1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view. The orchard, the meadow, the noon, when returned from the field I found it the source of an curb, it inclined to my lip; No full, blushing goblet could life which our Savior shall bring, But brighter and cooler than
2. The moss covered bucket I hailed as a treasure, For often, at deep tangled wildwood, And every loved spot which my infancy exquisitely pleasure, The purest and sweetest that nature can tempt me to leave it, Though filled with the nectar that seraphim old oaken bucket are draughts of salvation from Heaven’s clear knew. The wide spreading pond, the mill that stood by it; The yield; How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing, And sip. And now, far removed from the loved situation, The spring; The wide stretching valleys in colors so fade less, Where
trees are all deathless and flowers ever bloom; The dearly-bereavement and regret will intrusively swell, As fancy quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell; Then soon, with 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 emblems of truth overflowing, And dripping with coolness, itverts to my father's plantation, And sighs for the bucket which loved who stands at the portal, Expectantly waiting to drink with the loved ones at fountains of God.

Refrain

hung in the well. rose from the well. 1,2,3 The old oak-en bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The hung in the well. wel-come us home, 4. 'Tis bet-ter, far bet-ter, than all earth can give us, To moss covered bucket that hung in the well. drink with the loved ones at fountains of God.