

# Come to the Bower

The Wolfe Tones

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?  
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?  
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, 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.  
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 would  
not run from.  
Will you come, will you, will you,  
Will you come to the bower?  
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.  
Will you come, will you, will you,  
Will you come to the bower?