

An Irish Lullaby

from
Ireland, a Little bit of Heaven

for S.A.T.B. a cappella

Original Text by
Ernest Ball (1878-1927)

Additional Text and Music by
Kentaro Sato



Wiseman Project

www.wisemanproject.com

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June 4 2007

♩ = 60 Melancholily

This piece was commissioned by the Tenjo-Hanabi Chorus

Soprano *p* Have you e - ver heard the tale of how Ire-land came to be? I will *mp*

Alto *ppp* *pp* *pp*
mm... mm... mm...

Tenor *ppp* *pp* *pp*
mm... mm... mm...

Bass *ppp* *pp* *pp*
mm... mm... mm...

7
S sing you the sto - ry my grand-mo - ther used to sing to me as a lu-lla-by.

A *p*
Oo...

T *p*
Oo...

B *p*
Oo...

11
S an I - rish lu-lla - by. A lit-tle bit of Hae - ven fell from out the sky. It

A *p*
Oo... Ah... lit-tle bit of Hea - ven fell from out the sky. It

T *p*
Oo... Ah... lit-tle bit of Hea - ven fell from out the sky. It

B *p*
Oo... Ah... lit-tle bit of Hea - ven fell from out the sky. It

16 *mp*

S nest - led in the o - cean in a place so far a - way. And when

A *mp*
nest - led in the o - cean in a place so far a - way. — and when

T *mp*
8 nest - led in the o - cean in a place so far a - way. And when

B *mp*
nest - led in the o - cean in a place so far a - way. And when

19

S found it, sure, it looked so fair. They said "sup-pose we

A found it, sure, it looked so fair. They said "sup-pose we

T *p*
8 found it, sure, it looked so fair. They said "sup-pose we

B *p*
found it, sure, it looked so and fair. They said "sup-pose "we

23 *mp*

S leave it looks so peace - ful there." So they sprink-led

A *mp*
leave so peace - ful Oo... Ah... So they sprink-led

T *mp*
8 leave looks so peace - ful Oo... Ah... So they sprink-led

B *mp*
leave it looks so peace - ful Oo... Ah... So they sprink-led

28 *mp*

S it with star - dust just to make the sham - rocks grow. It's

A it with star - dust just to make the sham - rocks grow. It's *mp*

T 8 it with star - dust just to make the sham - rocks It's *mp*

B it with star - dust just to make the rocks grow. It's *mp*

32

S place you will find them go.

A place you will find them no ma - t

T 8 place you will find them no ma - t go. Then they dart - ed

B place you will find them no ma - t go. Then they dart - ed *mp*

36 *p* *mp*

S just to make the lakes look grand. And

A Oo... make, to make the lakes look grand.

T 8 with it just to make the lakes look grand. *mp*

B with it just to make the lakes look grand. *mp*

39

S when they had it fi-nished, sure, they called it Ire - land.

A And when they had it fi-nished, sure, they called it Ire - land.

T And when they had it fi-nished, sure, they called it Ire - land.

B And when they had it fi-nished, sure, they called it Ire - land.

8

mp

hey

mp

hey

mp

hey

44

Freely small notes for optional trill

S Ire - - land. They land.

A call it Ire - - land. lit - tle bit of Hea - - - ven.

T call it Ire - - land. lit - tle bit of Hea - - - ven.

B call it Ire - - land. lit - tle bit of Hea - - - ven.

8

Have you ever heard the tale of how Ireland came to be?
I will bring you the story my grandmother used to sing to me as a lullaby.

A little bit of Heaven fell from out the sky.
It softly nestled in the ocean in a place so far away.
And when 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.
It's the only place you'll find them no matter where you go.
Then they darted it with silver just to make the lakes look grand.
And when they had it finished, sure, they called it Ireland.

Ireland, it is a little bit of Heaven.
Ireland, our Heaven.