

Spinning Wheel Song

by John Francis Waller (1884)

Mel-low the moon-light to shine is be - gin-ning, _ Close by the win-dow young Ei -leen is spin-ning, _ Bent o'er the fire her blind grand-mo-ther sit-ting, _ Croo-ning and moa-ning and drow-si - ly knit-ting, _ Mer - ri - ly chee - ri - ly noise-less - ly whir-ring, _ Spins the wheel, rings the wheel while the foot's stir-ring; _ Light - ly and bright - ly and ai - ri - ly rin-ging, Sounds the sweet voice of the young mai - den sin - ging. _

E *E* *E* *B7*
Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning
B7 *B7* *B7* *E*
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning
E *E7* *A* *E*
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting
B7 *E* *B7* *E*
crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting.

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.