

{t:When Irish Eyes Are Smiling}
{st:Chauncey Olcott and George Graff, Jr., music by Ernest Ball }

There's a [G]tear in your [D7]eye, and I'm [G]wondering [D7]why
For it [G]never should be there at [D]all
With such [D7]pow'r in your smile, sure a [G]stone you'll be-[E7]guile
Though there's [A7]never a teardrop should [D7]fall
When your [G]sweet lilting [D7]laughter, like [G]some fairy [D7]song
And your [G]eyes twinkle bright as can [C]be
You should [C#m]laugh all the while, and all [Bm7]other times [E7]smile
And now [A7]smile a smile for [D7]me

{c:CHORUS:}

When [G]Irish [D7]eyes are [G]smiling [G7]
Sure, 'tis [C]like a morn in [G]Spring [G7]
In the [C]lilt of Irish [G]laughter [E7]
You can [A7]hear the angels [D7]sing [D7+5]
When [G]Irish [D7]hearts are [G]happy [G7]
All the [C]world seems bright and [G]gay [G7]
And when [C]Irish [C#dim]eyes are [G]smiling [E7]
Sure, they'll [A7]steal your [D7]heart a-[G]way

For your [G]smile is a [D7]part of the [G]love in your [D7]heart
And it [G]makes even sunshine more [D]bright
Like the [D7]linnet's sweet song, crooning [G]all the day [E7]long
Comes your [A7]laughter so tender and [D7]light
For the [G]springtime of [D7]life is the [G]sweetest of [D7]all
There is [G]ne'er a real care or re-[C]gret
And while [C#m]springtime is ours throughout [Bm7]all of youth's [E7]hours
Let us [A7]smile each chance we [D7]get

{c:CHORUS:}

When [G]Irish [D7]eyes are [G]smiling [G7]
Sure, 'tis [C]like a morn in [G]Spring [G7]
In the [C]lilt of Irish [G]laughter [E7]
You can [A7]hear the angels [D7]sing [D7+5]
When [G]Irish [D7]hearts are [G]happy [G7]
All the [C]world seems bright and [G]gay [G7]
And when [C]Irish [C#dim]eyes are [G]smiling [E7]
Sure, they'll [A7]steal your [D7]heart a-[G]way [G]↓