

The Iowa Home Note

Hark! the meadow-lark is singing
From the weathered haycock's ledge,
And the robin in the orchard
Blithely carols forth his joy;
While the turtle-dove is calling
From the tangled osage hedge,
And the cardinal is whistling
Like a happy barefoot boy.

And the song that floats triumphant
From the meadow and the lane
Is the song of rustling cornfields
Where the winds of midday sigh,
'Tis the song of Iowa prairies —
Gilded seas of waving grain
When the round red sun is setting
In a glowing opal sky.

'Tis the song of Iowa rivers
With their sunlit wooded hills,
And of roadsides decked with blossoms
That would grace a hallowed shrine.
'Tis the throbbing Iowa Home Note
That reverberates and thrills
In the farm and village echoes —
Just as in your heart and mine.

BERTHA M. H. SHAMBAUGH