

Bendemeer's Stream

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7 Eb Gm Ab Eb Bb7
There's a bo-wer of ro-ses, by Ben - de-meer'Stream, And the nigh - tin-gale sings 'round it
7 Eb Eb Gm Ab Eb Bb7
all the day long. In the time of my chil-dhood 'Twas sweet like a dream, To sit by the
14 Eb Bb7 Eb
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 -
22 Gm Cm Bb7 Eb Gm Ab
lone In the bloom of the year I think, "Is the nigh - tin - gale sing - ing there
28 Eb Bb7 Fm Bb7 Eb
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.