

## WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?

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

CHORUS:

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  
[Alternate: *The patriot soldiers of Tirowen and Tirconaill*]  
Where Brian drove [chased] the Danes and St. Patrick the vermin,  
And whose valleys remain still most beautiful and charming

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 mossey all over  
From those golden bright views to enchanting Rostrevor.

You can see Dublin city and the fine groves of Blarney  
The Bann, the Boyne, the Liffey, and the lakes of Killarney  
You may ride on the tide o'er the broad majestic Shannon,  
You may sail round Lough Neagh and see storied Dungannon.

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

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