

Dedicated to Rita Olcott

## A Little Bit Of Heaven

Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by  
J. KEIRN BRENNANMusic by  
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderately, with expression

*mf*

*Red. \* \** *simile.*

Have you ev-er heard the sto-ry of how Ire-land got its name? I'll  
'Tis a dear old land of fair-ies and of won-drous wish-ing wells; And

*p a tempo*

tell you so you'll un-der-stand from whence old Ire-land came.— No  
no where else on God's green earth have they such lakes and dells.— No

*p*

won-der that we're proud of that dear land a-cross the sea,— For  
won-der that the An-gels loved it's Sham-rock bor-dered shore,— 'Tis a

*p*

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*ten.*

here's the way me dear old moth-er told the tale to me.—  
lit - tle bit of Heav - en, and I love it more and more.—

*ten.*

*retard*

Shure, a lit - tle bit of Heav - en fell from out the sky one day,— And

*l.h.*

*p* *a tempo*

nes - tled on the o - cean in a spot so far a - way;— And

*retard*

when the An - gels found it, Shure it looked so sweet and fair,— They

*a tempo*



said, Sup- pose we leave it, for it looks so peace- ful there! So they

*retard*

*l.h.*

sprink- led it with star dust just to make the sham- rocks grow;— 'Tis the

*p*

on- ly place you'll find them, no mat- ter where you go;—Then they dot- ted it with sil- ver To

make its lakes so grand, And when they had it fin- ished shure they called it Ire - land.—

*a tempo*

*ritard*

*f*

*ritard*

*ff*