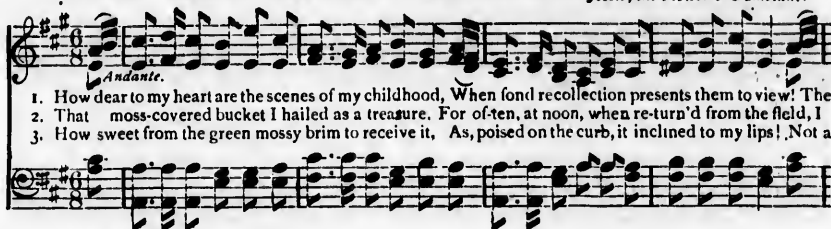


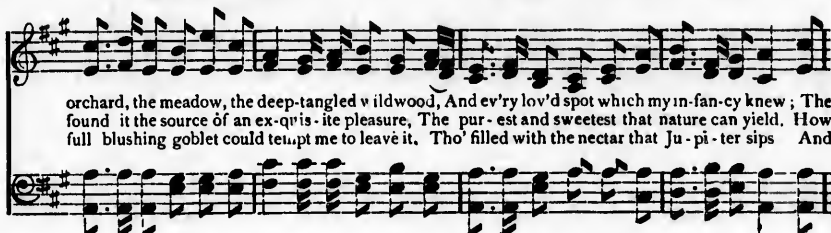
LONDON MUSICAL.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET. SAMUEL WOODWORTH.
"Jessie, the Flower of Damelane."

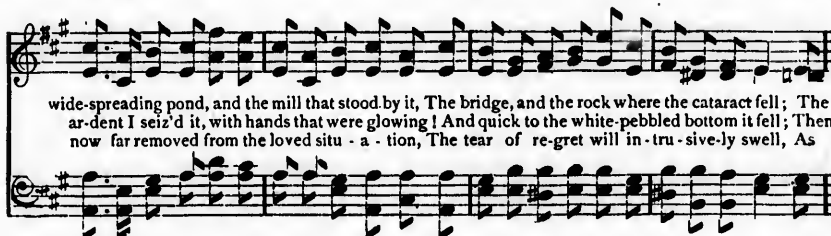
Andante.



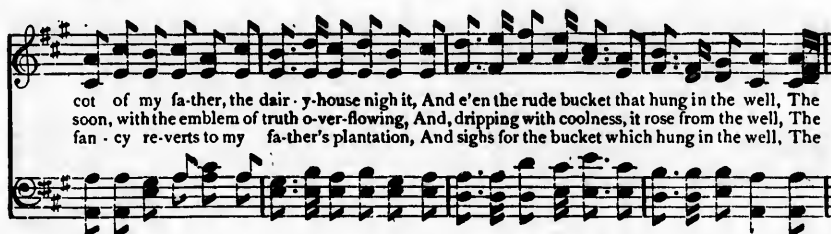
1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view! The
2. That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure. For of-ten, at noon, when re-turn'd from the field, I
3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it, As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips! Not a



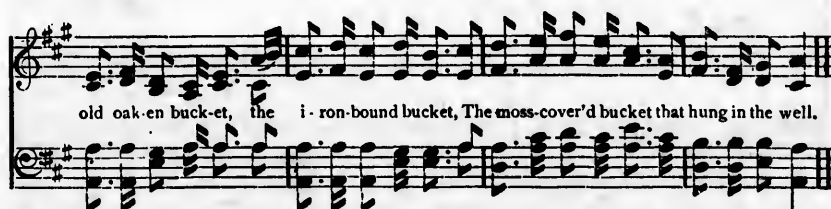
orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, And ev'ry lov'd spot which my in-fan-cy knew; The
found it the source of an ex-quis-ite pleasure, The pur-est and sweetest that nature can yield, How
full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the nectar that Ju-pi-ter sips And



wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell; The
ar-dent I seiz'd it, with hands that were glowing! And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell; Then
now far removed from the loved situ-a-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-tru-sive-ly swell, As

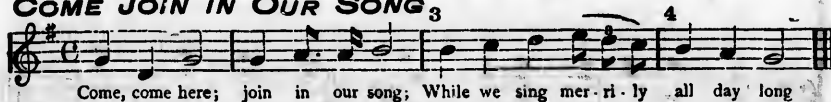


cot of my fa-ther, the dair-y-house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well, The
soon, with the emblem of truth o-ver-flowing, And, dripping with coolness, it rose from the well, The
fan-cy re-verts to my fa-ther's plantation, And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well, The



old oak-en buck-et, the i-ron-bound bucket, The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.

COME JOIN IN OUR SONG ₃



Come, come here; join in our song; While we sing mer-ri-ly all day long