How Are Things In Glocca Morra

Jerry Vale

I hear a bird, Londonderry bird,
It well may be he's bringing me a cheering word.
I hear a breeze, a River Shanon breeze,
It well may be it's followed me across the seas.
Then tell me pleaseHow are things in Glocca Morra?
Is that little brook still leaping there?
Does it still run down to Donny cove?
Through Killybegs, Kilkerry and Kildare?How are things in Glocca Mora?
Is that willow tree still weeping there?
Does that lassie with the twinklin' eye
Come smilin' by and does she walk away,Sad and dreamy there not to see me there?
So I ask each weepin' willow and each brook along the way,
And each lass that comes a-sighin' too ra lay
How are things in Glocca Morra this fine day?

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