

Kitty Kallen

"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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