

## THE SPINNING WHEEL

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.

Oo, oo

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.

"Eileen a chara, I hear someone tapping."

"Eileen I surely hear somebody sighing."

Oo,oo

"What makes you shoving and moving your stool on,  
And singing all wrong the old song, 'The Cool-in?'"

Oo,

"I'm waiting for you, love.

Get up from the stool, through the lattice step lightly  
And we'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

Loo (x17)

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

Ah, ah.

Longs to go and yet lingers.

A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother.  
Puts her foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

Lazily, easily, now swings 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 her lover.

Slower and slower, Lower,

Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving,  
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

Loo (x14)

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