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 child-hood, When fond rec-ol-lec-tion pre-
2. The moss cov-er'd buck-et I hail as a treas-ure, For of-ten at noon when re-
3. How soon from the green mos-sy 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

cresc.   *f*

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

mf   *dim.*

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.

ret.   *rit.*

old oak - en buck - et the i - ron bound buck - et, The moss cov - er'd buck - et that hung in the well.