

## IOWA—"BEAUTIFUL LAND."

TACITUS HUSSEY.

A song for our dear Hawkeye State!  
 Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"  
 As a bird sings of love to his mate,  
 In Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"  
 The land of wide prairies and trees;  
 Sweet clover and humming of bees,  
 While kine breath adds perfume to these,  
 In Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"

The corn fields of billowy gold,  
 In Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"  
 Are smiling with treasure untold,  
 In Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"  
 The food hope of nations is she,  
 With love overflowing and free  
 As her rivers, which run to the sea,  
 In Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"

Her tale of the past has been told,  
 Of Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"  
 The future is not yet unrolled,  
 Of Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"  
 The past! How high on fame's scroll  
 She has written her dead heroes' roll!  
 The Future! Fear not for thy goal,  
 O Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"

Then sing to the praise of our God  
 Of Iowa—"Beautiful Land,"  
 And our fathers, whose feet early trod  
 This Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"  
 A land kissed by sunshine and show'rs;  
 Of corn lands, wild roses and flow'rs—  
 Oh! thrice blessed land, this of ours!  
 Our Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"

*Chorus.*

Crown her! Crown her! Crown her!  
 Crown her with corn, this Queen of the West,  
 Who wears the wild rose on her breast;  
 The fairest, the richest and best!  
 Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"  
 Iowa—"Beautiful Land!"

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Oh say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—  
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,  
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?  
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
 Gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there.  
 Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?  
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:  
 'Tis the star-spangled banner—oh, long may it wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
 A home and a country should leave us no more?  
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution!  
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;  
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

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