

# WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON



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PUBLISHED by PERMISSION of VICTOR KREMER CO., CHICAGO  
Music Section, CHICAGO SUNDAY EXAMINER, Aug. 18, 1907. Pages 17-20

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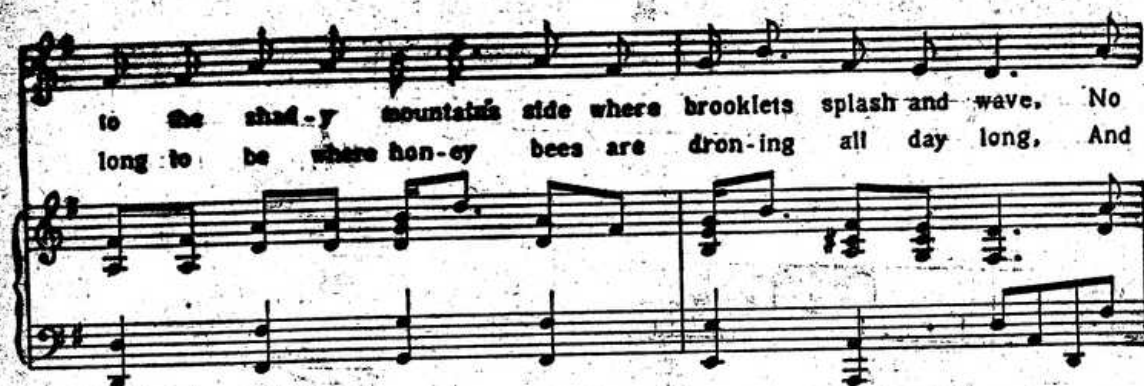
Music by GLENN W. ASHLEIGH

*Andante moderato*

To - night my ebb - ing tho'ts are drift - ing back to O - re - gon. Re  
In mem - ry I can pic - ture her, the girl I dear - ly love, Who  
call - ing hap - py days I spent while there; Neath smiling skies of azure blue, where  
promis'd that my own she'd be some day; I vow'd for e'er to be as true to  
brightly shines the sun, The dear old state where roses scent the air. Back  
her as stars a - bove, Tho' from her side I might be far a - way. I

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to the shad-y mountain side where brooklets splash and wave. No  
long to be where hon-ey bees are dron-ing all day long. And



dear-er spot in all this world I know; 'Tis  
breez-es seem to mur-mur in the trees; Where



there where his-try tells us of a chief-tain's daugh-ter brave. Who  
for-est birds are sing-ing, fill-ing all the air with song. Where



led the way for white men long a-go.  
roll the or-e-gon with seem-ing ease.

REFRAIN

Oh, in fan-cy I hear singing, from the church where bells are ringing I can

see the rus-tic bridge I stood up on; For my

sweetheart I am yearning, she a-waits my home re- turning. Oh, I

*rit*  
long to be where rolls the O-re-gon.

Oregon

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