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The pioneers lie in their earthen beds.
Still lives their dauntless faith to do and dare,
In cities that lift high their lofty heads,
In busy towns that prosper everywhere.

What sturdy men have plowed these fertile fields,
Here in this land where pleasant rivers run—
Where wayside flowers, forests, harvest yields
Are nursed by never-failing rain and sun!

A toiling, peaceful life this people leads,
Not moved by red rebellion's scarlet leer,
Nor whirlwinds shouting sophomoric creeds.
The turmoils of the world touch lightly here.

If in some future time our country fall
On rocks of evil days, this middle land
Will lift her up, her sanity recall,
And bind her wounds as with a mother's hand.

For here we know no sections, east or west,
Or north or south. Here are the people bound
By many sacred ties to all the rest.
Here is the heartbeat of the nation sound.

Dear Indiana, always, as of old,
Keep thou thy soul unsullied as the sea,
Despising tyrants, whether mobs or gold—
Compassionate mother of a people free.