

The City Hall is remodeled from an old Spanish Market quaint;
The Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception is Gothic without taint,
Reminiscent of French occupation, which in seventeen twenty-one
Spread its influence over the city, like the rays of the setting sun.
Beautiful colonial residences line the wide, shady streets;
Rambling about thru the city, scenes of other days one meets.
Once the home of Father Ryan, the beloved poet-priest;
His songs still live in memory, though his golden voice has ceased.

Now thru French-Spanish country, skirting the Gulf for miles;
The lapping waters bathe the trail, the cool breeze offers its wiles.
To Biloxi with its fish canneries; to Bay St. Louis quaint
With its old-world reminiscences, named for France's saint.
Thru the Satsuma orange belt and the paper shell pecan,
Thru Alabama and Mississippi, to Louisiana on.
To the land of Evangeline, Longfellow's immortal poem;
Among gnarled and moss-draped cypresses the lights and shadows
roam.

Into the Crescent City: The Cabildo attracts your sight;
Here the transfers of Louisiana were made without a fight.
And in the old Cabildo Lafayette was entertained,
When, as a guest of the city, in New Orleans he remained.
Around the Place d'Armes, now called Jackson Square,
The Old St. Louis Cathedral and the Court buildings share,
With fine Pontalba rows flanking the two other sides
Of the square where General Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, rides.