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love thee, I love thee, false one, still. Still so gently o'er me

stealing, Mem'ry will bring back the feeling Spite of all my grief re-

1st time. 2d time.

vealing that I love thee, love thee still. Still, I love thee still, I

1st time. 2d time.

love thee still, I love thee still, I love thee still, I love thee still.

1. { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When  
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood, And  
The old oak-en bucket, the i-ron bound bucket, The

fond recollection presents to my view, The wide spreading pond and the  
ev'ry lov'd spot which my infancy knew, The cot of my fa-ther, the  
moss-cover'd bucket that hung on the well.

mill which stood near it, The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell, }  
dai-ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well. }

2 The moss-covered bucket 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 could yield.  
How ardent I seized it, with hands 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, &c.

3 How sweet from the green mossy rim to receive it,  
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips ;  
Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it,  
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.  
And now far removed from the lov'd situation,  
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,  
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
And sighs for the bucket which hung in the well. The old, &c.