

THE SPINNING WHEEL SONG

Words and music by John Francis Waller, LL.D.

Mel-low the moon-light to shine is be - gin-ning,
 Close by the win-dow young Ei - leen is spin-ning, — Bent o'er the
 fire her blind grand-moth-er's sit-ting — Groan-ing and moan-ing and
 drow-si-ly knit-ting, — "Ei-leen, I sure-ly - hear some-bo-dy
 tap-ping?" "Tis the i - vy, dear Moth-er, a - gainst the glass flap-ping."
 "Ei-leen, a ca-ra - I hear some-one sigh-ing," — "Tis the sound mo-ther
 dear, of the Aut - umn wind die-ing." Mer - ri - ly, cheer-i - ly
 noi - si - ly whir - ring, Swings the wheel, spins the wheel, while the foot's
 stir-ring, Spright-ly and light - ly, and air - i - ly ring-ing
 Thrills the sweet voice of the young maid-en sing-ing.

2. "What's that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?"
 "'Tis the little bird chirping, the holly bush under."
 "What makes you keep shoving and moving your stool on
 "And singing all wrong the old song of the Coolun?"
 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 through the grove while the moon's shining brightly."
 Chorus:

3. The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays a finger,
 Steals up from the seat - longs to go, but yet lingers,
 A frightened glance turns to 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's sound.
 Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
 The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her lover.

Final Chorus:

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