

## **The Old Oaken Bucket**

by Samuel Woodworth

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
    When fond recollection presents 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 that 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-covered bucket which hung in the well.