

Barbra Streisand, How Are Things In Glocca Morra

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Miscellaneous

How Are Things In Glocca Morra?* / The Heather On The Hill**

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