

The Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth (1818)

Voice and Piano

George F. Kiallmark (1804-1887)

1826

Moderato

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child - hood, When
2. The moss cov - er'd buck - et I hail as a treas - ure, For
3. How soon from the green mos - sy rim to re - ceive it, As

Moderato

mp

mf

3 fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre-sents them to view, The or - chard, the mead - ow, the
of - ten at noon when re - turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an
pois'd on the curb it re - clin'd to my lips, Not a full flow - ing gob - let could

mf

6 deep tangled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my in - fan - cy knew. The
ex - qui-site pleas-ure, The pur - est and sweet-est that na - ture can yield. How
tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And

9 *cresc.*

wide spreading stream,—the mill that stood near it, The bridge and the rock where the
 ar - dent I seized it with hands that were glow-ing, And quick to the white peb-bled
 now far removed from the loved sit - u - a-tion, The tear of re-gret will in -

cresc.

12 *f* *mf*

cat - a - tract fell. The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house by it, And
 bot-tom it fell. Then soon with the em - blem of truth o - ver-flow-ing, And
 tru-sive - ly swell. As fan - cy reverts to my fa - ther's plan - ta-tion, And

15 *dim.*

e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.
 drip - ping with cool-ness it rose from the well. The old oak-en buck - et the
 sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well.

dim.

18 *ret.*

i - iron bound buck - et, The moss cov'er'd buck - et that hung in the well.

rit.