

We have traversed every turning,  
Over flat, ravine and hill,  
To where waters white were churning  
O'er the dam at Woodley's mill,  
There is where we went in swimming  
And the waters on us poured,  
Then our cup of joy was brimming,  
With the mirth it did afford.

Often on its careful workers  
Bear Creek played its merry pranks,  
Carried off their lines of jerkers  
And did overflow their tanks,  
Carried off sidewalks and bridges ;  
Various things which we deplore,  
Piled them up in heaps and ridges  
Somewhere on the distant shore.

Now a steel bridge meets expansion  
Be thy waters rough or still ;  
Evergreens by Fairbank's mansion  
Grow all up the lofty hill.  
Great improvements there are now found,  
More especially in that part  
Of fair Glenview and the golf links,  
Home of J. L. Englehart.

Poets ryhmed of Afton waters,  
Banks and braes of Bonnie Doon,  
But they were not sons or daughters  
Of our own Petrolia town.  
Some have vaunted the St. Mary,  
That great river at the Soo,  
Which in beauty rich doth vary—  
P'raps Bear Creek they never knew.

Other rivers may be clearer  
Than thou art in many parts,  
But there's none we know that's nearer  
Or is dearer to our hearts.  
Let them sing of other rivers,  
Tiber, Danube or the Rhone,  
Through our minds the thought now quivers  
That Old Bear Creek is all our own.

Scenes which in the past did perish  
To return to us no more ;  
But in memory deep we cherish  
Golden youthful days of yore.  
Some one yet may write thy story  
And the tale need not be weak,