There's a tear in your eye, And I'm wonder-ing why, For it nev-er should be there at all.

With such pow'r in your smile, Sure a stone you'd be-guile, So there's nev-er a tear-drop should fall. When your sweet lilit-ing laugh-ter's like some fair-y song, And your eyes twinkle-bright as can be, You should laugh all the while and all oth-er times smile And now smile a smile for me.

When I rish-eyes are smil-ing, Sure it's like a morn in spring. In the lilt of I rish laugh-ter You can hear the an-gels sing.

When I rish-hearts are hap-py, All the world seems bright and gay, And when I rish eyes are smil-ing, Sure they steal your heart a-way.