

You were free to carry me
 On your bosom long ago,
 With the comrades who now rest
 Nestled close beside your breast,
 Soothed by your tones that flow
 "Free--free!"



(Boating at Stanbridge East.)

You're descended from the "Free;"
 Tho' you whisper it to day
 Shying round among the hills,
 Yet, you're caught to run the mills,
 Vainly now you seem to say:—
 "Free-e—free!"

For it always seems to me
 That your nature is to play—
 That your voice is one of pain
 While you grind the farmers grain,
 Only at the close of day
 Are you "free—free."