

Half your charm men do not see
 'Twas reserved for such as we,
 In the pools below the rocks,
 There we played in nature's frocks,
 And were all so glad to be
 "Free—free."



(Mill Pond and Iron Bridge at Frelighsburg.)

Every overhanging tree
 Bends a bough to snatch a kiss,
 And in every sunny place
 Bull-frog comes with blooming face;
 By his smile we see 'tis bliss
 To be "free—free,"

'Tis a joy indeed to see
 Feathered flocks and finny schools,
 All within so small embrace,
 Tell me, will you? where the place
 Where so many in the pools,
 And yet, so "free—free?"