

# Bendemeer's Stream

Thomas Moore

1. There's a bow - er of ros - es, by Bend - e - meer's  
(2. No, the) ros - es soon with - ered that hung o'er the

5 Stream, And the night - in - gale sings 'round it all the day  
wave, But the blos - soms were gath - ered While fresh - ly they

9 long. In the time of my child - hood 'Twas sweet like a  
shone, And the dew was dis - tilled On the flow - ers, that

13 dream, To sit by the ros - es And hear the bird's  
gave All the fra - grance of sum - mer when sum - mer is

17 song. That bow'r and its mus - ic I ne'er can for -

## Bendemeer's Stream

21



get, But of when a - lone In the bloom of the year I

26



think, "Is the night - in - gale sing - ing there yet?" Are the

30



ros - es still bright by the calm Bend - e - meer?" 2.No, the

## Bendemeer's Stream

**G** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G**  
There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's Stream,  
**D<sup>7</sup>** **G**  
And the nightingale sings 'round it all the day long,  
**D<sup>7</sup>** **G**  
In the time of my childhood 'twas sweet like a dream,  
**D<sup>7</sup>** **G**  
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song,  
**D<sup>7</sup>** **G**  
That bower and its music I'll never forget,  
**A<sup>7</sup>** **D<sup>7</sup>**  
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,  
**G** **D<sup>7</sup>** **G**  
I think, "Is the nightingale singing there yet?"  
**D<sup>7</sup>** **G**  
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bende-meer?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,  
But some 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 mine eyes,  
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bende-meer?

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C G7 C

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(2. No, the) ros - es soon with - ered that hung o'er the

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G7

Stream, And the night - in - gale sings 'round it all the day  
wave, But the blos - soms were gath - ered While fresh - ly they

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C C G7 C

long. In the time of my child - hood 'Twas sweet like a  
shone, And the dew was dis - tilled On the flow - ers, that

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G7

dream, To — sit by the ros - es And hear the bird's  
gave All the fra - grance of sum - mer when sum - mer is

17

C G7 C

song - gone. That bow'r and its mus - ic I ne'er can for -



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Ukulele

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Stream, And the night - in - gale sings 'round it all the day  
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long. In the time of my child - hood 'Twas sweet like a  
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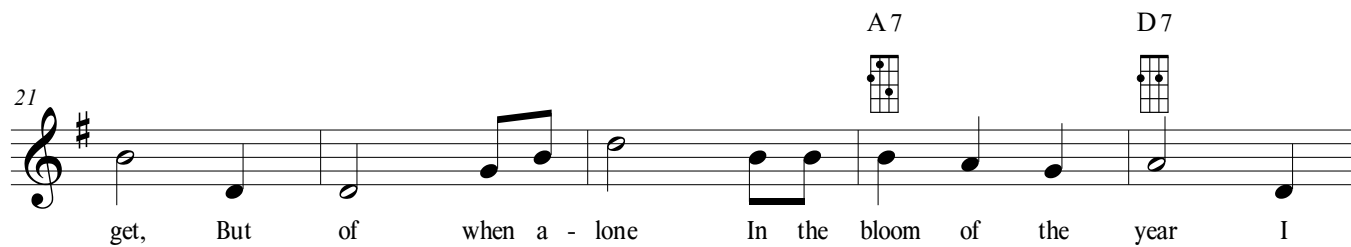
13  
dream, To — sit by the ros - es And hear the bird's  
gave All the fra - grance of sum - mer when sum - mer is

17  
song. That bow'r and its mus - ic I ne'er can for -  
gone.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of five systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a ukulele accompaniment line with chord diagrams for G, D7, and G. The lyrics are: 1. There's a bow - er of ros - es, by Bend - e - meer's (2. No, the) ros - es soon with - ered that hung o'er the Stream, And the night - in - gale sings 'round it all the day wave, But the blos - soms were gath - ered While fresh - ly they long. In the time of my child - hood 'Twas sweet like a shone, And the dew was dis - tilled On the flow - ers, that dream, To — sit by the ros - es And hear the bird's gave All the fra - grance of sum - mer when sum - mer is song. That bow'r and its mus - ic I ne'er can for - gone.

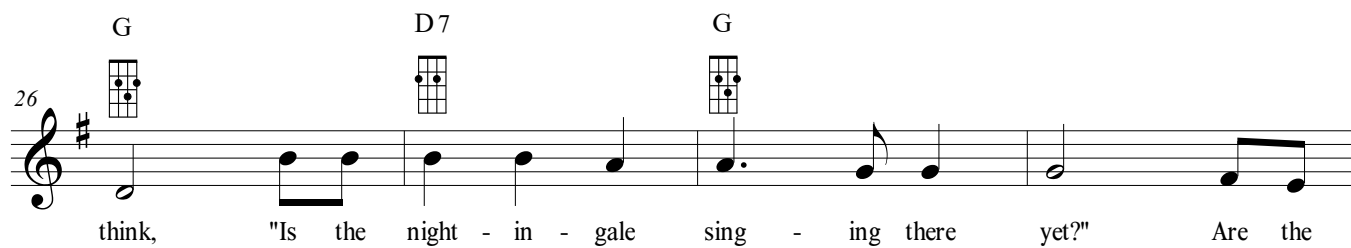
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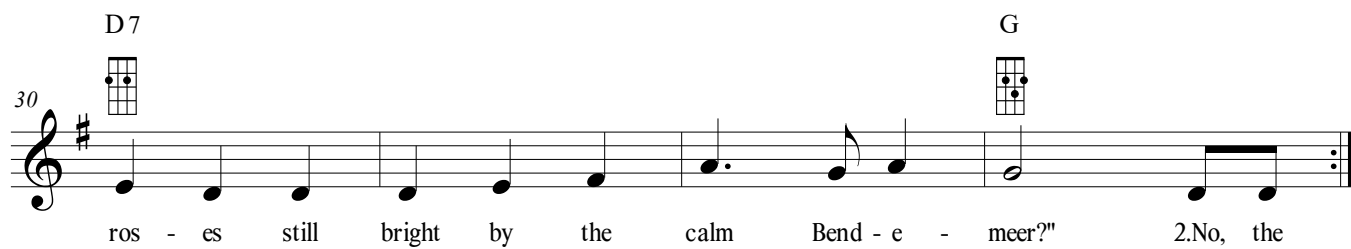
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