Ireland's Loss Was Heaven's Gain

Words by
WM TRACEY
and JOE GOODWIN

Music by
NAT VINCENT

Waltz Moderate

VOICE

Have you ever been weary and lonely,
If you knew her, sure, you wouldn't blame me,
As though you and the world were apart?
If you have, then there's no use explaining
this,
Faith, the sweetest toned harp in old Ireland,
Is not half as sweet as her kiss,

There's a reason for me to be sad,
When I look at the stars in the skies
For I've lost all the joy that I had.
They remind me of her Irish eyes:

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REFRAIN Tenderly

She could turn the dark clouds into sunshine, She could make winter seem just like spring, She could banish all sadness, and change it to gladness, Her laugh seemed to make the birds sing, Faith, her wit must keep St. Peter smiling, She had charms I could never explain, And when she was called by the angels, Ireland's loss was Heaven's gain. She could gain.

Ireland's Loss etc.-2