

# 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 please How 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?

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>