

Catch the Sunshine.

21

rap - id - ly a - way; It has on - ly come to tell you There is yet a brighter day
gin to say "I'm sad!" Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine! Catch it! oh, it seems so glad
come the heaving tide, There's a spark - ling gleam of sun - shine Wait - ing on the oth - er side.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

SAMUEL WOOLWORTH.

1. { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child - hood, When fond rec - ol -
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled wild - wood, And ev - ry loved

CHO.—The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron - bound buck - et, The moss - cov - ered
Fine.

lec - tion pre - sents them to view! } The wide - spreading pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in - fan - cy knew: }

buck - et that hung in the well.

by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my

fa - ther, the dal - ry - house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well.
D. C. for Chorus.

That moss covered bucket I hailed as a treasure.
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure.
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips,
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING. (Round.)

1. 2. 3. 4.

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning, Look out, look out! Fire, fire, fire, fire! Pour on water, Pour on water.