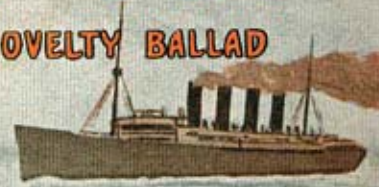


# YOU BROUGHT IRELAND RIGHT OVER TO ME

NOVELTY BALLAD



WORDS BY  
**J. KEIRN BRENNAN**  
MUSIC BY  
**ERNEST R. BALL**

WRITERS OF

"A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN, SHURE  
THEY CALL IT IRELAND"

"GOOD BYE, GOOD LUCK, GOD BLESS YOU"

"IRELAND IS IRELAND TO ME"

"YOU'RE THE BEST LITTLE MOTHER GOD EVER MADE"

"TURN BACK THE UNIVERSE AND GIVE ME YESTERDAY"

"I'M GOING BACK TO CALIFORNIA"

"SOMEWHERE IN IRELAND" ETC.

FRANK KINGSLEY  
AND  
MILDRED MANNING

VITAGRAPH PLAYERS  
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION

**M. WITMARK & SONS**

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO LONDON

50¢  
2/1

# You Brought Ireland Right Over To Me

Lyric by  
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by  
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderately with expression

Oh, Nor-ah, in leav-ing, my heart it was griev-ing For you and old Er-in my own, Of  
 You know you could hold me, if your lips but told me What my I-rish heart should have known, But

love nev-er speak-ing, my for-tune went seek-ing, Not know-ing 'twas there in Ath-lone. But—  
 how can I blame you, when I did not claim you, Just left you back there in Ath-lone. So—

when I was lone-ly, 'twas you, and you on-ly, That came to me o-ver the sea, Tho' you  
 may-be 'twas fa-ted that I em-i-gra-ted, To show me what mem-o-ries mean. It was

had-n't a pen-ny, there would-n't be man-y, Could bring such a for-tune to me:  
 man-y a long-ing that oft-en came throng-ing For Ire-land and you, my col-leen.

REFRAIN *Tenderly*

Sure the light in your eyes, Is the blue of the skies; On your cheeks bloom the wild I - rish

rose, And the gold in your hair is the sun-shine from there, There's the scent of the

sod on your clothes. In your voice there's a hush, 'Tis the song of the thrush, And your

laugh is the wind o'er the sea; No one in this land has a for-tune so

grand, You brought Ire-land right o - ver to me! Sure the me!