


Bendemeer's Stream

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A C#m D A E7

7 A A C#m D A E7

14 A E7 A

22 C#m F#m E7 A C#m D

28 A E7 Bm E7 A

There's a bo-w-er of ro-ses, by Ben - de-meer's Stream, And the nigh - tin-gale sings 'round it
all the day long. In the time of my chil-dhood 'Twas sweet like a dream, To sit by the
ro-ses And hear the bird's song. That bow'r and its mu-sic I ne'er can for - get, But of when a -
lone In the bloom of the year I think, "Is the nigh - tin - gale sing - ing there
yet?" Are the ro - ses still bright by the calm Ben - de - meer?"

No, the roses soon withered
that hung o'er the wave,
But the blossoms were gathered
While freshly they shone,
And the dew was distilled
On the flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer -
when summer is gone.
Thus memory draws from delight
ere it dies,
An essence that breathes
of it many a year.
Thus, bright to my soul
as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bow'r on the banks
of the calm Bendemeer.