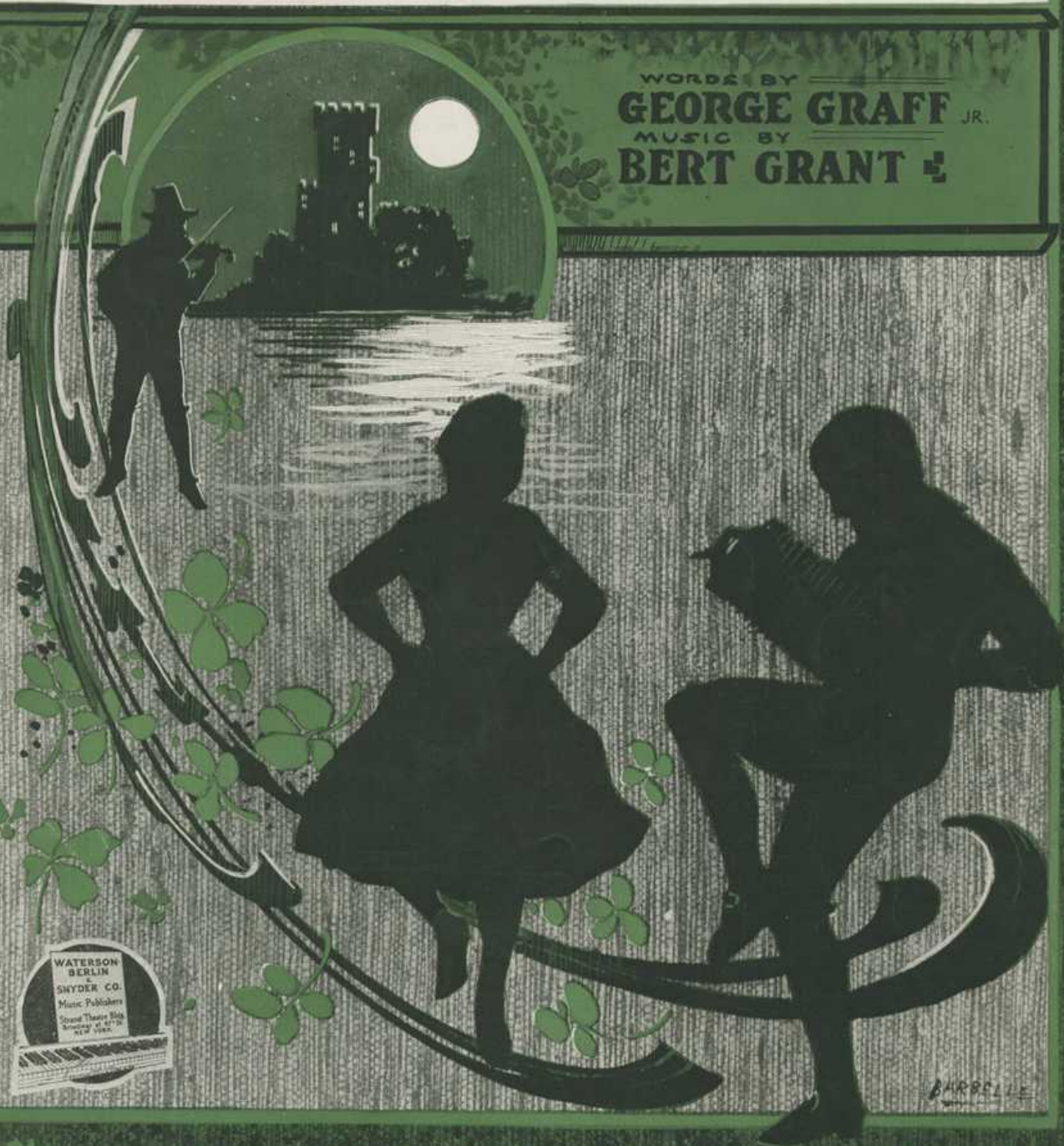


YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME FROM IRELAND TO BE IRISH

WORDS BY
GEORGE GRAFF JR.
MUSIC BY
BERT GRANT ♪



BARRELL

You Don't Have To Come From Ireland To Be Irish.

Words by
GEORGE GRAFF Jr.

Music by
BERT GRANT

Moderato.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, marked 'Moderato' and 'f' (forte). The piano part features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The voice part enters with the lyrics: 'What I've heard of Ire-land, It must be a beau-ti-ful place;— If your heart is I-rish, You will have the blarney-ing ways;—'. The piano part then continues with a 'Till ready' section, marked 'p' (piano). The voice part continues with the lyrics: 'Riv-ers, lakes and shamrocks, And a fighting, wonderful race; No one there but I-rish, It's a And an eye for col-leens, To the ver-y end of your days; Love your old shil - le-lah, With an bit of heaven they say;— I can't help that I was born, In a spot so far a - I - rish div-il - ish smile;— Though you're born on fo- reign shores, Or up - on the Em'- rald way. — Oh, oh, wur-ra, wur-ra woe, There is one thing that I know. Isle. — Oh, oh, wur-ra, wur-ra woe, It's a grand thing sure to know.' The piano part continues with a final section, marked 'p' (piano), which concludes the piece.

f

Voice

What I've heard of Ire-land, It must be a beau-ti-ful place;—
If your heart is I-rish, You will have the blarney-ing ways;—

Till ready.

p

Riv-ers, lakes and shamrocks, And a fighting, wonderful race; No one there but I-rish, It's a
And an eye for col-leens, To the ver-y end of your days; Love your old shil - le-lah, With an

bit of heaven they say;— I can't help that I was born, In a spot so far a -
I - rish div-il - ish smile;— Though you're born on fo- reign shores, Or up - on the Em'- rald

way. — Oh, oh, wur-ra, wur-ra woe, There is one thing that I know.
Isle. — Oh, oh, wur-ra, wur-ra woe, It's a grand thing sure to know.

Chorus.

You don't have to come from Ire-land to be I - rish, — There's lots of I - rish —

— who've nev-er seen a bit of Ire-land; It's the heart of you that makes you I - rish, —

— Though you're from New York or from the Coun-ty Cork. — They don't do all their

marching up - on Saint Patrick's Day; — In time of war, they're the first to march a - way. —

— You don't have to come from Ire-land to be I - rish, — There are just as ma - ny

I - rish o - ver here. — You don't here. —

1. 2.

D.S.

WHOSE LITTLE HEART ARE YOU BREAKING NOW?

BY
IRVING BERLIN

CHORUS

Whose lit-tle heart are you break ing now? lit-tle but-ter-fly; Who is the one that you're
shak - ing now? lit-tle but-ter fly; Who keeps on ring-ing your tel - e- phone, one-two-
three-four? Who keeps on sing-ing, "What do you want to make those eyes at me for?"
Who sends you cand-y and flow - ers now? lit - tle but-ter-fly; Spend-ing a-bove what his

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