A Little Bit Of Heaven
Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by J. KEIRN BRENAN

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

Tell you so you'll understand from whence old Ireland came. No—
Nowhere else on God's green earth have they such lakes and

Wonder that we're proud of that dear land across the sea, For—
Wonder that the Angels loved its Shamrock-bordered shore, 'Tis a

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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,
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 stardust 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.