"STATE SONG," "CORN SONG," and "IOWA—BEAUTIFUL LAND"

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"STATE SONG," "CORN SONG," AND "IOWA—BEAUTIFUL LAND"

The Iowa official state song is "The Song of Iowa," words by Maj. S. H. M. Byers of Des Moines, more recently of Los Angeles, California, air "Maryland, My Maryland." It was made the official state song by the Thirty-fourth General Assembly, 1911, as shown by the journals as follows:

[Charles J.] Fulton of Jefferson called up concurrent resolution relative to state song and moved its adoption.

Whereas, The patriotic song of Iowa by S. H. M. Byers has for years been sung in all the schools of the state and on thousands of public occasions, political and social, and wherever Iowa people come together in other states, therefore be it,

Resolved, By the House, the Senate concurring, that it be hereby declared to be recognized as the state song.

Motion prevailed and resolution was adopted.—House Journal, March 18, page 1085.

Senator [John B.] Sullivan called up the House concurrent resolution relative to a state song.

Senator Sullivan moved that the Senate concur in the House concurrent resolution.

Motion prevailed.—Senate Journal, March 24, page 1058.

"The Iowa Corn Song," while not legally adopted as an official song, has attained national fame. The original stanza was written by George E. Hamilton, and the music arranged by J. T. Beeston, both of Des Moines, for the Shrine pilgrimage to Los Angeles in 1912, and sung for the first time then. Mr. Hamilton and his friends have added additional lines from time to time until the words and music (pages 54 and 55) are in current use.

Another Iowa song that attained great popularity and which has been used on many state occasions is "Iowa—Beautiful Land," by Tacitus Hussey, a pioneer printer, newspaper writer and poet of Des Moines. Music for it was written by Hon. Horace M. Towner, now governor of Porto Rico. It was copyrighted in 1899.
The Song of Iowa.

\*\*Der Tannenbaum.\*\* (My Maryland.)

By S. H. M. Byers.

1. You ask what land I love the best, I-o-wa, 'tis I-o-wa, The
   fair-est State of all the west, I-o-wa, Of I-o-wa, From
   her gold-en corn, I-o-wa, in I-o-wa. See

2. See you-der fields of tasselled corn, I-o-wa, in I-o-wa, Where
   Pren-ty fills her gold-en horn, I-o-wa, in I-o-wa. See
   you-der Mis-sis-sip-pi's stream To where Mis-sou-ri's wa-ters gleam O!
   how her won-drous prai-ries shine To you-der sun-set's pur-pling line, O!

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

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

\*\*Der Tannenbaum,\*\* the old air to which this song is sung, was a popular German Student's song as early as 1819. It had been a Volks song long before that, even. During our Civil War, the Southerners adapted it to the song "My Maryland."
Iowa Corn Song

Let's sing of Grand ol' I-O-WAY, Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho, Our
Our land is full of ripening corn, Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho, We've
love is stronger ev'ry day, Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho So
watched it grow both night and morn, Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho. But
one a long and join the throng, Sev'ral hundred thousand strong, now
we rest, we've stood the test, All that's good we have, the best,
IOWA SONGS

As you come just sing this song, Yo - ho yo - ho, Yo - ho yo - ho. We're from
I - o - way has reached the crest, Yo - ho yo - ho, Yo - ho.

CHORUS
I - o - way, I - o - way, State of all the land,

Joy on ev - 'ry hand. We're from I - o - way,

That's where the tall corn grows. We're from grows.

Chorus Borrowed from "Travelling," by George Boeder.
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IOWA—“BEAUTIFUL LAND.”

Words by TACITUS HUSSEY.
Des Moines, Iowa.

Music by H. M. TOWNER.
Corning, Iowa.

In March Time.

PIANO.

Solo, or Voices in Unison.

1. A song for our dear Hawkeye State!
   In Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   Of Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   Of Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   As a bird sings of love to his mate.
   Are smiling with treasures untold.
   The future is not yet unrolled,
   And our fathers, whose feet early trod
   In Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   Of Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   Of Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   Of corn lands, wild roses, and flowers—

2. The corn-fields of hill-low gold,
   Of Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   Of Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   Sweet clover and humming of bees,
   With love overflowing and free
   She has written her dead heroes roll!
   Of corn lands, wild roses and flowers—

3. Her tale of the past has been told,
   Of Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   Of Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   As her rivers, which run to the sea,
   The Future! Fear not for thy goal,
   Oh! thrice blessed land, this of ours!
   Of corn lands, wild roses and flowers—

4. Then sing to the praise of our God,
   Of Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   Of Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   While kine breathe adds perfume to these,
   As her rivers, which run to the sea,
   Our Iowa—“Beautiful Land;”
   Of corn lands, wild roses and flowers—

The land of wide prairies and trees;
The food hope of nations is she,
The Past! How high on fan's scroll
A land kissed by sunshine and showers;
With love overflowing and free
She has written her dead heroes roll!
Of corn lands, wild roses and flowers—

Copyright, 1899, by Tacitus Hussey, Des Moines, Iowa.
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!"