

Nestling in all the valleys, forty miles apart,
The old missions of California are sanctuaries for the lovers of art.
Los Angeles, the City of the Angels, with its little mission church,
San Gabriel offers its treasures to those who for relics search.

Along the Trail in California, from San Diego to Sonomo,
The broad expanse of the Pacific with its unceasing ebb and flow
Fascinates the travelers as they slowly pass along,
And ever the mighty ocean sends forth a continuous song.
In California, Texas, Florida or the lands between,
The Missions are sacred relics of a mighty Power unseen.

Do you ever stop and consider—You of Today—
The stupendous undertaking of those Padres of Yesterday?
With artistic conception and refinement that would grace any
civilized land,
They built in the mighty wilderness monuments which thru time
still stand.
Cement and stone construction, seemingly impossible, were met
And accomplished by Indians on which lately the darkness of
savagery had set.

What a journey it has been! From orange groves to orange groves,
By orchards, plantations, ranches, sheep and cattle droves.
Thru the Arizona wonderland, over the Continental Divide,
Copper mining, mountain marvels, touching hands with Mexico, you
ride.
Thru romantic Louisiana and the Old South of other days,
Over bayous, thru swamps and forests, sunrise and sunset haze.

Oh! brown-robed Franciscan Fathers, Oh! Conquistadores;
Down the lapsing years of history your spirit protectingly soars—
Over the Trail of Yesterday, where seekers for pleasure or health,
From the sunrise to the sunset, follow in your footsteps to wealth.