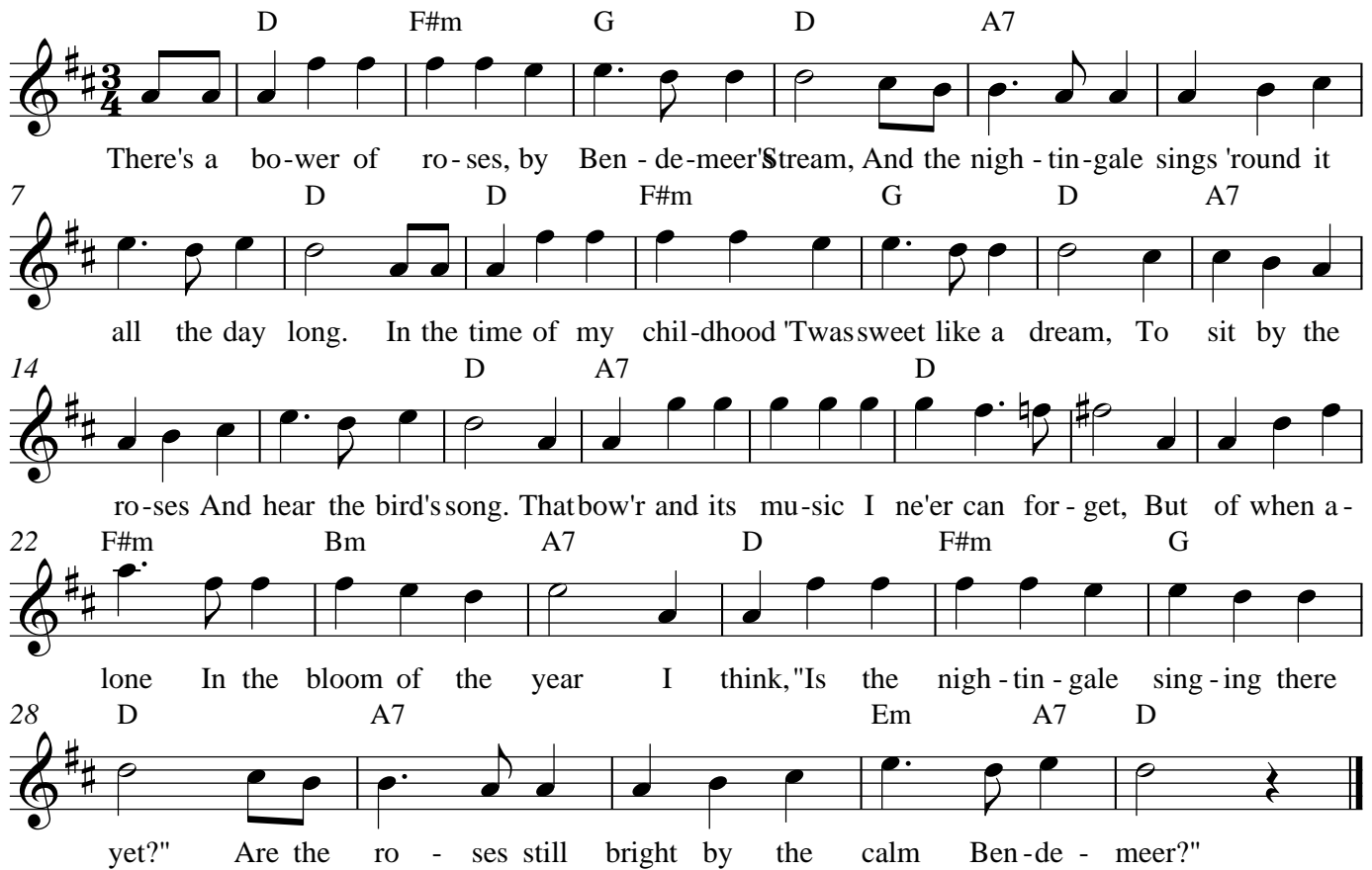


# Bendemeer's Stream

www.franzdorfer.com



D F#m G D A7

7 D D F#m G D A7

14 D A7 D

22 F#m Bm A7 D F#m G

28 D A7 Em A7 D

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.