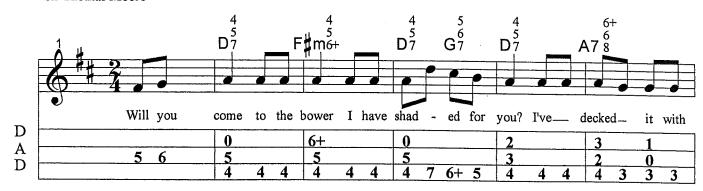
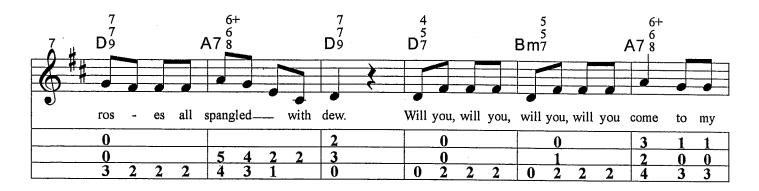
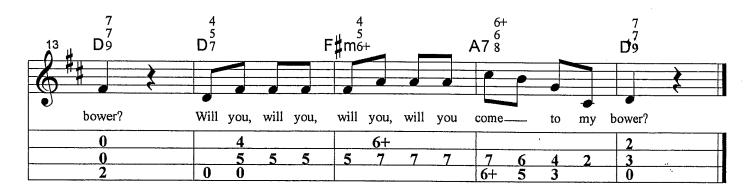
Will You Come to the Bower?

Sir Thomas Moore







Verse 2:

There, under the bower, on roses you'll rest,
While a smile lights the eyes of the girl I love best.
Will you, will you, will you,
Smile, my beloved? (repeat)

Verse 3:

But the roses so fair will not rival your cheek
Nor the dew be so sweet as the vows we shall speak.
Will you, will you, will you,
Speak, my beloved? (repeat)

Verse 4:

We'll swear mid the roses we never shall part
Thou fairest of roses, thou queen of my heart.
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Won't you, my love. (repeat)

(Also known in Texas as "The Invitation" and "The San Jacinto Quickstep.')