BENDEMEER'S STREAM

THOMAS MOORE
B. 1779

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song
That bower and its 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 Bendeemer?

No the roses soon withered that hung over the wave
But some blossoms were gathered while fresh they shone
And the dew was distilled from their flowers that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was 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 bower on the banks of the calm Bendeemer!