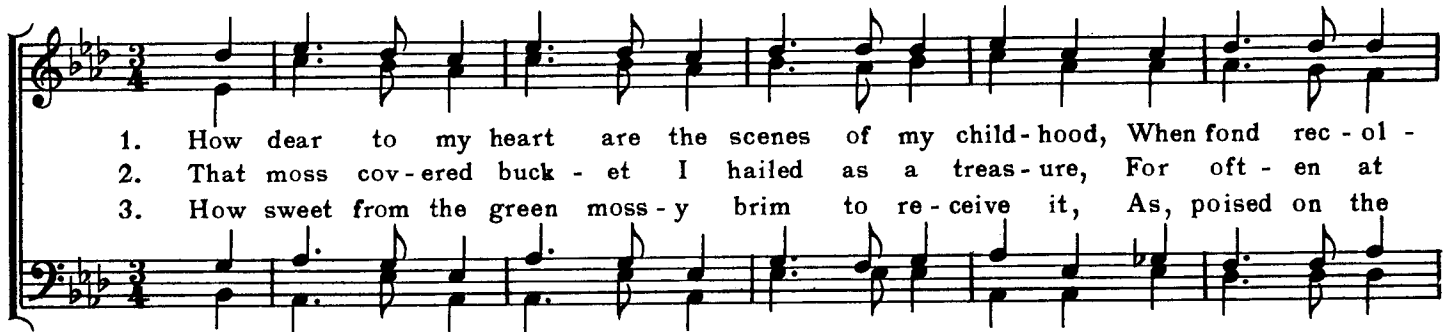


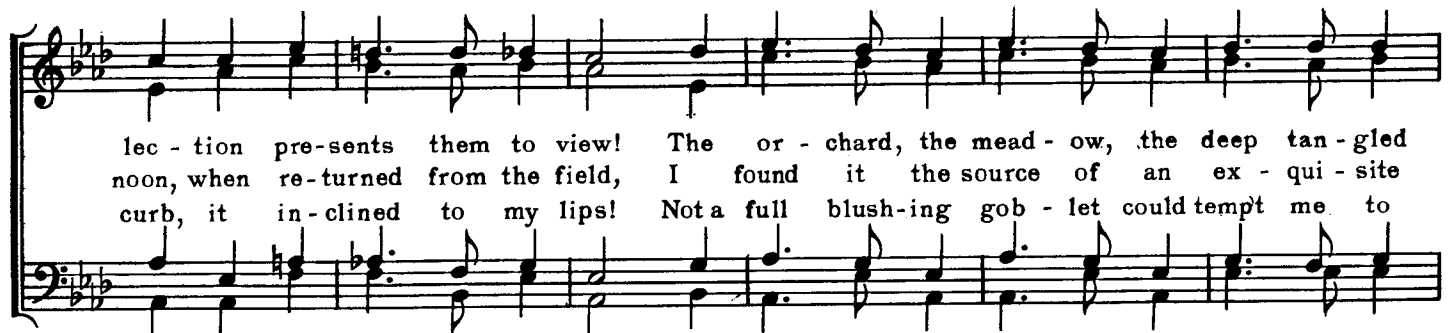
# THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Arranged by Paul Crane

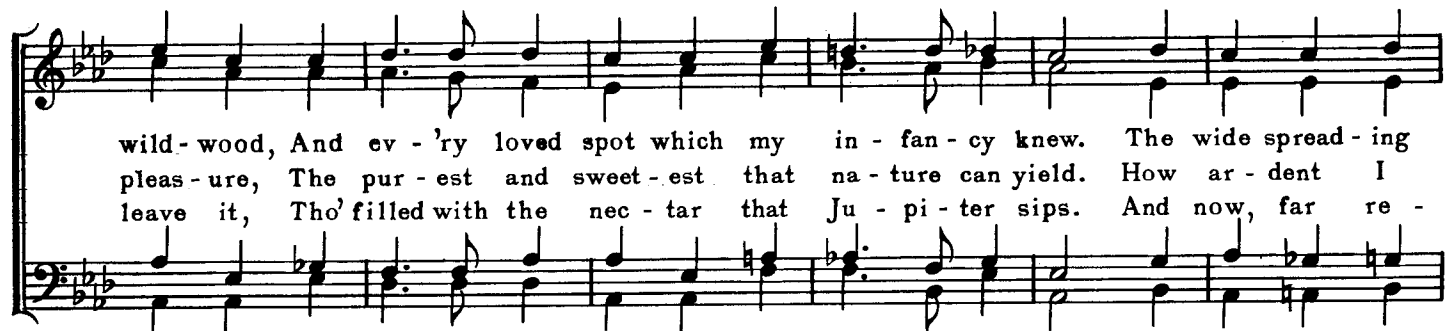
SAMUEL WOODWORTH & E. KAILLMARK



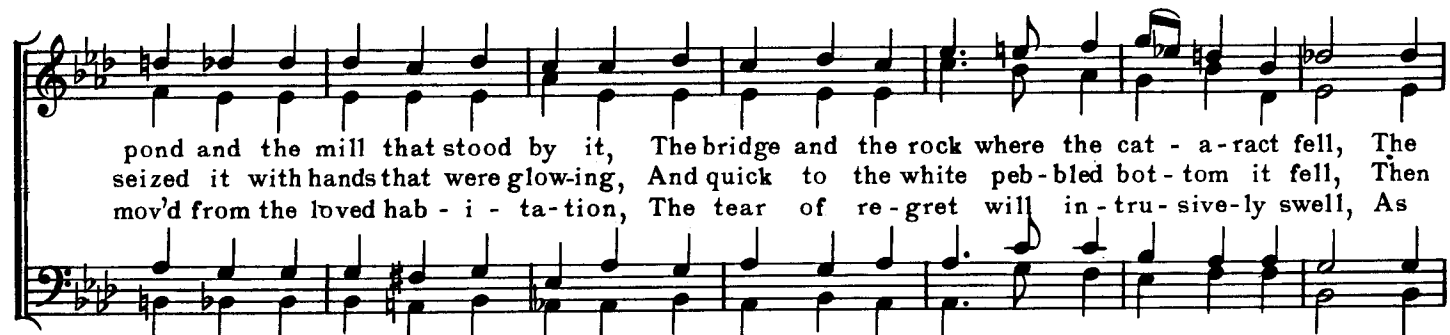
1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol -  
2. That moss cov - ered buck - et I hailed as a treas - ure, For oft - en at  
3. How sweet from the green moss - y brim to re - ceive it, As, poised on the



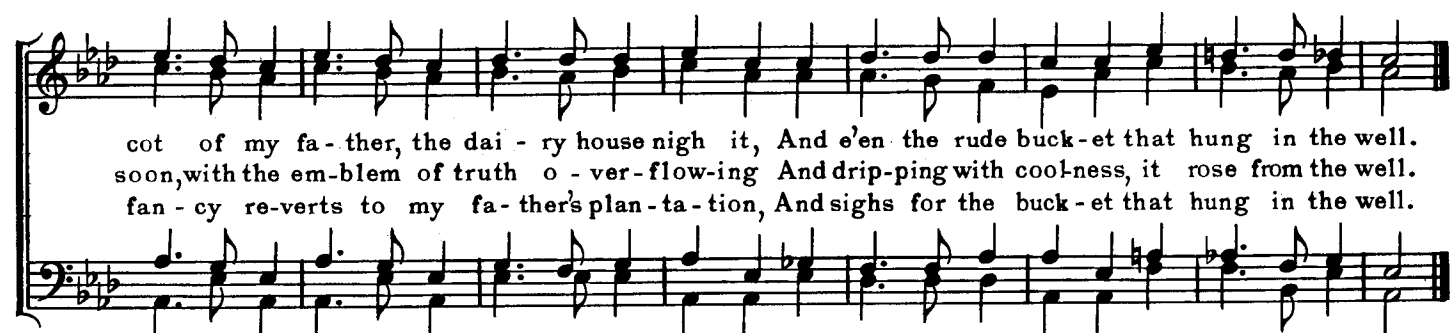
lec - tion pre - sents them to view! The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep tan - gled  
noon, when re - turned from the field, I found it the source of an ex - qui - site  
curb, it in - clined to my lips! Not a full blush - ing gob - let could tempt me to



wild - wood, And ev - 'ry loved spot which my in - fan - cy knew. The wide spread - ing  
pleas - ure, The pur - est and sweet - est that na - ture can yield. How ar - dent I  
leave it, Tho' filled with the nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And now, far re -



pond and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell, The  
seized it with hands that were glow - ing, And quick to the white peb - bled bot - tom it fell, Then  
mov'd from the loved hab - i - ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, As



cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house nigh 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.  
fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well.