

## Irish Tenors

### "Glocca Morra"

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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?

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So I ask each weeping willow  
And each brook along the way  
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How are things in Glocca Morra this fine day?

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