

The Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth (1818)

GEORGE F. KIALLMARK (1804-1887)
1826

Voice and Piano

Moderato mp

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-

Moderato mp

4

mf

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'

mf

7

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

10 *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

13 *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.

17 *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.