

WAGNER VALE.

You may sing of the storied Rhine,
With its castles by the score;
Of Italy's sunny clime
Or Hellas' classic shore;

But I'll sing of a lovely vale,
'Neath Oregon's brightest sky—
A fair sequestered dale,
Where I would live and die.

You may sing of the grand old Alps,
Crowned with eternal snow,
And the mighty glacial caps
That threaten the vales below;

But Wagner's towering peak,
With rapturous song I'll greet;
And the shady glens I'll seek,
That nestle at his feet.

You may sing of the Grampian Hills,
The pride of every Scot;
How the Highlander's bosom thrills
With love for his mountain cot;

But I'll sing of the rugged heights
That guard our grand retreat,
And the awe-inspiring sights
That on every hand you meet.

You may sing of the tropic isles
In the far Pacific sea,
Where the balmy air beguiles
The heart to melody;

But in wandering near and far,
No better clime I've found,
And I thank my lucky star
For the good things that abound.

No lovelier maids than ours
Are found in any land,
From Eden's flowery bowers,
To India's corai strand.

Our matrons are most fair,
As all the men will say;
Dispute it none would dare,
For the Old Nick would be to pay.

Our babes are all "so sweet,"
And "bouncing big" withal;
Not elsewhere will you meet
With babies that never squall.

Our boys are gallant and gay,
So all the girls confess;
They can spark from eve till day
Without a moment's rest.

Our men are learned and wise,
Indeed they're men of note—
Ever ready to advise
Their neighbors how to vote.

Our hoods are jolly rakes;
There like cannot be found

For capturing pies and cakes
That are lying loose around.

Of our clergy, too, I'd speak—
The best in all the state,
For through them one can seek
The route to the Golden gate.

The dudes of Wagner Vale
Are imported from the states,
They're sent right through the mail
At regular postage rates.

Our upper-tens are great,
As none will e'er dispute,
They're known all o'er the state
From Talent to the Butte.

The fruits of our lovely vale
Are known from shore to shore,
And the codlin moth and scale
But make them prized the more.

Our roads cannot be beat,
Go where e'er you may;
They are so soft and deep
And nary a toll to pay.

And the schools of Wagner vale
Are indeed the very best,
For they can give points to Yale
Or to any of the rest.

So now my song I've sung,
By proxy though it be;
My duty I have done
And once more I am free.

Sung by W. J. Dean (largely assisted
by Miss. Emma Abbott) at the Talent
Literary club, December 29, 1893.

Tune: Life on the Ocean Wave.

FRANK HASTY,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

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