The Old Oaken Bucket

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

1826

Voice and Piano

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presses;
2. The moss cover'd bucket I hail as a treasure, For often at noon when retreats;
3. How soon from the green mossy rim to receive it, As pois'd on the curb it retreats;

sents them to view, The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood, And turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure, The clin'd to my lips, Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it, Thou'}
mill that stood near it. The bridge and the rock where the cat-a-ract fell. The hands that were glow-ing, And quick to the white peb-bled bot-tom 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-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-er'd buck-et that hung in the well.