

In fifteen sixty-five Menendez founded St. Augustine,  
The oldest landmark in our country, four centuries it has seen.  
Out from here the Franciscan Fathers among the Indians worked,  
Building missions in the forests, where their savage converts lurked.  
Deep in the woods is a mission of oyster-shell cement,  
Far up the Altamaha River in Georgia they went;  
Near the Council Mounds of the Indians, a dangerous place to be,  
These intrepid Franciscan Fathers from no danger would flee.

Across the Suwanee River, famed in story and song,  
Amid orange groves and blossoms, bees humming all day long;  
Thru De Funiak Springs and Quincy with its tobacco plantations,  
To Pensacola, a strategic point, with its modern naval stations.  
By the mysterious springs of Wakulla and into Tallahassee,  
Named for an Indian chieftian, who in days ago roamed free.  
From St. Augustine to Tampa, thence to Jacksonville,  
West to Tallahassee and Mobile, The Spanish Trail wanders at will.

From the Rio Grande to Mobile came de Narves in fifteen twenty-two,  
Now the seaport of Alabama, on the Delta it rises to view  
The broad expanse of The Mobile, Raft, Spanish, Tensaw,  
And Apalachee Rivers, spreading out like a gigantic claw;  
To the north, large swamps of cypress and gum oppose the way;  
To the south, the Gulf of Mexico and Mobile Bay.  
On the eastern shore at Fairhope, beautiful summer homes abound;  
On the western shore Coden and Bayou de Batre are found.