



The old oaken bucket

Traditional tune*

William Rhys-Herbert
(1868-1921)

Andante con espressione

S
A
T
B

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child - hood, When fond re - col - lec - tion pre -

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child - hood, When fond re - col - lec - tion pre -

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child - hood, When fond re - col - lec - tion pre -

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child - hood, When fond re - col - lec - tion pre -

**This tune is often cited as a folk or traditional melody, but it is also often attributed to George Kiallmark (1781–1835).*

The old oaken bucket

7

S
sents them to view! The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan-gled wild - wood, And

A
sents them to view! The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan-gled wild - wood, And

T
sents them to view! The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan-gled wild - wood, And

B
sents them to view! The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan-gled wild - wood, And

13

S
ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my in - fan-cy knew; The wide - spread - ing pond, — and the

A
ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my in - fan-cy knew; The wide - spread - ing pond, and the

T
ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my in - fan-cy knew; The wide - spread - ing pond, and the

B
ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my in - fan-cy knew; and the

19

S
mill which stood by it, The bridge, and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my

A
mill which stood by it, The bridge, and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my

T
mill which stood by it, The bridge, and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my

B
mill which stood by it, The bridge, and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell;

The old oaken bucket

26

S fa - ther, the dair - y-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et which hung in the well- *rit.*

A fa - ther, the dair - y-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et which hung in the well- *rit.*

T fa - ther, the dair - y-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et which hung in the well- *rit.*

B the - dair - y-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et which hung in the well- *rit.*

S The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov-er'd buck - et which hung in the well. *rit.*

A The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov-er'd buck - et which hung in the well. *rit.*

T The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov-er'd buck - et which hung in the well. *rit.*

B The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov-er'd buck - et which hung in the well. *rit.*

S That moss - cov - er'd ves - sel I hail as a treas - ure; For of - ten, at noon, when re - *mf*

A That moss - cov - er'd ves - sel I hail as a treas - ure; For of - ten, at noon, when re - *mf*

T That moss - cov - er'd ves - sel I hail as a treas - ure; For of - ten, at noon, when re - *mf*

B That moss - cov - er'd ves - sel I hail as a treas - ure; For of - ten, at noon, when re - *mf*

The old oaken bucket

47

S turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an ex - quis-ite pleas - ure, The

A turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an ex - quis-ite pleas - ure, The

T turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an ex - quis-ite pleas - ure, The

B turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an ex - quis-ite pleas - ure, The

53

S pur - est and sweet - est that na - ture can yield. How ar - dent I seized it, with

A pur - est and sweet - est that na - ture can yield. How ar - dent I seized it, with

T pur - est and sweet - est that na - ture can yield. How ar - dent I seized it, with

B pur - est and sweet - est that na - ture can yield. with

59

S hands that were glow - ing! How quick to the white - peb-bled bot - tom it fell; Then soon, with the

A hands that were glow - ing! How quick to the white - peb-bled bot - tom it fell; Then soon, with the

T hands that were glow - ing! How quick to the white - peb-bled bot - tom it fell; Then soon, with the

B hands that were glow - ing! How quick to the white - peb-bled bot - tom it fell;

The old oaken bucket

66

S em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well- *rit.*

A em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well- *rit.*

T em - blem of truth o - ver - flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well- *rit.*

B of — truth o - ver - flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well- *rit.*

73

S The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov-er'd buck-et a - rose from the well. *rit.*

A The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov-er'd buck-et a - rose from the well. *rit.*

T The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov-er'd buck-et a - rose from the well. *rit.*

B The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov-er'd buck-et a - rose from the well. *rit.*

82

S How sweet from the green, moss-y brim to re - ceive it, As, pois'd on the curb, it in-clin'd to my *mf*

A How sweet from the green, moss-y brim to re - ceive it, As, pois'd on the curb, it in-clin'd to my *mf*

T How sweet from the green, moss-y brim to re - ceive it, As, pois'd on the curb, it in-clin'd to my *mf*

B How sweet from the green, moss-y brim to re - ceive it, As, pois'd on the curb, it in-clin'd to my *mf*

The old oaken bucket

90

S lips! Not a full blush-ing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the

A lips! Not a full blush-ing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the

T lips! Not a full blush-ing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the _

B lips! Not a full blush-ing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the _

96

S nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And now, far re - mov'd from the lov'd sit - u -

A nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And now, far re - mov'd from the lov'd sit - u -

T nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And now, far re - mov'd from the lov'd sit - u -

B nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. the _ lov'd sit - u -

102

S a - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, As fan - cy re - verts to my

A a - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, As fan - cy re - verts to my

T a - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, As fan - cy re - verts to my

B a - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, As verts my

The old oaken bucket

109

S fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et which hangs in the well- *rit.*

A fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et which hangs in the well- *rit.*

T fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et which hangs in the well- *rit.*

B fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et which hangs in the well- *rit.*

115

S The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov-er'd buck - et which hangs in the well. *rit.*

A The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov-er'd buck - et which hangs in the well. *rit.*

T The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov-er'd buck - et which hangs in the well. *rit.*

B The old oak-en buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck - et, The moss - cov-er'd buck - et which hangs in the well. *rit.*

J. Fischer & Bro.
(1906)

William Rhys-Herbert (1868–1921) was born in Ffwrnas, South Wales. As a youth, he showed much musical talent and, saving his money, he bought a harmonium. He became the first organist at Jerusalem Chapel and studied with T. J. Davies of Swansea. He graduated from the London College of Music and went to Canada where he studied at Trinity University, Toronto. He emigrated to the U.S. and was appointed organist at Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and then was organist and choir director at the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis. He directed the Elks Glee Club and was principal accompanist to the Apollo Club. He composed numerous operettas for school performance, cantatas, songs, and part-songs. He also wrote choral music and piano sheet music under the pseudonym “W. H. Rees.” He died in Chicago after a brief illness at age 53.

How dear to my 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 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-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned 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 hands that were glowing!
How quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth over-flowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered 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 filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Samuel Woodworth (1784–1842)

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