

## Kittie

### "How Are Things In Glocca Morra"

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I hear a bird,  
A Londonderry bird  
It, well, maybe he's bringing me a cheering word  
I hear a breeze,  
A river Shannon breeze  
It, well, maybe it's followed me across the sea  
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 Kenny banks,  
Kilcarrey and Kildare?  
How are things in Glocca Morra?

Is that willow tree still weeping there?  
Does that laddy with the twinklin' 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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