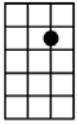


SING C#



# WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING (BAR)-Olcott/Graff/Ball

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

**Intro:**

## Verse:

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

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

When your sweet liltng laughter's like some fairy song, and your eyes twinkle bright as can be

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

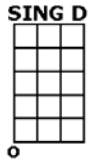
When Irish eyes are smiling, sure it's like a morn in Spring

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

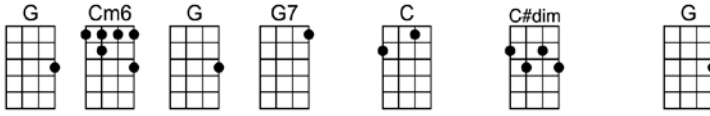
When Irish hearts are happy, all the world seems bright and gay

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

6 3 3



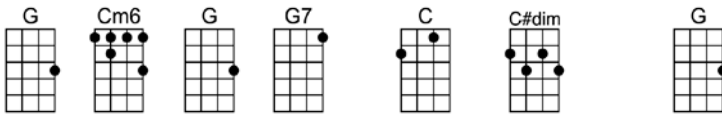
# MY WILD IRISH ROSE-Chauncey Olcott



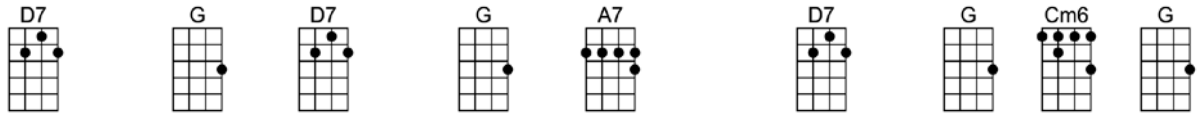
My wild Irish Rose, the sweetest flower that grows,



You may search every-where, but none can com-pare 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 liltng 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.  
6 3 3

# 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)