

Will You Come to the Bower

The Dubliners

Will you come to the bower o'er the free boundless ocean
Where stupendous waves roll in thundering motion
Where the mermaids are seen and the wild tempest gather
To loved Erin the green, the dear land of our fathers

Will you come, will you, will you, will you come to the bower

Will you come to the land of O'Neill and O'Donnell
Of Lord Lucan of old and the immortal O'Connell
Where Brian chased the Dane and St. Patrick the vermin
And whose valleys remain still most beautiful and
Charming

Will you come, will you, will you, will you come to the bower

You can visit Benburb and the storied Blackwater
Where Owen Roe met Munroe and his Chieftains did slaughter
Where the lambs skip and play on the mossy all over
From those bright golden views to enchanting Rostrevor

Will you come, will you, will you, will you come to the bower

You can see Dublin City and the fine groves of Blarney
The Bann, Boyne, the Pillar and the lakes of Killarney
You can ride on the tide on the broad majestic Shannon
You can sail round Lough Neagh and see storied
Dungannon

Will you come, will you, will you, will you come to the bower

You can visit New Ross, gallant Wexford and Gorey
Where the green was last seen by proud Saxon and Tory
Where the soil is sanctified by the blood of each true man
Where they died satisfied that their enemies they
Wouldn't run from

Will you come, will you, will you, will you come to the bower

Will you come and awake our dear land from its slumber
And her fetters we'll break, links that long have encumbered
And the air will resound with Hosannahs to greet you
On the shore will be found gallant Irishmen to greet you

Will you come, will you, will you, will you come to the bower