

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

With such pow'r in your smile sure a stone you'd beguile  
So there's never a teardrop should fall.

When your sweet lilting 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 smi—ling,  
sure they steal your heart away

For your smile is a part — of the love in your heart  
And it makes even sunshine more bright  
Like the linnet's sweet song crooning all the day long  
Comes your laughter so tender and light  
For the spring-time of life is the sweetest of all,  
There is ne'er a real care or regret,  
And while spring-time is ours throughout all of youth's hours  
Let us smile— each chance we get.