

# 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...