

THE SPINNING WHEEL

Noiselessly whirring,
While the foot's stirring.
Sprightly, lightly, merrily ringing,
Sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

Oo, oo

Hm.

Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting,
Crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting.

Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring,
Spins the wheel, rings the wheel while the foot's stirring.
Sprightly and lightly and merrily ringing,
Sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

"Tis the ivy dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Tis the sound mother dear, of the autumn winds dying."
"Tis the little birds chirping, the holly bush under."

"What makes you shove, and move your stool,
Singing all wrong the old song, 'The Cool-in?'"

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, through the lattice step lightly
And we'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
Loo (x12)

O! Sprightly, lightly, merrily ringing,
Sounds the voice of the young maid singing.

Ah.

The maid shakes her head, steps up from the stool,

Yet lingers.

A frightened glance turns

Hm.

Puts her foot, spins the wheel,
Spins the wheel with the other.

Now swings the wheel round,
Heard now the reel's sound.
Noiseless to the lattice above her,
The maid steps, then leaps to her lover.

Slower and slower and slower the wheel spins,
Lower and lower and lower,
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

Loo (x10)

O! Sprightly, lightly, merrily ringing,
Sounds the voice of the young maid singing.