

In the old Governor's Palace, the museum of New Mexico  
Offers interesting relics of Indian, Spanish and Pueblo.  
Here General Lew Wallace wrote his famous book, Ben Hur,  
Taking his description from scenes which nightly occur.  
On the low, flat roofs of the houses, after the sun goes down,  
The soft notes of guitar and violin are heard in Mexican town;  
Mingling with singing voices or happy children at play,  
In the cool sweet breeze from the mountains, which comes at the  
close of day.

From El Paso west to Tombstone; relic of lawless days now passed;  
Of those famous "bad men," cow-punchers and Indian scouts, the  
last.

Into Tuscon with its missions, San Xavier del Bac  
And San Jose de Tumacacori, a picturesque ruin black.  
Westward thru the Rockies the Trail passes the Pueblos old,  
Sought by Coronado, the seven fabled cities of gold.  
Tucson northwest to Phoenix, among canyons and valleys you go;  
Visit Roosevelt Dam; see the waters of irrigation flow,  
Transforming the American Desert into a Garden of Paradise;  
Where were sage brush and cactus now are fruits, vegetables, rice.

See the ruins of Aztec Houses, the Hieroglyphic Rocks,  
Cactus National Park, the Indian Mounds, the marvelous bird flocks.  
Take a side trip to the Grand Canyon, one of the wonders of the  
world,  
Thru the ages the forces of Nature have carved and hurled  
Asunder the mighty Rockies, forming a chasm gigantic,  
Midway on the American continent, between the Pacific and the  
Atlantic.