

## ***THE OLD FIREMAN***

**He was old, his white hair thinning, and he'd smile and say "Hello"  
As he strolled round to the station , and told tales of long ago.  
Of the fires that he'd fought , and the deeds that he had done,  
In his exploits with his watch mates ; Ah!: they were heroes, every one.**

**And sometimes; to his neighbors, his tales became a joke,  
But the firefighters listened, for they knew whereof he spoke.  
Now, they'll hear his tales no longer , because old Bill has passed away,  
And the world's a little poorer, for a Fireman died today.**

**He won't be mourned by many; some friends, his kids, and his wife;  
For he lived an ordinary, and quite uneventful life.  
He loved his work; he loved his family, and quietly went his way,  
And the world won't note his passing, but--- a Fireman died today.**

**When politicians leave this earth, their bodies lie in state,  
While thousands note their passing and proclaim that they were great.  
Papers tell their whole life stories, from the time that they were young,  
But the passing of a Fireman goes unnoticed and unsung.**

**Is the greatest contribution to the welfare of our land?  
The man who breaks his promises and cons his fellow man?  
Or the 'Old Bills "of this country, who, when the Station bells went down  
Were willing to sacrifice life and limb, for the people of their town.**

**A politician's stipend and the style in which he lives  
Are sometimes disproportionate to the service that he gives.  
While the dedicated Fireman, who offered up his all,  
Takes his medal and his pension: then fades beyond recall...**

**If we cannot do him honour while he's here to hear the praise,  
Then at least let's give him homage at the ending of his days.  
Perhaps a simple heading in a paper that would say,  
Our Country is in mourning, for a Fireman died today.**