

THE COUNTY COURTHOUSE “BASTION OF LIBERTY”

By Reagan Brown

As you travel the roads of Iowa, in fact throughout the land,
You'll come to towns called county seats where an impressive building stands.

It's called the county courthouse, that's the title which she bears
Proud guardian of the records of the people's hopes and cares.

Her lawn may have a statue of a boy in grey or blue,
And if she's somewhat modern and perhaps a little new,
It may be a 1918 doughboy or a lad of World War II.

She's the emblem of our freedom, this building on the square,
With her clock and sometimes pigeons, as she looks so peaceful there.

It's the place where names are recorded when baby comes to make us glad.
And here the last notation is written when death's angel makes us sad.

It's the place the youngsters head for, when they prepare to say I vow.
And it's the showdown place for trouble, that wrinkles many a brow.

It's the bastion of our freedom, where it may be jail or bail,
And it's where neighbor judges neighbor on justice lawful scale.

Here you will find the judge and sheriff and of course you will note the clerks,
It's America's best example of how “grass roots democracy” works.

A salute to the county courthouse, and a lusty cheer,
For a symbol of freedom and the traditions we hold so dear.

Perhaps it's wrong for poets to her a feminine touch,
But in a way she mothers things that touch our lives so much.

God bless the county courthouse, and please always keep it near,
Lord keep it always open, and keep its purpose clear.