

San Antonio, the City of Missions, settled by De Leon;  
Here The Alamo—Thermopylae of Texas—world-wide is known.  
And San Jose, a mission, built by the King of Spain,  
A classic of architecture, two hundred years has lain.  
Sixty years were they building this marvel of the New World;  
In its arches, domes and towers wondrous beauties are unfurled.  
Fine carvings on door and window by Huicar, artist for the King,  
Sent to do the sculpturing. Their praises to God still sing.

On The Old Spanish Trail thru Texas many brave ones have gone;  
Friars, soldiers, emigrants, westward have passed thereon.  
From water-hole to water-hole wearily the slow plodding ox-teams  
went,

Or freighters heavily laden with goods from Mexico sent.  
And ever, ever lurking beside the lonely trail  
Were reptiles, beasts and Indians. In treachery the wagon-trains  
they hail.

A white flag uplifted, "Amigo—friend" they call.  
Woe to those who listen, it means a massacre for all.  
On many such scenes at a water-hole the curtain of darkness falls,  
While lurking in the distance a coyote to its mate calls.  
White bones glistening in the sunlight; wagons in crumbling decay,  
Mutely tell their story to others who pass that way.

Aside the road are fields of flowers—purple, gold and blue—  
Verbenas, daisies, bluebonnets, covered with morning dew.  
Their fragrance fills the air about; white mists drape the hills at  
dawn;  
Thru canyons deep the rivers flow, ever, ever on.