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THE BAREFOOT,

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

LESSINGS on thee, little man. Barefoot boy with cheek of tan! With thy turned-up

pantaloons, And thy merry whis-

tled tunes; With thy red lips red-

der still, Kissed by raspberries

on the hill;

With the sunshine on thy face,

Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace. From my heart I give

thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot
boy!

Let the million-dollared ride!

Barefoot, trudging at his side,

Thou hast more than he can buy

In the reach of ear and eye—



THE BAREFOOT BOY.