

How Are Things in Glocca Morra?/Heather on the Hill

Barbra Streisand

I hear a bird
Londonderry bird
It, well, maybe he's bringing me a cheering word
I hear a breeze
A river Shannon breeze
It, well, maybe its 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?

The mist of May is in the gloamin'
And all the clouds are holdin' still
So take my hand and let's go roamin'
Through the heather on the hill

The mornin' dew is blinking yonder
There's lazy music in the air
And all I want to do is wander
Through the heather on the hill

There may be other days as rich and rare
There may be other springs as full and fare
But they won't be the same
They'll come and go
But this I must know

How are things in Glocca Morra?
Is that laddy calling to relay?
Can we meet in Glocca Morra
Some fine day?
Some fine day