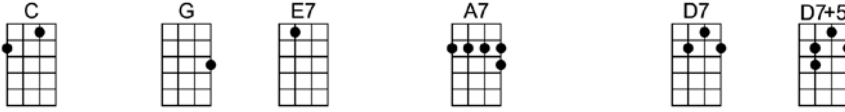


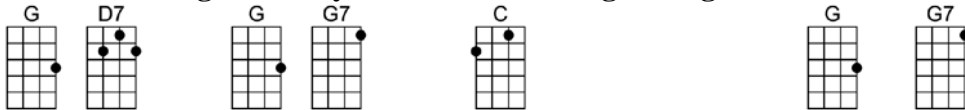
WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING (BAR)



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



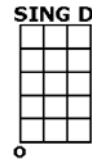
In the lilt of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing



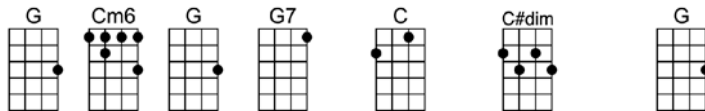
When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay



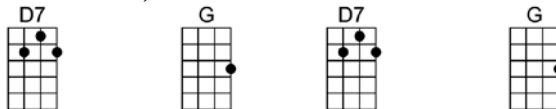
And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they steal your heart a-way.



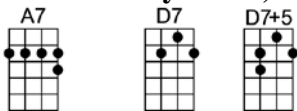
MY WILD IRISH ROSE (BAR)



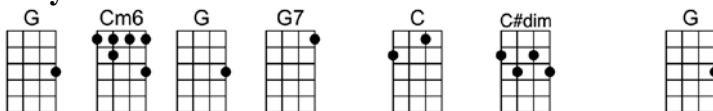
My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flower that grows,



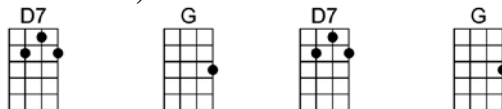
You may search everywhere, but none can compare



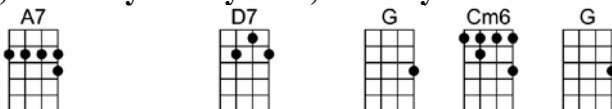
With my wild Irish rose.



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.

(Ritard)

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

3/4 123 12

G D7 G G7 C G G7
When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in Spring

C G E7 A7 D7 D7#5
In the lilt of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing

G D7 G G7 C G G7
When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay

C C#dim G E7 A7 D7 G
And when Irish eyes are smiling, sure they steal your heart a-way.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

3/4 123 12

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
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

(Ritard)