And That's How We Love In Old Ireland

Lyric by
AMY CLARK

Song

Music by
HENRY I. MARSHALL

Andantino

Piano

Voice

There's a wee spot in Ireland that ever stays green, And it
There's a wee spot of Heaven in every man's heart, Sure, you

graces my memory for aye: Its nooks and haunts are the
can't always feel it, they say! Don't expect that you'll find it right

fair est e'er seen, And I long just to see it today. My
off from the start, For you cannot find Heaven that way. Wait till

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Colleen is waiting for me, over there, With someone you love tells you that they love you, And be

Laughing blue eyes and chestnut brown hair; Sure I know that she'll keep her self sure that their heart is quite faithful and true; Then that wee bit of Heaven lies

Faithful and true. For love in old Ireland is purer than dew! Close to your breast And love is the Angel that makes your soul blast.

**CHORUS**

And that's how we love in old Ireland! Sure, it brings Heaven nearer to earth! We

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don't waste a tear on a bad thought or fear. 'Tis the faith in our heart that brings
mirth! If you're feeling unhappy or downcast, or blue.

Just get some good Irish heart to love you, Then you'll know that the Kingdom of

Heaven's at hand, And that's how we love in old Ireland!

And That's How etc. 3