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The Iowa Home Note

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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