



Will You Come to the  
**B O W E R**

Pitts, Printer Toy and Marble Warehouse  
Great st Andrew street, seven dials

**W**ILL you come to the bower I have  
shaded for you,  
Our bed shall be roses all spangled with  
dew.  
Will you come &c.

There under the bower on roses you lie  
With a blush in your cheek but a smile  
in your eye,  
Will you, will you, &c.  
Smile my beloved.

But the roses we press shall not rivat your  
lip.  
Or the dew be so sweet as the kisses we sip  
Will you, will you, &c.

And oh for joys that are sweeter than dew  
From languishing roses or kisses from you  
Will you will you, &c!

