

**IC 1-2-5**

**Chapter 5. State Poem**

**IC 1-2-5-1**

**Title and text**

Sec. 1. The poem of Arthur Franklin Mapes, Kendallville, Indiana, the title and text of which are set forth in full as a part of this section, is hereby adopted as Indiana's official poem. It reads as follows:

INDIANA

God crowned her hills with beauty,  
Gave her lakes and winding streams,  
Then He edged them all with woodlands  
As the setting for our dreams.  
Lovely are her moonlit rivers,  
Shadowed by the sycamores,  
Where the fragrant winds of Summer  
Play along the willowed shores.  
I must roam those wooded hillsides,  
I must heed the native call,  
For a pagan voice within me  
Seems to answer to it all.  
I must walk where squirrels scamper  
Down a rustic old rail fence,  
Where a choir of birds is singing  
In the woodland . . . green and dense.  
I must learn more of my homeland  
For it's paradise to me,  
There's no haven quite as peaceful,  
There's no place I'd rather be.  
Indiana . . . is a garden  
Where the seeds of peace have grown,  
Where each tree, and vine, and flower  
Has a beauty . . . all its own.  
Lovely are the fields and meadows,  
That reach out to hills that rise  
Where the dreamy Wabash River  
Wanders on . . . through paradise.

*(Formerly: Acts 1963, c.220, s.1.) As amended by Acts 1982, P.L.2, SEC.6.*