

THE SPINNING WHEEL

Cheerily, noiselessly whirring,
Rings the wheel while the foot's stirring.
Sprightly, lightly, merrily ringing,
Sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.
Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning,
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning.
Hm.

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."
"What's the noise that I hear at the window I wonder?"
"What makes you shove, and move your stool,
Singing all wrong the old song of 'The Cool-in?'"

Oo,
"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."
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.

Ah
The maid on her lips lays her fingers,
Ah, longs to go, lingers.
A frightened glance turns
Hm.

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

Easily, now swings the wheel round,
Lowly is heard now the reel's sound.
Noiseless, to the lattice above her,
The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her lover.

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

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.