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.

Lyrics submitted by Eamonn.

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