

MEET ME AT THE BRIDGE

BY JESSIE FREELING

WHILE WAITING FOR MY FRIEND ONE DAY UPON OLD ARCH CREEK'S SHORE,
MY MIND SLIPPED DOWN THAT TIMELESS STREAM TO WHAT HAD BEEN BEFORE.
I SAW THE AGES MEETING THERE BECAUSE THE ROCK RIDGE LED
TO SUCH A PLACE OF BEAUTY, THAT EVERYBODY SAID,

(CHORUS)

"MEET ME AT THE BRIDGE. THE NATURAL LIMESTONE BRIDGE.

MEET ME AT THE BRIDGE AT OLD ARCH CREEK.

MEET ME AT THE BRIDGE, THE LITTLE NATURAL BRIDGE,
THE NATURAL BRIDGE WHERE ALL THE GOOD FRIENDS MEET."

I THOUGHT ABOUT THE POTTERY MADE TWO THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE.

AND OF THE BOLD WHO MADE IT HERE UPON OLD ARCH CREEK'S SHORE.

WE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THEM OR WHAT KIND OF LIVES THEY LED.

BUT ONE THING IS QUITE CERTAIN, I'M SURE THEY MUST HAVE SAID, (CHORUS)

FROM IMPLEMENTS AND ORNAMENTS AND POTS THEY LEFT BEHIND,

WE SEE THEIR CULTURE AND THEIR ART SHOWS THEIR CREATIVE MIND.

ALL THROUGH THE BYGONE CENTURIES THERE'S LITTLE THAT WE KNOW,

BUT FROM THESE FRAGMENTS OF THE PAST, YES, THEY WERE HERE WE KNOW.

THE LITTLE CREEK FLOWED FRESH AND CLEAR, FOOD PLANTS GREW AT ITS SIDE

AND DOWNSTREAM THERE WERE CRABS AND CONCHS BESIDE THE BAY'S SALT TIDE.

THE SEMINOLES FOUND LOGS AND THATCH AND PLENTIFUL SUPPLY.

THE WOODS WERE FULL OF ANIMALS. OH, HEAR THE HUNTERS CRY,

MEET ME AT THE BRIDGE (CONT.)

I THOUGHT ABOUT CANOERS HIDING 'NEATH ITS SHADY SPAN.

THIS HELPFUL LITTLE BRIDGE WAS ALWAYS PRACTICAL FOR MAN.

AS PIONEERS CAME SOUTHWARD I CAN HEAR THE HOOFBEATS TREAD:

AND CHEERY FRIENDLY GREETINGS FOR THOSE PIONEERS ALL SAID,

FOR PICNICS THEY WOULD GATHER UNDER SHADY OAKS AND MOSS.

OF COURSE, THIS WAS THE MEETING PLACE, THE PLACE WHERE YOU COULD CROSS

AND THEN THERE WAS THE RUMBLE OF MISTER FLAGLER'S TRAIN

THE FOLK WHO CAME HERE ON IT MUST HAVE SUNG THIS SAME REFRAIN,

IT WAS A PLACE FOR SINGING GAY NINETIES BALLAD TUNES.

OR HYMNS OF PRAISE, OR MOURNING, OR LOVE BENEATH THE MOON:

FOR CHRISTENINGS AND FUNERALS, AND WEDDING VOWS WERE SAID.

THE CHURCHES HELD THEIR MEETINGS HERE, AND EVERYBODY SAID,

THE MEN FOLK BROUGHT THEIR FISHING POLE, THE GIRLS THEIR BERRY PAN.

IF SOMEONE BROUGHT A FIDDLE THERE WAS DANCING ON THE SPAN.

THEY RODE THE HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THE MOCKING BIRD WAS SINGING AS THEY HARMONIZED THIS TUNE.

AND THEN CAME THE DESTROYERS WHO FILLED AND DRAINED AND TORE.

WHO FOR THE LOVE OF MONEY DESTROYED OLD ARCH CREEK'S SHORE.

MY FRIEND WAS NOW BESIDE ME, TOGETHER NOW WE PRAY,

SOME BEAUTY WILL REMAIN HERE, SO FUTURE FRIENDS WILL SAY,
(CHORUS)

MEET ME AT THE BRIDGE, THE NATURAL LIMESTONE BRIDGE,

MEET ME AT THE BRIDGE AT OLD ARCH CREEK.

MEET ME AT THE BRIDGE, THE LITTLE NATURAL BRIDGE,

THE NATURAL BRIDGE WHERE ALL THE GOOD FRIENDS MEET."