

*Red*  
original  
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 steeled his heart to high emprise  
Are never, never gone,  
But still today they beckon plain  
To those who dare to fail  
And still the ranks of chivalry  
Sing on the ~~old~~ Spanish Trail.

---F.F.M. in the Bisbee Review.

*Revised -*

*Over mountain, hill and dale,*