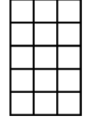


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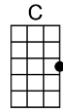
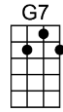
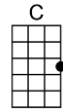
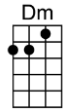
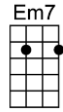
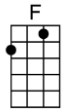
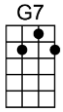
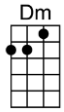
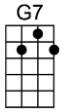


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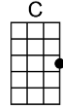
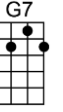
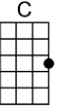
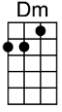
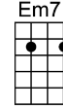
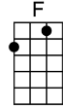
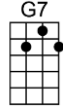
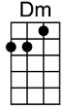
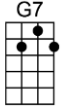
# HOW ARE THINGS IN GLOCCA MORRA

4/4

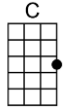
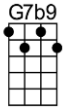
-Burton Lane/E. Y. Harburg



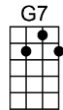
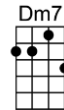
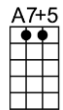
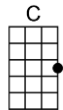
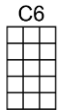
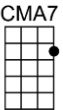
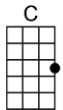
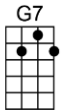
I hear a bird, a London-derry bird. It well may be he's bringing me a cheering word.



I hear a breeze, a River Shannon breeze. It well may be it's followed me a-cross the seas.

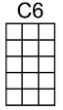
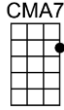
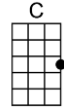
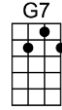
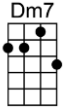
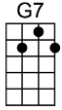
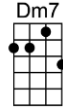


Then tell me please



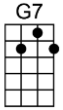
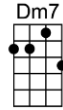
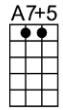
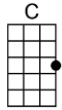
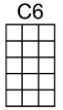
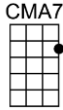
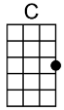
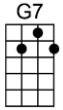
How are things in Glocca Morra?

Is that little brook still leaping there?



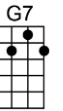
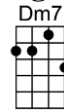
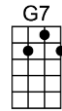
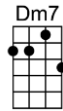
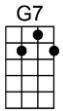
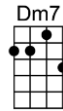
Does it still run down to Donny Cove,

through Killybegs, Kil-kerry and Kil-dare?



How are things in Glocca Morra?

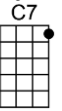
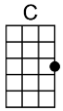
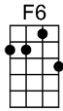
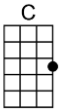
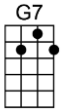
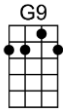
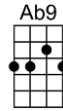
Is that willow tree still weeping there?



Does that lassie/laddie with the twinklin' eye

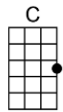
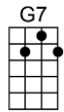
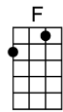
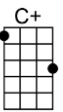
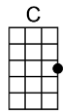
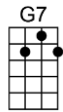
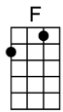
come smilin' by,

and does she/he walk a-way,



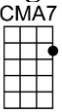
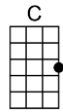
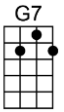
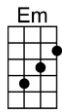
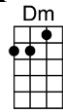
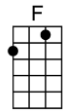
Sad and dreamy there,

not to see me there?



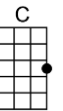
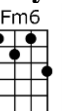
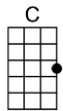
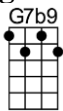
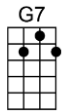
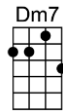
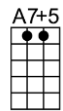
So I ask

each weepin' willow and each brook a-long the way,



And each lass/lad that comes a-sighin'

too-ra-lay



How are things in Glocca Morra this fine day?

# HOW ARE THINGS IN GLOCCA MORRA

4/4

-Burton Lane/E. Y. Harburg

G7 Dm G7 F Em7 Dm C G7 C  
I hear a bird, a London-derry bird. It well may be he's bringing me a cheering word.

G7 Dm G7 F Em7 Dm C G7 C  
I hear a breeze, a River Shannon breeze. It well may be it's followed me a-cross the seas.

G7b9 C  
Then tell me please

G7 C CMA7 C6 C A7+ Dm7 G7  
How are things in Glocca Morra? Is that little brook still leaping there?

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C CMA7 C6  
Does it still run down to Donny Cove, through Killybegs, Kil-kerry and Kil-dare?

G7 C CMA7 C6 C A7+ Dm7 G7  
How are things in Glocca Morra? Is that willow tree still weeping there?

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7  
Does that lassie/laddie with the twinklin' eye come smilin' by, and does she/he walk a-way,

Dm7 Ab9 G9 G7 C F6 C C7  
Sad and dreamy there, not to see me there?

F G7 C C+ F G7 C  
So I ask each weepin' willow and each brook a-long the way,

C+ F Dm Em G7 C CMA7 C6  
And each lass/lad that comes a-sighin' too-ra-lay

A7+ Dm7 G7 G7b9 C Fm6 C  
How are things in Glocca Morra this fine day?