



SUNG BY  
**MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT**  
IN  
**THE HEART OF PADDY WHACK**



# A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN SHURE THEY CALL IT IRELAND

(HOW IRELAND GOT IT'S NAME)



LYRIC BY

**J. KEIRN BRENNAN**

MUSIC BY

# ERNEST R. BALL

*Composer of "MOTHER MACHREE"; "WHO KNOWS?"; "MY DEAR";  
"WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING"; "IN THE GARDEN OF MY HEART";  
"TILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GROW COLD"; "IRISH EYES OF LOVE" etc.*

Solo 60 Cents

Duet 75 Cents

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## A Little Bit Of Heaven

Shure They Call It Ireland

Have you ever heard the story of how Ireland got its name?  
I'll tell you so you'll understand from whence old Ireland came;  
No wonder that we're proud of that dear land across the sea,  
For here's the way me dear old mother told the tale to me:

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

'Tis a dear old land of fairies and of wondrous wishing wells,  
And no where else on God's green earth have they such lakes and dells!  
No wonder that the angels loved its Shamrock-bordered shore,  
'Tis a little bit of Heaven, and I love it more and more.

*J. Keirn Brennan*

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 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 it's Sham - rock - bor - dered shore, - 'Tis a

*p*

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.*  
*ten.*  
*rit.*

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

*mf* *p* *a tempo*  
*p.*

nes - tied 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.*

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