

# The Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth, 1817 & Russell Conwell, 1896

Smith, 1896

♩=83

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  
noon, when re-turned from the field I found it the source of an  
curb, it in-clined to my lip; No full, blush-ing gob-let could  
life which our Sav-ior shall bring, But bright-er and cool-er than

deep tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-ery loved spot which my in-fan-cy  
ex-qui-site plea-sure, The pur-est and sweet-est that na-ture can  
tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the nec-tar that ser-a-phim  
old oak-en buck-et Are draughts of sal-va-tion from Hea-ven's clear

knew. The wide spread-ing pond, the mill that stood by it; The  
yield; How ar-dent I seized it with hands that were glow-ing, And  
sip. And now, far re-moved from the loved si-tu-a-tion, The  
spring; The wide stretch-ing val-leys in col-ors so fade-less, Where

bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell. The cot of my  
 quick to the white - peb - bled bot - tom it fell; Then soon, with the  
 tear or re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, As fan - cy re -  
 trees are all death - less and flowers ev - er bloom; The dear - ly be -

father, the dair - y house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that  
 emblem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it  
 - verts to my fa - ther's plan ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et which  
 - loved who stands at the por - tal, Ex - pect - ant - ly wait - ing to

*Refrain*

hung in the well.  
 rose from the well. 1,2,3 The old oak-en buck-et, the ir - on - bound buck-et, The  
 hung in the well.  
 wel - come us home, 4. 'Tis bet - ter, far bet - ter, than all earth can give us, To

moss cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well.  
 drink with the loved ones at foun - tains of God.