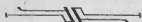


# The Ammanford Fire Brigade.



A fire broke out in the block by the Square,  
 And a dreadful fire too ;  
 It soon ran up from the cellar there,  
 And out four storeys through ;  
 The heat and the sparks, the glare and the flames,  
 And the speedy havoc it made  
 Called out the strength of the sires and dames  
 Of the **Ammanford Fire Brigade.**

There is no fire-engine up in the place,  
 Nor a pipe of water down,  
 But all at once there was a race  
 And a rush all over the town ;  
 Every boy and girl, every man and wife,  
 Every bucket and shovel and spade  
 Were on the spot working for life  
 In the **Ammanford Fire Brigade.**

The roar of the flames was threat'ning the town,  
 And a rush was made to the Square,  
 And streams of water were pouring down,  
 And the brave to the cellar dare ;  
 The willing arm, and the helping hand,  
 What noble work they made  
 To form the Volunteer Band  
 Of the **Ammanford Fire Brigade.**

The Engine up from Llanelly came  
 O'er a road that is rough and long ;  
 They drove the good steeds till they were lame,  
 And nothing at all went wrong ;  
 But before they reached to Ammanford  
 And a halt on the Square was made,  
 The Demon was conquered—thank the Lord,  
 By the **Ammanford Fire Brigade.**

WATCYN WYN.