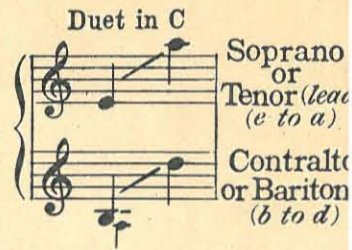


SUNG BY
MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
IN
THE HEART OF PADDY WHACK



A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN SHURE THEY CALL IT IRELAND

(HOW IRELAND GOT IT'S NAME)

SONG

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.



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TWO MELODIC GEMS BY ERNEST R. BALL
 SELECTED FROM
 THE WITMARK BLACK AND WHITE SERIES

Lyric by
 AMY ASHMORE CLARK

My Rosary For You

SOLO, FIVE KEYS-C, (c to d) D \flat , (d \flat to e \flat) E \flat , (e \flat to f) F, (f to g) G, (g to a) . . . 40¢ Net each postpaid
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 VIOLIN OR FLUTE OBLIGATO. 15¢ " "
 OCTAVO-MALE, FEMALE OR MIXED VOICES. 15¢ " "

With expression

A ros - a - ry I wrought for you, Each pearl a mem - o - ry Of
 hap - pi - ness my heart once knew, Of love you had for me. Each

Lyric by ANNELU BURNS

I'll Forget You

SOLO, FOUR KEYS-F(c to c \sharp) A \flat , (e \flat to e \sharp) B \flat , (f to f \sharp) C, (g to g \sharp) 40¢ Net each postpaid
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With much feeling

I'll for - get you - when I can live with - out the sun - shine, I'll for - get you - when I can live with - out the
 rain, - When sum - mer ros - es - for - get their fra - grance And the song bird. his sweet re - frain - I'll for -

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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 wond'rous 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

A Little Bit Of Heaven

Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by
ERNEST R. BAL...

Moderately, with expression

mf

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

mf *simile.*

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

p

won-der that we're proud of that dear land a-cross the sea,— For
won-der that the An-gels loved its Sham-rock bor-dered shore,— 'Tis a

p

6323

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Fm *Fm* *ten.* *Fm*

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.
retard

D^b *G^b* *F^m*

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

l.h.
p *a tempo*

D^b *D^b*

nes - tled on the o - cean in a spot so far a - way; — And

retard

B^b *G^b*

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

Fm

retard

l.h.

sprink- led it with star dust just to make the sham- rocks grow;— 'Tis the

D_b

G_b

F_m

p

on- ly place you'll find them, no mat- ter where you go;— Then they dot- ted it with sil- ver To

A_b m

B_b

D_b

make its lakes so grand, And when they had it fin- ished shure they called it Ire - land.—

Fm

G_b

D_b m

a tempo

ritard

f

ritard

ff