

Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth

Andante

Voice

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my
or- chard, the mea- dow, the deep tan- gled

Piano

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child- hood, When fond re - col - lec - tion pre - sents them to view! The wide spread - ing pond and the
wild - wood, And ev - 'ry loved spot which my in - fan - cy knew. The cot of my fath - er, the

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mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the ca - ta - ract fell, The old oak - en
dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. The

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buck - et, The i - ron bound buck - et, The moss cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well.