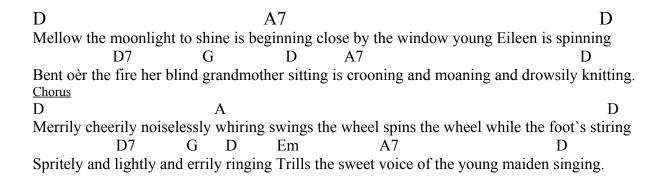
The Spinning Wheel



Eileen, a charan I hear someone tapping
'Tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping
Eily, I surely hear somebody sighing
'Tis the sound mother dear of the autumn winds dying.

What's the noise that I hear at the window I wonder? 'Tis the little birds chirping, the holly-bush under What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on? And singing all wrong the old song of 'The Coolin'?

There's 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 And we'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly.

The maid shakers her head, on her lips lays fingers Steps up from the stool, longs to go and 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.