

THE IOWA ROSE

Ada Hayden

Beyond the Mississippi
Where the slow Missouri flows,
In the land of the Des Moines river
There blooms the Iowa Rose;
Not in the early springtime,
Not when the gold leaves fall,
But the summer's radiant sunshine
The rose from the rosebud calls.

In the days when the prairie schooner
Steadily wound its trail
Thru the wide expanse of grassland
Where sang the lark and quail;
Roses grew while our fathers
Toiled thru the sunny day
Gathering grass with the flowers
Into mounds of fragrant hay.

Roses sailed with the Iowa*
Out on the deep blue waves,
over the rolling ocean
On our ship the emblem made.
The rose which grows by the wayside
And also lives in our hearts,
Is the choosen flower of Iowa
And grace to her life imparts.

*Harlan, E. R. Annals of Iowa. Ser. 3, 15: 547-501. 1926

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