

1. THERE'S A BOW-ER OF RO-SES BY BEN-DE MEER'S STREAM, AND THE NIGHT-IN-LE
2. NO, THE RO-SES SOON WITH-ER'D THAT HUNG O'ER THE WAVE, BUT SOME BLOS-SOMS WERE

SINGS ROUND IT ALL THE DAY LONG IN THE TIME OF MY CHILD-HOOD TWAS LIKE A SWEET DREAM TO
GATH-ER'D WHILE FRESH-LY THEY SHONE AND A DEW WAS DISTILLED FROM FLOW-ERS THAT GAVE THE

SIT IN THE RO-SES AND HEAR THE BIRD'S SONG. THAT BOWER AND ITS MU-SIC I
FRAG-RANCE OF SUM-MER WHEN SUM-MER WAS GONE. THUS MEM-OR-Y DRAWS FROM DE-

NE - ER FOR - GET, BUT OFF WHEN A - LONE IN THE BLOOM OF THE
LIGHT ERE IT DIES AN ES - SENCE THAT BREATHES OF IT MAN - Y A

YEAR, I THINK IS THE NIGHT IN - GALE SING - ING THERE YET? ARE THE
YEAR, ~~YEAR,~~ THUS BRIGHT TO MY SOUL AND BRIGHT TO MY EYES IS THAT

RO - SES STILL BRIGHT BY THE CALM BEN - DE MEER.
BOW'R ON THE BANKS VOF THE CALM BEN - DE MEER.

V = breath