

SM 2638

Jobby White

1. ch.

2.

Al

A Little Bit Of Heaven

Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderately, with expression

mf *rit.*

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 - d'rous 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 -

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

p

A COLLECTION OF TYPICAL IRISH FAVORITES

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J.V. Gray

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.

rit.

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

mf *p* *a tempo*

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

rit.

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

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

p a tempo

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

cresc.

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

a tempo *ritard.* *f* *ritard.* *ff*