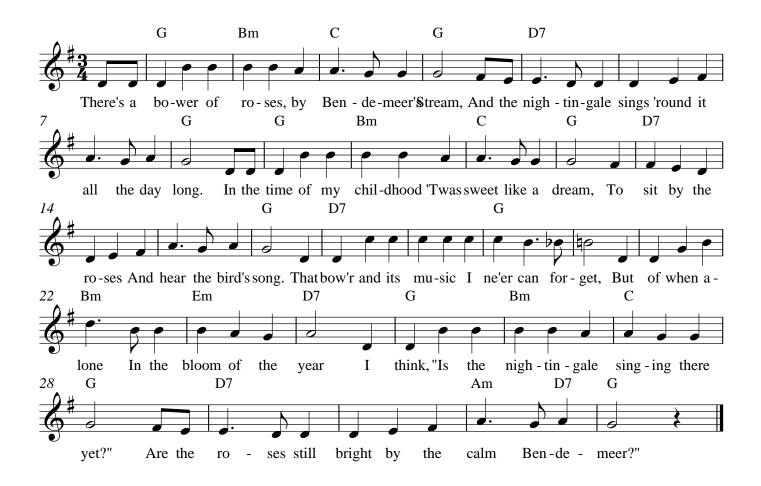
## Bendemeer's Stream

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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.