

Which poured down old Bear Creek's banks ;
For the oil did rise in columns
From the gushers through the air,
And poured down Bear Creek in volumes
To the waters of St. Clair.

Looking back how oft we rue it,
That such waste they did allow,
How much better we could do it ;
If we had those gushers now.
'Twas in the days of spring-pole kicker,
When they dug down to the rock ;
Praps the modern crowd may snicker,
And those early efforts mock.

Oh we had to learn by stages
Different things we had to do,
And old timers could fill pages
With what youngsters never knew.
There at Oil Springs we did tarry,
Till the boom was almost played,
Then away our goods did carry
In the year of the Fenian raid.

Over hill and creek and valley
That is now Petrolia town,
Where the oil men then did rally,
And some wells were putting down ;
Hopwood, Noble, Fairbank, Lancey
Built their mansions on the peak
Of the hills which they did fancy
By the banks of Old Bear Creek.

Oft we by thy banks did ramble
To the cow-bells clanking chime,
Driving kine through brush and bramble,
Homeward at the milking time ;
Chasing squirrels or hunting bunny,
Hawes or ground nuts, fragrant leek,
Robbing wild bees of their honey,
On the banks of Old Bear Creek.

Oh ! we traveled through the ooze slime
Heard the blue-jays warning call,
Going a-fishing in the springtime,
Going a-hunting in the fall ;
On the banks we've eaten berries
Till almost too full to speak,
Wild plums, wild grapes and choke cherries,
All were found on Old Bear Creek.