

How Are Things In Glocca Morra

Rosemary Clooney

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 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 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?