

When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

Music by Ernest R. Ball

C F C F C Am



There's a tear in your eye, and I'm won - der - ing why, for it nev - er should be there at
For your smile is a part of the love in your heart, and it makes e - ven sun - shine more

G



all. _____ With such
bright. _____ Like the

G C A7 D D7



power in your smile, sure a stone you'd be - guile, so there's nev - er a tear - drop should
lin - net's sweet song, Croon - ing all the day long, comes _____ your laugh - ter and _____

G7



fall. _____ With your
light. _____ For the

C F C F C Am



sweet lilt - ing laught - er like some fair - y song, and your eyes twink - ling bright as can
spring - time of life Is the sweet - est of all. There is ne'er a real care or re -

F



be; _____ You should
gret; _____ and while

D7 Em D G G7



laugh all the while, and all oth - er times smile, and now smi - le a smile for me. _____
spring - time is ours through out all of youth's hours, let us smi - le each chance we get. _____

Chorus: C C F C

When I - rish eyes are smi - ling, sure it's like a morn in spring. — In the

F C Dm G

lilt of I - rish laugh - ter, you can hear the an - gels sing. When

C C F C

I - rish hearts are hap - py, all the world seems bright and gay. And when

F D7 C A7 (hold last time) D G7 C

I - rish eyes are smi - ling, sure they steal — your heart a - way. —

There's a tear in your eye,
 and I'm wondering why,
 For it never should be there at all.
 With such power in your smile,
 sure a stone you'd beguile,
 So there's never a teardrop should fall.
 When your sweet lilting laughter's like some fairy song,
 And your eyes twinkle bright as can be,
 You should laugh all the while and all other times smile,
 And now smile a smile for me.

Chorus:
 When Irish eyes are smiling
 Sure it's like a morning spring.
 In the lilt of Irish laughter,
 You can hear the angels sing.
 When Irish hearts are happy,
 All the world seems bright and gay.
 And when Irish eyes are smiling,
 Sure, they steal your heart away.

For your smile is a part Of the love in your heart,
And it makes even sunshine more bright.
Like the linnet's sweet song, Crooning all the day long,
Comes your laughter and light.
For the springtime of life Is the sweetest of all
There is ne'er a real care or regret;
And while springtime is ours Throughout all of youth's hours,
Let us smile each chance we get.