

BENDEMEER'S STREAM

Words by
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TRADITIONAL

Moderately slow

There's a bow-er of ros-es by Ben-de-meer's
ros-es soon with-er'd that hung o'er the

stream, And the night-in-gale sings round it all the day long; In the time of my child-hood 'twas like a sweet
wave, But some blos-soms were gath-er'd while fresh-ly they shone, And the dew was dis-till'd from their flow-ers that

dream To sit in the ros-es and hear the bird's song. That bow'r and its mu-sic I nev-er for-
gave All the fra-grance of sum-mer, when sum-mer was gone! Thus mem-o-ry draws from de-light e'er it

get, But oft when a-lone in the bloom of the year, I think, "Is the night-in-gale sing-ing there
dies An es-sence that breathes of it man-y a year; Thus bright to my soul as 'twas then to my

yet? Are the ros-es still bright by the calm Ben-de-meer?" No the
eyes, Is that bow'r on the banks of the calm Ben-de-meer!

Slower

a tempo

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