

COME HOME ! OLD BOYS' REUNION.

Come back to old Petrolia
In August nineteen-eight,
Our old boys, perhaps they told you
Are going to celebrate.
Come and hear our celebration,
Some of our old boys band
Will meet you at the station,
Extending the glad hand.

Chorus—

Then come, let us enroll you
With old boys of renown !
Come back to old Petrolia
The drillers native town.

For many a band of drillers
To foreign fields are sent,
They'll come home from every country,
From every continent.
Our boys of drill and lever,
Of swivel and slipper-out,
So daring and so clever,
The boys who will win out.

They'll come from all over Canada
The States and Mexico,
From Trinidad and Java,
From Sumatra, Borneo,
From Africa, from Egypt,
Australia, New Zealand,
From Austria, Russia, Persia
And India's coral strand.

We have yet some famous oilmen
Who in boom times played a part—
Noble, Jenkins, Fairbank,
McCort or Englehart.
If you come and join us,
In going down the street
You'll meet John Kerr, John Fraser,
Ed. Archer or Jim Peat.

You'll meet with A. C. Edward,
With the Lowerys have a word,
With Dale, Canneff or Branston,
Joe Armstrong, Pollard, Gurd ;
We cannot mention all the names ;
In this short home-spun rhyme,
But come ! join our reunion
And have a glorious time.