

Fred Crawford

"By the mission wall"

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There's a story that is told of two lovers old and grey
As they gazed on the old mission wall
Through this veil of memories they recall those happy
days and this legend
That the stones may never fall

By the mission wall, in a Spanish town, two lovers go
what may
As they walk along by the mission wall their two hearts
seem to say
I'll always love you I'll be true while the mission wall
stands
Till the storms have turned to dust and mixed with the
desert sands

By the mission wall, as they walk along
You could hear the padre say a prayer
Just as long as love is passing by may the mission wall
still be there

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