

"Iowa Corn Song"

Let's sing of Grand old I-O-Way, Yo-Ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
Our love is strong-er ev-'ry day, Yo-Ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
So come a-long and join the throng, Sev-'ral hun-dred thou-sand strong
As you come just sing this song, Yo-Ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

We're from I-O-way, I-O-way. State of all the land
Joy on ev-'ry hand. We're from I-O-way, I-O-way.
That's where the tall corn grows

Our land is full of ripe-ning corn, Yo-Ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
We've watched it grow both night and morn, Yo-Ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
But now we rest, we've stood the test. All that's good we have the best
I-O-way has reached the crest, Yo-Ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

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