

# 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