How Are Things In Glocca Morra

Rosemary Clooney

I hear a bird, a 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 Morra?
Is that willow tree still weeping there?
Does that laddie with the twinkling eye
Come whistling by? And does he walk away
Sad and dreamy there, not to see me there?So I ask each weeping willow
And each brook along the way
And each lad that comes a-whistling to relay
How are things in Glocca Morra this fine day?

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