## THE SONGS THAT WERE SUNG.

## AMERICA.

REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH.

My Country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

My native country thee, Land of the noble free,— Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills. Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee, Author of liberty, To thee I sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God our King.

## THE SONG OF IOWA.

MAJOR S. H. M. BYERS.

You ask what land I love the best, Iowa, 'tis Iowa, 'tis Iowa, The fairest state of all the west, Iowa, O' Iowa.

From yonder Mississippi's stream To where Missouri's water's gleam O'! fair it is as poet's dream, Iowa, in Iowa.

See yonder fields of tasseled corn, Iowa, in Iowa, Where plenty fills her golden horn, Iowa in Iowa.

See how her wondrous prairies shine, To yonder sunset's purpling line, Othappy land, Othappy land, Othappy land, Othowa.

And she has maids whose laughing eyes, Iowa, O! Iowa.
To him who loves were Paradise, Iowa, O! Iowa.
O! happiest fate that e'er was known, Such eyes to shine for one alone, To call such beauty all his own, Iowa, O! Iowa.

Copyright of Annals of Iowa is the property of State of Iowa, by & through the State Historical Society of Iowa and its content may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites or posted to a listsery without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email articles for individual use.