

From San Antonio to Ft. Stockton, on west to El Paso,
Stands the Key of Texas on the borders of Mexico.

Across from El Paso at Juarez mission bells, which three centuries ago
Were brought from Spain to the New World to teach Indian converts
to know

The time for prayers and vespers, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass,
Still greet the passing travelers who in its old doorways pass.
The carvings at Our Lady of Guadalupe, at Juarez in Mexico,
The five-foot walls of adobe—all entrall you so.

Silently you wonder at the patience of those men
Who left all their hearts held dearest to win pagan souls from sin.
That gave to those barefoot friars the courage to do and dare
Hardships, famine, wild beasts, to bring Christianity everywhere
Among ferocious Indian tribes; brave forests, mountains, plains,
'Twas an age of religious heroism, when not costs were counted—
but gains.

Ysleta, on the Rio Grande, was below Santa Fe,
The seat of the Franciscan Missions, that over Texas and New
Mexico held sway.

After Indian raids, Ysleta was moved near El Paso;
Twelve miles to the east they built it, safe from savage foe.
Still a landmark is Ysleta on The Old Spanish Trail which goes
Thru the little medieval city, around which the river flows.

Then followed thru the decades the settlements in New Mexico;
Take a side trip to Santa Fe nestling in the foothills low.
Clustered about the Plaza are adobes of other days,
Looming faint in the half-light of the sunset's colorful rays.