

'Tis a fine brick rig, both strong and big,
Great machinery therein dwells ;
It has pumped away by night and day
Two-hundred and forty wells.
Though oft in the night we received a fright
From the whistle's loud alarm,
Which means to awake and fix the brake
At the rig on Englehart's Farm.

It takes many hands to go round the land,
For they stretch far and wide ;
Around the wells we toil or till the soil
For they farm some on the side.
At seven o'clock we go to work
From the boiler house so warm,
And each goes out on his daily route
Round the wells on the Englehart Farm.

Wheelhouses fine on the double line
Are built o'er every wheel,
And we oil the pins e'er the wear begins,
Or they may grind and squeal ;
These lines run forth from south to north,
Reaching out like a mighty arm,
As the wheels are worked the wells are jerked
All over Englehart's Farm.

Then climb the banks look in the tanks,
If a well has not proper show
Have its number scored on the blackboard
To let the pump-gang know ;
For the wells must go to keep up the flow
Or they may come to harm ;
As it appears o'er thirty years
They have done on Englehart's Farm.

For many years in joy and fears
We worked round the oil wells,
So long did stay we are turning grey
On that property of J. L's.
It seems a home so oft we come
In sunshine or in storm,
And we hope and pray that long will pay
The wells on Englehart's Farm.

THE OLD MARTHAVILLE SCHOOL.

The old Marthaville school did adorn her
At a time when buildings were plain ;
It stood on a lot by the corner
As you came out of Shoemaker's lane ;