The Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth (1818)  
George F. Kiallmark (1804-1887)  
1826

Voice and Piano

Moderato

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-o-l-e-c-tion pre-

2. The moss cov-er'd buck-et I hail as a trea-sure, For of-ten at noon when re-

3. How soon from the green mos-ty rim to re-ceive it, As pois'd on the curb it re-

sents them to view, The or-chard, the mead-ow, the deep tan-gled wild-wood, And turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an ex-qui-site pleas-ure, The clin'd to my lips, Not a full flow-ing gob-let could tempt me to leave it,Tho'

ev-'ry lov'd spot which my in-fan-cy knew. The wide spread-ing stream, the pur-
est and sweet-est that na-ture can yield. How ar-dent I seized it with fill'd with the nec-tar that Ju-pi-ter sips. And now far re-moved from the
mill that stood near it, The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell. The hands that were glowing, And quick to the white peb-bled bot-ton it fell. Then loved sit-u-a-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-tru-sive-ly swell. As
cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry house by it, And e’en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
soon with the em-blem of truth o-ver-flow-ing, And drip-ping with cool-ness it rose from the well. The fan-cy re-ver-ts to my fa-ther’s plan-ta-tion, And sighs for the buck-et that hung in the well.
old oak-en buck-et the i-ron bound buck-et, The moss cov-er’d buck-et that hung in the well.