



# Sing Along!

## Oil On The Brain

Composed in 1864 by Joseph E. Winner  
First published song of the Oil Boom

(Stanzas 1, 2, and 8 are featured on track #2 of the CD *Oil Fever: Music of the Pennsylvania Oil Boom* performed by the Franklin High School Black Knight Band and directed by Steve Johnston.)

**The Yankees boast that they make clocks, Which “just beat all creation;”  
They never made one could keep time, With our great speculation.  
Our stocks, like clocks, go up with a spring, Wind up, run down again;  
But all our strikes are sure to cause “oil on the brain.”**

**Chorus:        Stock’s par, stock’s up, Then on the wane;  
                  Everybody’s troubled with “oil on the brain.”**

**There’s various kinds of oil afloat, Cod liver, Castor, Sweet;  
Which tend to make a sick man well, And set him on his feet.  
But ours a curious feat performs; We just a well obtain;  
And set the people crazy with “oil on the brain.”**

**Chorus:        Stock’s par, stock’s up, Then on the wane;  
                  Everybody’s troubled with “oil on the brain.”**

There’s neighbor Smith, a poor young man, who couldn’t raise a dime;  
Had clothes which boasted many rents, And took his “mip” on time.  
But now he’s clad in dandy style, Sports diamonds, kids, and cane;  
And his success was owing to “oil on the brain.”

Chorus:        Stock’s par, stock’s up, Then on the wane;  
                  Everybody’s troubled with “oil on the brain.”

Miss Simple drives her coach-and-four, And dresses in high style;  
And Mister Shoddy courts her strong, Because her “Dad’s struck ile.”  
Her jewels, laces, velvets, silks, Of which she is so vain,  
Were bought by “Dad” the time he had “oil on the brain.

Chorus:        Stock’s par, stock’s up, Then on the wane;  
                  Everybody’s troubled with “oil on the brain.”

-OVER-

You meet a friend upon the street; He greets you with a smile,  
And tells you, in a hurried way, He's "just gone into ile."  
He buttonholes you half an hour; Of course you can't complain,  
For you can see the fellow has "oil on the brain."

Chorus:        Stock's par, stock's up, Then on the wane;  
                  Everybody's troubled with "oil on the brain."

The lawyers, doctors, hatters, clerks, Industrious and lazy,  
Have put their money all in stocks, In fact, have gone "Oil Crazy."  
They'd better stick to briefs and pills, Hot irons, ink and pen;  
Or they will "kick the bucket" from "oil on the brain."

Chorus:        Stock's par, stock's up, Then on the wane;  
                  Everybody's troubled with "oil on the brain."

Poor Mrs. Jones was taken ill' The doctors gave her up.  
They lost the confidence they had; In lancet, leech, and cup.  
"Affliction osre long time she bore," Physicians were in vain;  
And at last expired of "oil on the brain."

Chorus:        Stock's par, stock's up, Then on the wane;  
                  Everybody's troubled with "oil on the brain."

**There's "Maple Shade," "Excelsior," "Bull Creek," "Big Tank," "Dalzell,"  
And "Keystone," "Star," "Venango," "Briggs," "Organic," and "Farrell,"  
"Petroleum," "Saint Nicholas," "Cornplanter," "New Creek Vein."  
Sure, 'tis no wonder many have "oil on the brain."**

**Chorus:        Stock's par, stock's up, Then on the wane;  
                  Everybody's troubled with "oil on the brain."**



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