The Spinning Wheel

G
Mellow the moonlight to shine in the beginning
D
close by the window young Eileen is spinning
G *C* *G*
Bent o'er the fire her blind Grandmother sitting
D *G*
is crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting.

Eileen M'curra I hear someone tapping
'tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping
Eilee' I surely hear somebody sighing
'tis the sounds mother dear of the Autumn winds dying

Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring
swings the wheel, spins the wheel, while the foot stirring
sprightly and brightly and airily ringing
thr'air's the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

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"
"we'll rove in the grove, while the moon's shining brightly"

The maid shakes her head on her lips lays her finger,
steals up from the seat longs to go and yet lingers,
a frighten glance turns on 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 sound,
noiseless and light to the lattice above her,
the maid creeps and leaps to the arms of her lover.

Slower and slower and slower the wheel swings,
lower and lower and lower the reel rings,
'ere the reel and the wheel stop there spinning and moving,
through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

