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"A Famous Old Song" by Warrow R. Duin

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By Warren R. Davis

A Famous Old Song.

Johnston's wife of Louisiana !
Johnston's wife of Louisiana !
The fairest flower that ever bloomed
In Southern sun or gay Savannah.
The Inca's blood flows in her veins,
The Inca's soul her bright eyes lighten,
Child of the Sun, like him she reigns
To cheer our hopes, and sorrows brighten,
Johnston's wife of Louisiana !
Johnston's wife of Louisiana !
The fairest flower that ever bloomed
In Southern sun or gay Savannah.

Johnston's wife of Louisiana !
Johnston's wife of Louisiana !
She hath a way to win all hearts,
And bow them to the shrine of Anna.
Her mind is radiant with the lore
Of ancient and of modern story;
And native wit in richer store
Bedecks her with its rainbow glory.
Johnston's wife of Louisiana !
Johnston's wife of Louisiana !
She hath a way to charm all hearts,
And bow them to the shrine of Anna !

Johnston's wife of Louisiana !
Johnston's wife of Louisiana !
The hapless bard who sings her praise
Now worships at the shrine of Anna !
'Twas such a vision, bright but brief,
In early youth his true heart rended;
Then left it, like a fallen leaf,
On life's most rugged thorn suspended.
Johnston's wife of Louisiana !
Johnston's wife of Louisiana !
The hapless bard who sings her praise
Wept tears of blood for such as Anna !