

## *Fire Chief O'My*

The station was quiet.  
The crew polished brass.  
The steam from Joe's chili  
Fogged up all the glass.  
Nearby, in her office,  
Her work piled up high,  
Sat Fire Chief Nelly  
O'Mally O'My.

"I'll catch up on papers"  
Thought hard-working Nell.  
"No building's on fire."  
But just then the loud bell  
In the firehouse clanged  
As it called all the crew.  
And they jumped in their boots  
Hats, and coats. Nell did, too.

They turned on the sirens.  
Their lights sprinkled red.  
The fire trucks pulled up  
To a flame-circled shed.  
High up on the roof  
Shook Ted Smith and son Cy.  
"Aim the hoses! Bring nets, team!"  
Called Fire Chief O'My.

Now Nelly was worried.  
The flames rose up higher.  
It seemed Ted and Cy  
Just might die in the fire.  
The crew battled on  
With brave Nell helping, too.  
She fed faith and strength  
To her firehouse crew.

Old Ted Smith and his son  
Jumped to safety that day.  
All the smoke disappeared.  
All the fear drained away.  
“Well done,” cried the mayor.  
“You saved Ted and his boy!”  
“That’s our job,” smiled the chief,  
Her heart racing with joy.

Back at the station,  
The fire trucks were cleaned.  
The firefighters polished  
‘Til everything gleamed.  
Chief O’My praised her workers,  
Each one of her men.  
Now the danger was done  
And the town safe again.

The firefighters glowed  
With the praises of Nell.  
Spoons dipped in Joe’s chili,  
Ears aimed toward the bell  
That would summon anew  
All the crew with the cry,  
“There’s a fire. Call Chief Nelly  
O’Malley O’My!”

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