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 childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view, The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood, And ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy knew. The wide spreading stream, the purest and sweetest that nature can yield. How ardent I seized it with fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips. And now far removed from the

2. The moss cover'd bucket I hail as a treasure, For often at noon when rest's that fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips. And now far removed from the

3. How soon from the green mossy rim to receive it, As pois'd on the curb it rests the tainting musk and the dew drops. The moss cover'd bucket I hail as a treasure, For often at noon when rest's that fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips. And now far removed from the

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mill that stood near it, The bridge and the rock where the cata-ract fell. The hands that were glow-ing, And quick to the white peb-bled bot-tom it fell. Then loved situ-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-verts 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’r’d buck-et that hung in the well.