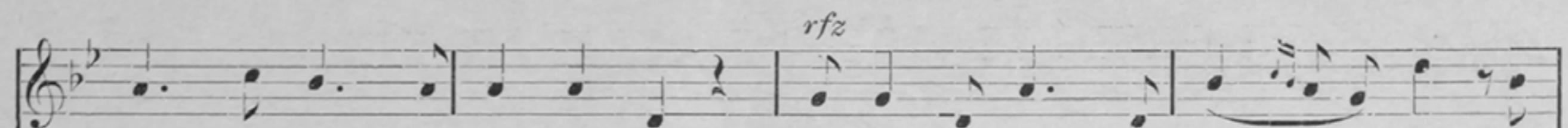
*Allegro moderato.*



*Andante con moto.*

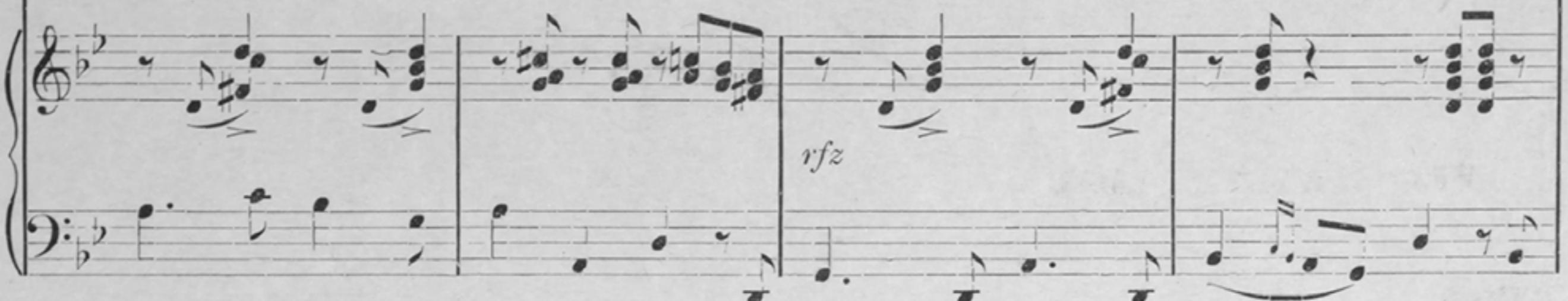
1. The sum - mer sky shone soft and blue, And  
2. An aux - ious crowd be - holds the scene, And



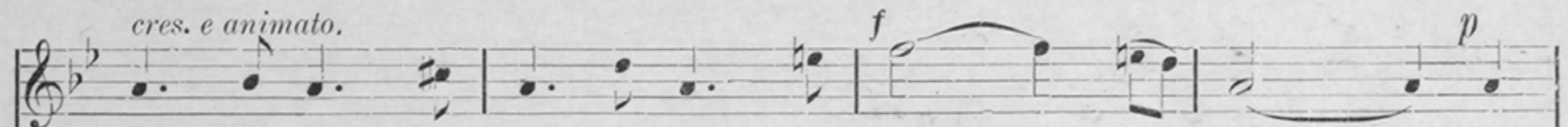


per - feet was the gold - en noon,  
watch - es them with ba - ted breath,

And throngs who on - ly pleas - ure knew, In  
And smoke that doth the vis - - ion screen, Be -

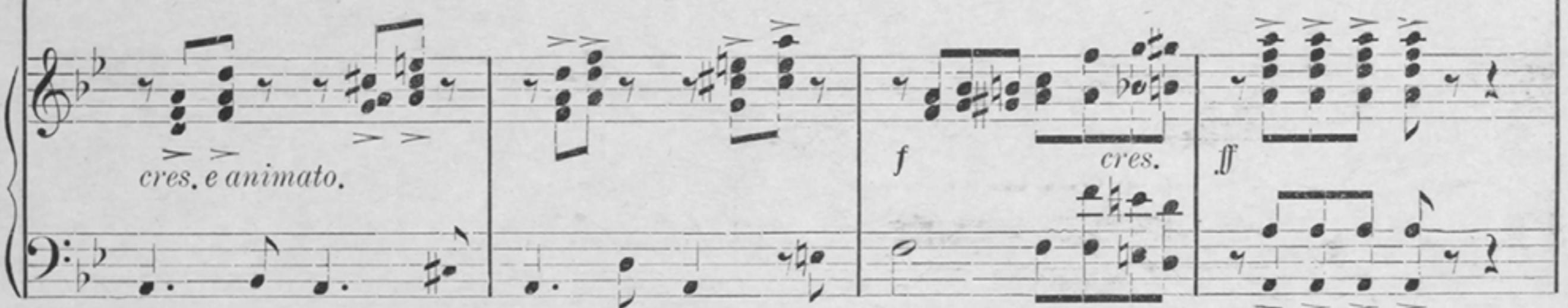


*cres. e animato.*



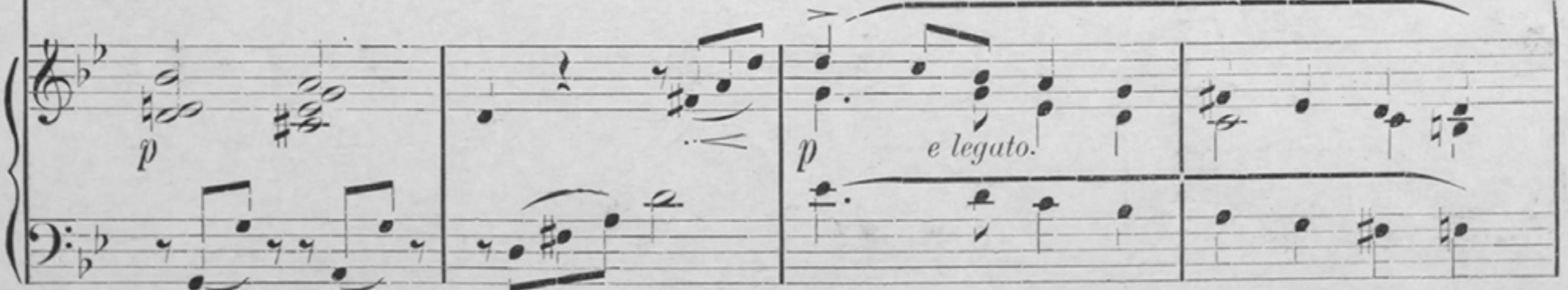
build - ing, gar - den or la - goon, Dreamt not..... what was..... to  
speaks the pres - ence there of death, Be - speaks..... the pres - - ence

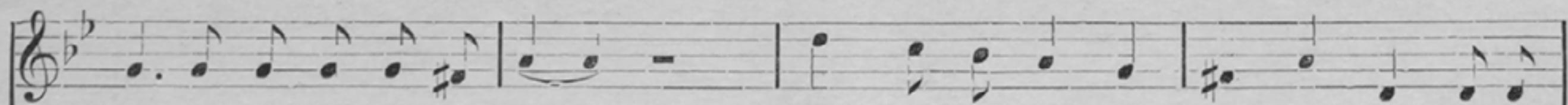
*cres. e animato.*



hap - pen soon:  
there of death!

But hark, a sud - den ery of "fire!" That  
The tow - er is reached, when sud - den - ly A





smolders in the storage tow - er,  
cry of hor - ror rends the air,

And quick are fire - men climb - ing high - er To  
For on - ly flames the men can see, And



bat - tle with the aw - - ful pow - er.  
fire surrounds them ev - - 'ry - where.

In fu - ture time To.....  
In fu - ture time To.....



shine sublime, With ev - 'ry gal - - lant he - roe's name, In.....



p

ev - - - ry rec - - ord of their fame....

p pp

maestoso.

morendo.

3.

And fiercer yet the flames leap on,  
And higher still they leap and dash.  
One moment more— a wall is gone,  
And downward thuds with awful crash,  
But where the firemen brave and rash.  
Some leaping to the depths below,  
Whilst others vainly call for aid;  
Yet, still in facing death, to know  
A courage not by death dismayed,  
In future time, &c.

4.

And redder, redder, glows the sky,  
And still destruction lingers there.  
The shrieks of those who suffering die,  
Sad rend the tranquil summer air,  
And hearts go forth in silent prayer;  
Too late, too late, the crumbling walls  
Crash with the bodies of the brave,  
With every shock a fireman falls,  
And every moment marks a grave.  
In future time, &c.

5.

But let us draw the curtain here,  
And saddened bow the humble head,  
And honor them who knew not fear,  
But sought to challenge fear instead,  
And won a monument when dead.  
A monument that to the age  
Shall long survive the passing flame,  
And still to give to history's page  
The heroism born with fame.  
In future time, &c.