

Hank Locklin, When Irish Eyes Are Smiling

When Irish eyes are smiling sure it's like a morning 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 away

(When Irish eyes are smiling sure it's like a morning spring)
Honey you know the springtime of life is the sweetest of all
There is never a real care or regret
And while springtime is ours throughout all youth hours
Let us smile each chance we get
When Irish hearts are happy...