Dedicated to Rita O'lochart

A Little Bit Of Heaven
Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderately, with expression

Have you ever heard the story of how Ireland got its name? I'll
'Tis a dear old land of fairies and of wondrous wishing wells; And

No

tell you so you'll understand from whence old Ireland came. No
no where else on God's green earth have they such lakes and dells. No

won-der that we're proud of that dear land a-cross the sea, For
won-der that the Ang-els loved its Sham-rock bor-dered shore, 'Tis a

6329

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Here's the way me dear old mother told the tale to me,
little bit of Heaven, and I love it more and more.

Shure, a little bit of Heaven fell from out the sky one day,
And nestled on the ocean in a spot so far away,

When the Angels found it, Shure it looked so sweet and fair,
They
said, Suppose we leave it, for it looks so peaceful there! So they
sprinkled it with star dust just to make the shamrocks grow; 'Tis the
only place you'll find them, no matter where you go; Then they dotted it with silver To
make its lakes so grand, And when they had it finished shure they called it Ireland.