

# The Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth, 1817 & Russell Conwell, 1896

Smith, 1896

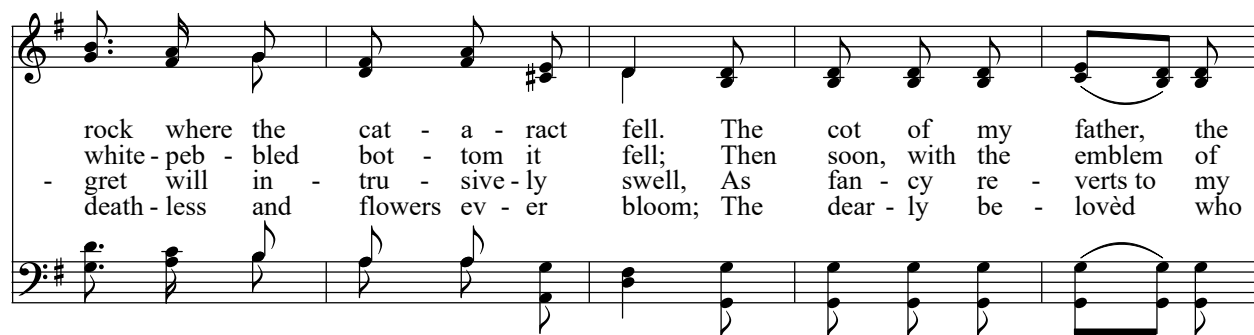
♩ = 75

1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond re-col-  
 2. The moss co - vered buck - et I hailed as a trea - sure, For oft - en, at  
 3. How sweet from the green, moss-y rim to re - ceive it As poised on the  
 4. But dear - er than foun - tain or well of our home-stead, The wa - ter of

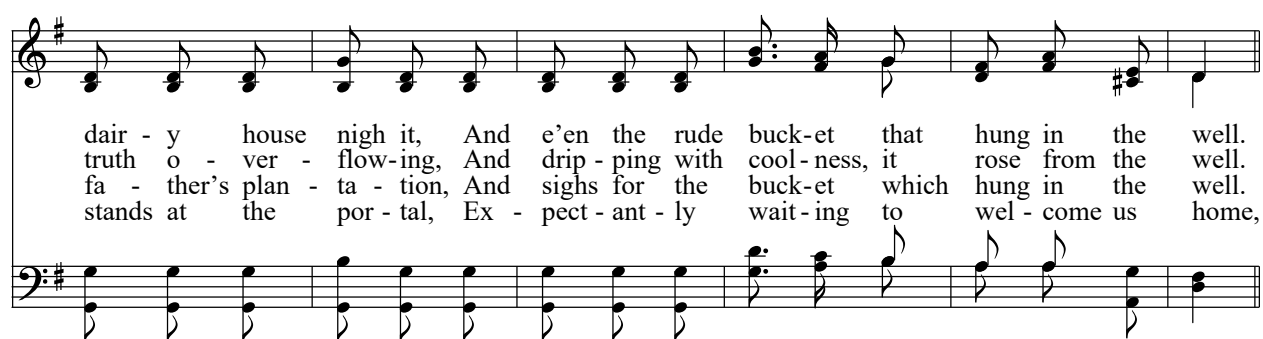
- lec - tion pre - sents them to view. The or - chard, the mea - dow, the deep tan-gled  
 noon, when re - turned from the field I found it the source of an ex - qui-site  
 curb, it in - clined to my lip; No full, blush-ing gob - let could tempt me to  
 life which our Sav - ior shall bring, And bright-er and cool - er than old oak-en

wild - wood, And ev - ery loved spot which my in - fan - cy knew. The  
 plea - sure, The pur - est and sweet-est that na - ture can yield; How  
 leave it, Tho' filled with the nec - tar that ser - a - phim sip, And  
 buck - et Are draughts of sal - va - tion from Hea - ven's clear spring; The

wide spread-ing pond, the mill that stood by it; The bridge and the  
 ar - dent I seized it with hands that were glow-ing, And quick to the  
 now, far re - moved from the loved si - tu - a - tion, The tear or re-  
 wide stretch-ing val - leys in col - ors so fade - less, Where trees are all

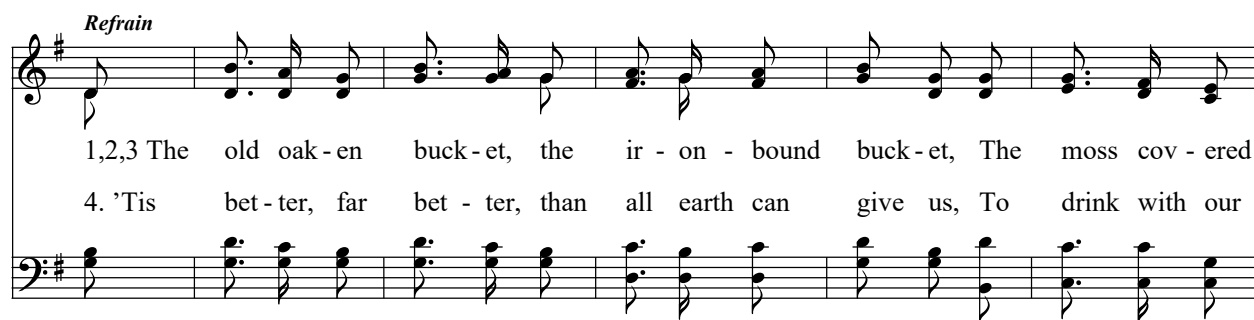


rock where the cat - a - ract fell. The cot of my father, the  
 white - peb - bled bot - tom it fell; Then soon, with the emblem of  
 - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, As fan - cy re - verts to my  
 death - less and flowers ev - er bloom; The dear - ly be - loved who

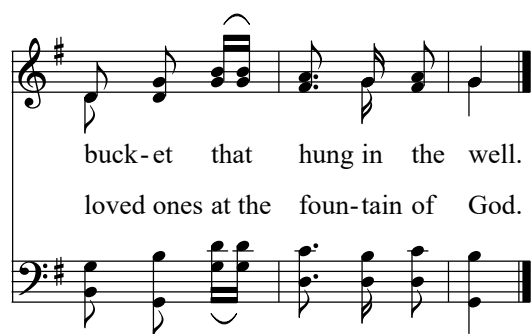


dair - y house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.  
 truth o - ver - flow-ing, And drip - ping with cool-ness, it rose from the well.  
 fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And sighs for the buck-et which hung in the well.  
 stands at the por - tal, Ex - pect - ant - ly wait-ing to wel - come us home,

*Refrain*



1,2,3 The old oak-en buck-et, the ir - on - bound buck-et, The moss cov - ered  
 4. 'Tis bet - ter, far bet - ter, than all earth can give us, To drink with our



buck-et that hung in the well.  
 loved ones at the foun-tain of God.