



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)



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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Poem by
PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR

Musical Setting by
ERNEST R. BALL

Larghetto

Thou art the soul of a sum - mer's day,

mf *p*

Con Pedale

Thou art the breath of the rose; But the sum - mer is fled and the

rose is dead; Where are they gone, who knows, who knows?

rit. *colla voce*

Thou art the blood of my heart of hearts, Thou art my soul's re - -

f poco piu mosso *dim*

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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 wondrous 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

Dedicated to Rita Olcott

A Little Bit Of Heaven

Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by
J. KEIRN BRENNANMusic by
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderately, with expression

mf rit.

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

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 -

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

p

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.
ten.
rit.

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

mf *p* *a tempo*
p.

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

rit.

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

retard

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

p a tempo

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

cresc.

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

a tempo *ritard.*

a tempo *ritard.* *ff*

A Song That All Singers Will Welcome

There's A Long, Long Trail

Solo Three Keys - *F, c to c. Ab, eb to eb. Bb, f to f.* 60¢ each
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Written by
STODDARD KING

Composed by
ZO ELLIOTT

CHORUS *Evenly with much expression*

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *f*, *a tempo*, *pp*, *rit.*, and *ff*. The lyrics are: "There's a long, long trail a - wind - ing. In - to the land of my dreams, — Where the night - in - gales are sing - ing And a white moon beams: — There's a long, long night of wait - ing — Un - til my dreams all come true; — Till the day when I'll be go - ing down That".

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MOTHER MACHREE.

Lyric by
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG.

Tenderly with much expression

Music by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
& ERNEST R. BALL.

Sure, I love the dear sil-ver that shines in your hair, And the
brow that's all fur-rowed, And wrink-led with care. I
kiss the dear fin-gers so toil worn for me, Oh, God

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SOLO, FOUR KEYS:—B \flat , (E \flat TO D) C, D, AND F. DUET, TWO KEYS:—B \flat AND F

A Little Bit Of Heaven

Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Shure, a lit-tle bit of Heav-en fell from out the sky one day, — And
nee-ted on the o-cean in a spot so far a-way; — And
when the An-gels found it, Shure it looked so sweet and fair, — They

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—A \flat , (C TO F) B \flat AND C

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Lyric by
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
& GEO. GRAFF Jr.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

When I-rish eyes are smi-ling, — Sure its like a morn in
Spring. — In the lilt of I-rish laugh-ter, You can hear the
an-gels sing. — When I-rish hearts are hap-py, — All the

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C TO F) D AND F

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

Words and Music
By J. R. SHANNON

"Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, — Too-ra-loo-ra-li, Too-ra-loo-ra-
loo-ral, — Hush now, don't you cry! — Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, —
Too-ra-loo-ra-li, Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, That's an I-rish lul-la-by."

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SOLO, THREE KEYS:—C, (C TO C) E \flat AND F

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