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How Are Things In Glocca Morra

Reference number PT0290

I hear a bird, Londonderry bird,
It well may be he's bringing me a cheering word.
I hear a breeze, A River Shannon breeze,
It well may be it's followed me across the seas.
Then tell me please:

How are things in Glocca Morra?
Is that little brook still leaping there?
Does it still run down to Donnycove?
Through Killybegs, Kilkerry and Kildare?

How are things in Glocca Morra?
Is that willow tree still weeping there?
Does that laddie/lassie with the twinklin' eye
Come whistlin'/smilin' by and does he/she walk away,
Sad and dreamy there not to see me there?

So I ask each weepin' willow and each brook along the way,
And each lad/lass that comes awhistlin'/asighin'
Tooralay
How are things in Glocca Morra this fine day?