HOW ARE THINGS IN
GLOCCA MORRA
from FINIAN'S RAINBOW

Slowly

Words by E.Y. HARBURG
Music by BURTON LANE

I hear a bird, London-der-ry bird, It well may be he's bringing me a cheering

word, I hear a breeze, A River Shan-on breeze, It well may be it's followed me a-cross the

seas. Then tell me please, How Are Things In Glocca

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Mor- ra? Is that lit-tle brook still leap-ing there? Does it still run down to

Don-ny cove? Through Kil-ly-begs, Kil-ker-ry and Kil-dare? How Are Things In Glo-cca

Mor-ra? Is that will-low tree still weep-ing there? Does that lad-die with the

twink-lin' eye come (whist-lin') by and does she walk a-way. Sad and dream-y there not to
see me there? So I ask each weepin' willow and each

brook along the way. And each lad that comes a-whistlin' Too-ra-

lay How Are Things In Gloc-ca Mor-ra this fine

day? How Are Things In Gloc-ca day?
times a day do I think of you?

How many roses are sprinkled with dew?

How far would I travel to be where you are?

How far is the