They lie in Oak Hill Cemetery just outside of New Hartford, oblivious of storm and sunshine, deprivation and plenty, and pain. But I like to think they know that they sleep in the land of their early dreams and hopes, America, and know, too, that their children and children's children enjoy in that same dear land the blessings of liberty in law.

"IOWA THE BEAUTIFUL"

Arrangement by L. C. BOWERS*

Air: "America the Beautiful"

Our Iowa, dear Iowa, a hundred years of life;
    A century of hopes not fears;
    Of peace and war and strife;
    Oh Iowa, loved Iowa, what progress she has made;
Her men who toil, who till the soil;
    Of nothing are afraid.

Oh Iowa, our Iowa, a commonwealth supreme;
    Proud of her fields of corn she yields;
    Rich as a poets dream;
Our Iowa, loved Iowa, formed by the hand divine;
Mend all our flaws; obey our laws;
    And all our deeds refine.

Oh Iowa, our Iowa, with wealth in herds of swine;
    Of hams and chops, and garden crops;
    And fruits of many kind;
Oh Iowa, our Iowa, with blessings all supreme;
And crown thy good with brotherhood;
    From stream to shining stream.

Oh Iowa, dear Iowa, with milk from lowing kine;
    Such liquid gold will strength unfold;
    Best food for man or swine;
Oh Iowa, our Iowa, with blessings all supreme;
There's good in every neighborhood.
    From stream to shining stream.

Oh Iowa, fond Iowa, her youth's united band;
    Her boys and girls in 4-H Clubs;
    Head, Heart and Health and Hand;
Oh Iowa, fond Iowa, God keep them as they grow;
Stay near their side and there abide;
    Their path of duty show.

* Dedicated by Mr. Bowers, to the Centennial of Iowa's admission to the Union, on December 28, 1946.