"SMILE, SMILE, SMILE!"

Song

Words by
C. M. S. McLELLAN

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Tempo di Valse moderato

I like joy, don't like sorrow, I postpone
When I feel somewhat tearful, then I just

I till the morrow All my grief and woe;
start a cheerful Smile across my lips;

I like bright, cheerful faces, And to dull, gloomy places
And I say this is gladness That I feel, then my sadness
I never will go;
passes in eclipse;

What's the use,
And look here,

why not bub-ble? Why seek out need-less trouble? Let things wag a-
some-thing fun-ny If it rains or is sun-ny I don't know or

long,
care,

Tears are bad, frowns are hor-rid,
When I smile, wind and wea-ther,

They leave lines on the forehead, oh, they're ve-ry wrong, they're ve-ry
All things bad blend to-geth-er in- to something fair, to something
wrong.

fair.

Smile, smile, smile,

Even though it be a grin,

Drive away Trouble for the day,

Now then begin!

Smile, smile!

Don't look gloomy all the while;

One, two,
three, 
Do the same as me, 
Come a-long! Come a-long!

Smile, 
Smile, smile, smile!

Even though it be a grin, 
Drive away trouble for the day, 
Now then begin! 
Smile, smile,
smile! Don't look gloomy all the while, One, two,

three, Do the same as me, Come a-long! Come a-long!

Smile! smile! smile!