There's Something In The Name Of Ireland
(That The Whole World Seems To Love)

Words by
HOWARD JOHNSON

Respectfully Dedicated to Mr. Jerome Connor

Music by
MILTON AGER

Moderato

There's nothing in a name, that's what we all were taught at school, But
There's music in the sound of it, you'll hear it every day, It
ton
still there are exceptions to each and every rule. A rose will still be fragrant even
almost seems to sound like a harp the angels play. It's sweeter in its flavor, than the

though you change her name, But one in place of Ireland, Sure, 'twould never sound the same.
honey from the bee, And ripples like the Shannon, As it flows down to the sea.

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This composition may also be had for your Talking Machine or Player Piano
CHORUS

For there's something in the name of Ireland, That is different from the rest, Any time you ever mention Ireland, Faith, you're speaking of the best. There the fairies and the Blarney Form a picture with Killarney, That looks like Heaven above; Sure, there's something in the name of Ireland, That the whole world seems to love. For there's love.