Ireland Must Be Heaven, For My Mother Came From There.

Andante moderato

I've oft'en heard my dad- dy speak of Ire- land's lakes and dells,
I've pict - ured in my fond - est dreams old Ire- land's vales and rills,

The place must be like Heaven, if it's half like what he tells;
There's a stair-way to the sky, formed by her verdant hills;

Each rose - ses fair and sham-rocks there, and laugh-ing wa - ters flow;
I have wave that's in the ocean blue just loves to hug the shore, So if

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London- Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Limited,
never seen that Isle of Green, But there's one thing sure, I know.
Ireland isn't Heaven, then sure, it must be right next door.

REFRAIN

Ireland must be Heaven, for an angel came from there, I
never knew a living soul one half as sweet or fair. For her eyes are like the star-light, And the

white clouds match her hair, Sure Ireland must be Heaven, for my mother came from there.