WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

Intro:
A   Asus   A   Asus   B7   E7   A   E7

Verse:
A   Asus   A   Asus   A   Asus   A   A

There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why, for it never should be there at all
E7

With such power in your smile, sure a stone you'd be-guile, for there's never a teardrop should fall
A   Asus   A   Asus   A   A   E7

When your sweet lilting laughter's like some fairy song, and your eyes twinkle bright as can be
Ddim   A   F#7   B7   E7   E7+5

You should laugh all the while, and all other times smile, and now, smile a smile for me.....
A   E7   A   A7   D   A   A7

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

In the lilt of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing
A   E7   A   A7   D   A   A7

When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay
A   A7

And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they steal your heart a-way.
6   3   3
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, some day for my sake, she may let me take the bloom from my wild Irish Rose.
WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING—Olcott/Graff/Ball
3/4  123  12 (without intro)

Intro:  A  Asus  A  Asus  B7  E7  A  E7  (3 beats each)

Verse:
A                Asus                 A             Asus             A                Asus              A
There's a tear in your eye, and I'm wondering why, for it never should be there at all
E7                                           A                      F#7                       B7                                    E7
With such power in your smile, sure a stone you'd be-guile, for there's never a teardrop should fall
A                 Asus                  A             Asus                     A                A7                 D
When your sweet lilting laughter's like some fairy song, and your eyes twinkle bright as can be
D#dim                A                F#7                      B7                      E7    E7+
You should laugh all the while, and all other times smile, and now, smile a smile for me.....

A       E7           A        A7                   D                      A          A7
When Irish  eyes are smiling,       sure it's like a morn in Spring
D                A          F#7                   B7                       E7          E7#5
In the lilt of Irish laughter        you can hear the angels sing

A       E7              A      A7                 D                                      A         A7
When Irish hearts are happy,        all the world seems bright and gay
D   D#dim       A      F#7                     B7            E7          A    Am7  D7
And when Irish eyes are smiling,       sure they steal your heart a-way.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE—Chauncey Olcott

G      Cm6     G       G7            C         C#dim           G
My wild   Irish  Rose,           the sweetest flower that grows,
D7                  G              D7                   G
You may search everywhere, but none can compare

A7             D7      D7#5
With my wild Irish Rose.

G      Cm6     G       G7            C         C#dim           G
My wild   Irish  Rose,           the dearest flower that grows,
D7                  G              D7                   G
And, someday for my sake, she may let me take

A7                      D7              G   Cm6  G
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

(Ritard)