

The Old Oaken Bucket - song lyrics

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THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood.
When fond recollection recalls them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket-the iron-bound bucket-
The moss-cover'd bucket which hung in the well.

The moss-cover'd vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when return'd 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 bands 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;
The old oaken bucket-the iron-bound bucket-
The moss-cover'd bucket arose 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,
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy revisits my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket-the iron-bound bucket-
The moss-cover'd bucket which hangs in the well.