

# Bendemere's Stream

Grace Griffith

There's a bower of roses by Bendermeer's stream  
and the nightingale sings round it all the day long  
in the time of my childhood t'was like a sweet dream  
to sit in the roses and hear the bird's song  
that bow'r and it's music I never forget  
but oft when alone in the bloom of the year  
I think, Is the nightingale singing there yet  
are the roses still bright by the calm Bendermeer.

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave  
but some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they shone  
and the dew was distill'd from their flowers that gave  
all the fragrance of summer when summer was gone  
thus memory draws from delight e'er it dies  
an essence that breaths of it many a year  
thus bright to my soul as was then to my eyes  
is that bow'r on the banks of the calm Bendermeer.

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Lyrics submitted by Eamonn.

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