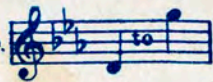


No 1. in C. 

No 2. in D. 

No 3. in E♭. 

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

Shure, they call it Ireland

Song



Poem by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

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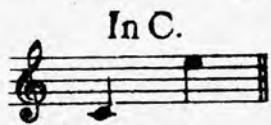
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The Greatest Ballad ever written.



Lyric by
RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG.

Mother Machree.

Music by **CHAUNCEY OLCOTT**
& **ERNEST R. BALL.**

Sung by **JOHN McCORMACK.**

Tempo di Valse, Moderato. *With much expression.*

Sure I love the dear sil - ver that shines in your hair, And the

mp espress.

brow that's all fur - rowed, And wrin - kled with care. I

kiss the dear fin - gers so toil - worn for me, Oh, God

mf dim.

bless you and keep you, Moth - er Ma - chree!

P molto sost. *d.c. %*

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On Sale Everywhere

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN.

SHURE THEY CALL IT IRELAND.

Words by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN.

(C)

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL.

Moderately, with expression.

PIANO. *mf*

*Red. * Red. * simile*

Key G.

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

ritard. *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 bord - ered shore,..... 'Tis a

p

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*Red. * (C)*

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,.....

ritard.

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

l.h.
a tempo
p

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

ritard.

when the An - gels found it, Shure it looked so sweet and fair,..... They

a tempo

G.t. *f.C.*

said sup - pose we leave it, for it looks so peace - ful there; So they

ritard.

l.h.

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

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

a tempo *ritard.*

fritard. *ffz*

D.C.

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MADAME SHERRY INTERMEZZO

KARL HOSCHNA

Allegretto grazioso.

Slow

The Love Dance

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"PIROUETTE" Pas Seul.

HERMAN FINCK

Pirouette

HAUNTING RAG.

JULIUS LENZBERG.

Not too fast.

PIANO.

"MON BIJOU." (MY JEWEL.)

Composé par
CHAS. E. LEPAIGE.

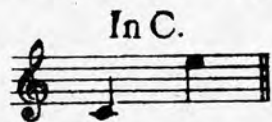
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mp espress.

brow that's all fur - rowed, And wrin - kled with care. I

kiss the dear fin - gers so toil - worn for me, Oh, God

mp *mf* *dim.*

bless you and keep you, Moth - er Ma - chree!

P molto sost. *d.c. %*

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IRISH EYES OF LOVE.

Words by J. EDWARD KILLALEA.

Music by ERNEST R. BALL.

REFRAIN. *With much expression.*

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For I - rish eyes are tru - est,..... I - rish eyes are blu - est,..... Eyes that gleam with
love's bright beam, And clear as skies a - bove..... Eyes of hea - ven's splen-dour,..... Eyes so
soft and ten-der,..... Bright - er far than all the stars Are I - rish eyes of love.....

p-f, *ten.*, *f rit.*, *a tempo.*, *rit.*

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FOR KILLARNEY AND YOU.

Words by J. BRANDON WALSH.

Music by LOUISE TEASDALE.

CHORUS.

Price 1/6 nett.

Kil - lar - ney, Kil - lar - ney, the place that I love, With its lakes clear and blue, as the
bright sky a - - bove, Where we told love's sweet sto - - ry and
vowed to be true; I am sigh - ing to - night for Kil - - lar - ney, and you.....

mf-f, *poco rall.*, *dim.*

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