

Glocca Morra

The Irish Tenors

I hear a bird, a little Derry bird
It well may be it's bringing me a cheering word
I feel a breeze, a River Shannon 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 rippling there?
Does it still run down to a Donny Cove
Through Killybegs, Kilkerry and Kildare? How are things in Glocca Morra?
Is that willow tree still weeping there?
Does the lassie with the twinkling eye go smiling by
Or does she 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 lass that comes a-sighing Tooralay
How are things in Glocca Morra this fine day? How are things in Glocca Morra?
Is that willow tree still weeping there?
Does the lassie with the twinkling eye go smiling by
Or does she 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 lass that comes a-sighing Tooralay
How are things in Glocca Morra this fine day?

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