

**Bendemeer's Stream**

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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 sweet like a dream,  
To sit by the roses And hear the bird's song.  
    That bow'r and its music I ne'er can forget,  
    But of when alone In the bloom of the year  
    I think, "Is the nightingale singing there yet?"  
    Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?"

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.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852) wrote these lyrics for Bendemeer's Stream.  
Around 1900 Percy French wrote the lyrics by which the tune is better  
known - The Mountains of Mourne.

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