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