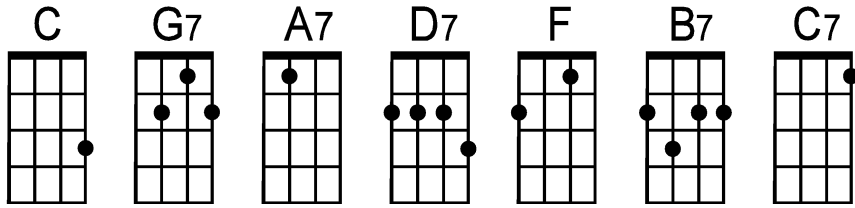


When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

by Ernest Ball, George Graff and Chauncey Olcott (1912)



Waltz beat

(sing e f g c)

There's a tear in your eye— and I'm won-der-ing why—
 For it ne-ver should be there at all—
 With such power in your smile— sure a stone you'd be-guile—
 So there's ne-ver a tear-drop should fall—
 When your sweet lilt—ing laugh-ter's like some fair-y song—
 And your eyes twink-le bright as can be—
 You should laugh all the while— and all oth-er times smile—
 And now smi-le a smile— for me—

Chorus:

When I—rish eyes— are smil-ing— sure, 'tis like— a morn— in Spring—
 In the lilt— of I—rish laugh-ter— you can hear— the a—ngels sing—
 When I—rish hearts— are hap-py— all the world— seems bright- and gay—
 And when I—rish eyes- are smi—ling, sure they ste-al your heart— a-way—
 For your smile is a part— of the love in your heart—
 And it makes ev—en sun-shine more bright—
 Like the lin-net's sweet song— crooning all the day long—
 Comes your laugh-ter so tend-er and light—

. |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . |G7 .
For the spring-time of life— is the sweet-est of all—

. |C . . . | . . . |F . . . | . . .
There is ne'er a real care or re-gret—

. |F . . . |B7 . . . |C . . . |A7 . . .
And while spring-time is ours— throughout all of youth's hours—

. |D7 . . . | . . . |G7 . . . | . . .
Let us smile— each chance— we get—

Chorus:

. |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . | . . . |C . . . | . . .
When I—rish eyes— are smil-ing— sure, 'tis like— a morn— in Spring—

. |F . . . | . . . |C . . . | . . . |D7 . . . | . . . |G7 . . . | . . .
In the lilt— of I—rish laugh-ter— you can hear— the a—ngels sing—

. |C . . . |G7 . . . |C . . . |C7 . . . |F . . . | . . . |C . . . | . . .
When I—rish hearts— are hap-py— all the world— seems bright- and gay—

. |F . . . |D7 . . . |C . . . | . . .
And when I—rish eyes— are smi—ling

. . |D7 . . . |G7\ ---(*hold*)--- |C . . . |C\
Sure they ste—al your heart— a—way—