

# The Old Oaken Bucket

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(Down to Date.)

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood  
When fond recollection presents them to view ;  
The orchard, the meadow, the dear tangled wildwood,  
And all the loved spots that my infancy knew.

Yet one thing I can but recall with a shudder—  
I wonder I live now the story to tell :  
Of how I oft drank from the old oaken bucket,  
The gerin-breeding bucket that hung in the well.

How oft as a boy, when returning from working,  
I came from the meadows where long I had toiled,  
And seized the rude bucket where microbes were  
lurking,  
To drink of the water, unfiltered, unboiled !

I have caught typhoid, marasmus, or measles ;  
I wonder that ever I lived to grow up,  
For using that unhygienic old bucket  
Instead of employing a sterilized cup.  
I thought it was sweet from the brim to receive it ;  
The draught so refreshing could not fail to please ;  
Ah, foolish I was, for I could not believe it ;  
That water no doubt contained germs of disease.

'Twas strange that in days of my earliest childhood  
The bells of the village had not toiled my knell  
For drinking bacteria out of that bucket,  
The non-sterile bucket that hung in the well.

REFRAIN.

The old oaken bucket, the germ-laden bucket,  
The death-dealing bucket that hung in the well.