

COMING HOME—PETROLIA OLD BOYS' REUNION.

They're coming, they're coming from far, far away
And every state of the Union,
They're coming to meet us a visit to pay
And join in our Old Boys' Reunion.
They'll come from all continents, every zone
And many an isle of the oceans,
Coming to meet the fond friends they have known
And share in our home town's devotions.

Chorus—

They're coming to meet us, to share in our joys,
Their names would fill many a folio,
They're coming to greet us, the old girls and boys
Will meet in the town of Petrolia.

In Austria, Australia, is many a band
Of our drillers so trusty and tried,
In Russia, in Persia, in every land
On the earth do our drillers reside,
Our boys of the swivel, the rope-pole and wrench,
The cow-sucker drill, slipper-out,
Who handle the lever on a stained rustic bench,
And always know what they're about.

Strong in our memory the old time does loom
With the drillers whom then we did know,
The time when our oil fields so greatly did boom
And the oil rock so freely did flow ;
Sad is the change has occurred since that day,
Our pleasure is now tinged with pain ;
But our drillers are coming then let us be gay,
Our Old Boys' will come home again.

Our old girls and boys whom we knew long ago
At the time when our oil fields were new,
Now we will meet them, our locks flecked with snow
And join in a glorious review.
O'er the globe are they scattered and many did roam
Far, far from the place of their birth,
To the town of Petrolia they're now coming home
From all the known parts of the earth.

Some have been absent for many long years,
They went in their youth and their prime,
Now we may meet them their eyes filled with tears
For the vanished loved friend o' lang syne ;
Then let us cheer them while with us they stay,
And hold with them friendly communion,
The old girls and boys with their hair turning gray,
Who will meet in our Old Boys' Reunion.