

A Little Bit of Heaven

Hank Locklin

There's a dear old land of leprechauns
And wondrous wishing wells
And nowhere else on God's green Earth
There be such lakes and dells

No wonder that the angels love
That shamrock covered shore
It draws my heart home again
And I love it more and more

Have you ever heard the story of
How Ireland got its name
Well, I'll tell you so you'll understand
From whence old Ireland came

No wonder that I love
That dear old land across the sea
For here's the way my dear old Father
Told the tale to me

Sure, a little bit of heaven fell
From out the sky one day
And it nestled on the ocean
In a spot so far away

And when the angels found it
Sure, it looked so sweet and fair
They said, "Suppose we leave it
For it looks so peaceful there"

So they sprinkled it with stardust
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
Sure, they called it Ireland!