

Shane Macgowan And The Popes

"Come To The Bower"

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Will you come to the Bower
Over the free boundless ocean
Where the stupendous waves
roll in thundering motion
Where mermaids are seen
And the fierce tempest gather
To love 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
Lord Lucan of old
and immortal O'Connell
Where Brian chased the Danes
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 see Dublin City
and the fine groves of Blarney
The Bann, The Boyne,
The Liffey and the lakes of Lillarney
You can ride on the tide
over the broad majestic Shannon
You can sail round Lough Neagh
and see storied Dungannon
Will you come, will you,
will you come to the Bower?

Will you come and awake
our dear land from ist's slumber
And her fetters we we'll break links
that long are encumbered
And the air will resound
with Hosannas to greet you
On the shores will be found
gallant Irishmen to meet you

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

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