

# Spinning Wheel Song

- All: Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning  
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning  
Bent o'er the fire her grand grandmother sitting  
Is crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting
- All: Merrily cheerily noisily whirring  
Swings the wheel spins the wheel while the foot's stirring  
Sprightly and lightly and merrily ringing  
Sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden singing
- Women: Eileen, a chara, I hear someone tapping  
'Tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping  
Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing  
'Tis the sound mother dear of the autumn winds dying
- Men: 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
- All: Merrily cheerily noisily whirring  
Swings the wheel spins the wheel while the foot's stirring  
Sprightly and lightly and merrily ringing  
Sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden singing
- All: The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers  
Steals up from the seat, 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
- Men: 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
- All: Slower and slower, and slower the wheel swings  
Lower and lower, and lower the reel rings  
There the reel and the wheel stop their spinning and moving  
The grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.