When Irish Eyes Are Smiling
by Ernest Ball, George Graff and Chauncey Olcott (1912)

Chorus:

When Irish eyes are smiling—sure, 'tis like a morn in spring—

For your smile is a part of the love in your heart—

And it makes even sunshine more bright—

Like the lin-net's sweet song—crooning all the day long—

Comes your laugh-ter so tend-er and light—

Waltz beat

There's a tear in your eye—and I'm wonder-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—

When Irish eyes are smil-ing—sure, 'tis like a morn in Spring—

In the lilt—of Irish laugh-ter—you can hear—the an-gels sing—

When Irish hearts are hap-py—all the world seems bright and gay—

And when Irish eyes are smi-ling, sure they ste-al your heart—a-way—

C G F D7 A7 B7 G7 C
For the spring-time of life— is the sweetest of all—

There is ne'er a real care or regret—

And while spring-time is ours— throughout all of youth's hours—

Let us smile— each chance— we get—

Chorus:

When Irish eyes— are smiling— sure, 'tis like— a morn— in 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—

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v3c- 3/4/19)