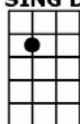


SING D

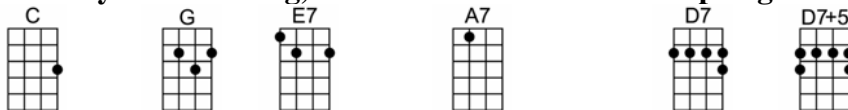


WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

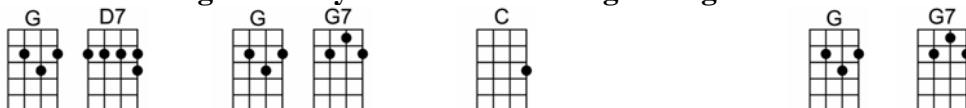
3/4 123 12



When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in Spring



In the lilt of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing

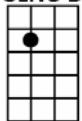


When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay



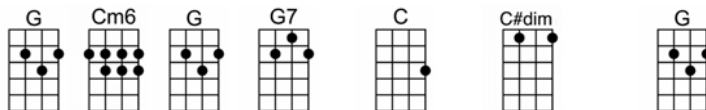
And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they steal your heart a-way.

SING D

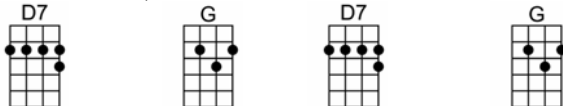


MY WILD IRISH ROSE

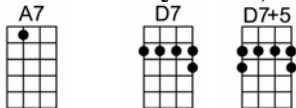
3/4 123 12



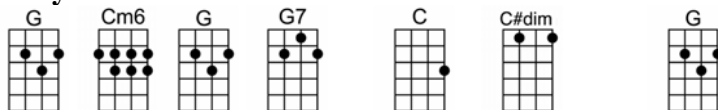
My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flower that grows,



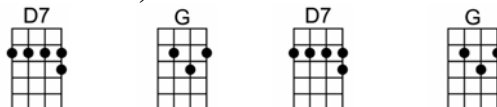
You may search everywhere, but none can compare



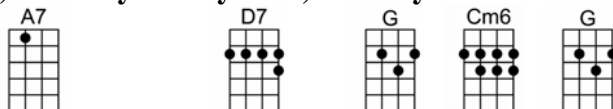
With my wild Irish rose.



My wild Irish rose, the dearest flower that grows,



And, someday for my sake, she may let me take



The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

(Ritard)