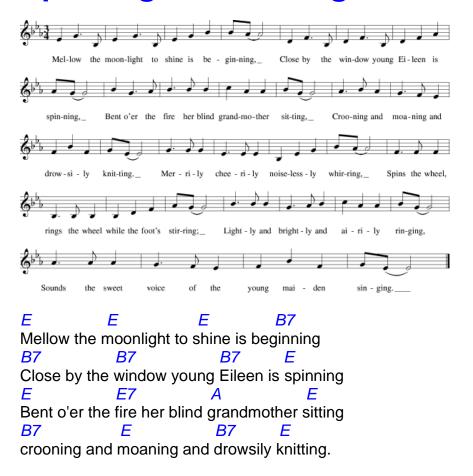
Spinning Wheel Song by John Francis Waller (1884)



E E E B7

Merrily cheerily noiselessly whirring

B7 B7 B7 E

Swings the wheel spins the wheel while the foot's stirring

E E7 A E

Sprightly and lightly and merrily ringing

F#m7 C#m7 B7 E

Trills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

E E E B7

Eileen, a chara, I hear someone tapping
B7 B7 B7 E

'Tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping
E E7 A E

Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing
B7 E B7 E

'Tis the sound mother dear of the autumn winds dying.

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning Close by the window young Eileen is spinning Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting Is crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting.

> Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring Swings the wheel, spins the wheel while the foot's stirring Spritely and lightly and merrily ringing Trills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"Eileen, a chara, I hear someone tapping"
"Tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping"
"Eily, I surely hear somebody sighing"
"Tis the sound mother dear of the autumn winds dying."

"What's the noise that I hear at the window I wonder"
"Tis the little birds chirping, the holly-bush under"
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on And singing all wrong the old song of 'The Coolin'?"

There's a form at the casement, the form of her true love And he whispers with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love" Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly And we'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers Steps up from the stool, longs to go and yet lingers A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound Noiseless and light to the lattice above her The maid steps then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Slower and slower and slower the wheel rings Lower and lower and lower the reel rings E're the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing and moving Throughh the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.