

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,
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,
O! happy land, O! land of mine,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

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.

Go read the story of thy past,
Iowa, O! Iowa,
What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast!
Iowa, O! Iowa.
So long as time's great cycle runs,
Or nations weep their fallen ones,
Thou'lt not forget thy patriot sons,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

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