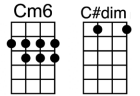


When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

3/4 123 12 – Sing “D”



G D7 G G7 C 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

G Cm6 G G7 C C#dim G
 My wild Irish rose, the sweetest flower that grows,
D7 G D7 G
 You may search every-where, but none can com-pare
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 A7 D7 G Cm6 G
 And, some-day for my sake, she may let me take the bloom from my wild Irish rose.

3 3 1