

THE OLD SPANISH TRAIL

From where the flowers of Florida
Smile on the southern Gulf,
To where the Arizona hills
Are rich with copper pelf,
And then to where the western shores
Greet the incoming sail,
The road of glory twines its way—
The good Old Spanish Trail.

The lure of gold, the hope of fame,
That drew the Spaniard on,
That stealed his heart to high emprise
Are never, never gone.
But still today they beckon plain
O'er mountain, hill and dale,
And still the ranks of chivalry
Sing on The Spanish Trail.

—F. F. M. in the Bisbee Review.