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 loved Erin the green, the dear land of our fathers."
Will you come, will you, will you, will you come to the bower?

cho: 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 immortal O'Connell.
Where Brian drove the Danes and Saint 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 mossy all over,
From those bright golden views to enchanting Rostrevor.

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

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 would not run
from.

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

Recorded by Galvin
From Songs of the Irish in America, Meek