

The Spinning Wheel

Written in the mid-1800s by an Irish lawyer and poet named John Francis Waller



[C] Mellow the moonlight to shine is
be [G7] ginning
Close by the window young Eileen is
[C] spinning
Bent o'er the [C7] fire her blind [F]
grandmother [C] sitting
Is [G7] crooning and moaning and
drowsily [C] knitting.

[CHORUS]

Merrily cheerily noiselessly G whirring
Swings the wheel, rings the wheel
while the foot's [C] stirring
Sprightly and [C7] brightly and G airily
[C] ringing
[Am] Sounds the sweet voice of the
young maiden [C] singing.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Eileen, a chara*, I hear someone [G7]
tapping
'Tis the ivy dear mother against the
glass [C] flapping
Eileen, I surely [C7] hear [F] somebody
[C] sighing
[G7] 'Tis the sound mother dear of the
autumn winds [C] dying.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

What's the noise I hear at the window
I [G7] wonder?
'Tis the little birds chirping, the holly-
bush [C] under
What makes you [C7] shoving and G
moving your [C] stool on
And [G7] singing all wrong the old
song of the [C] "Coolin"?

[REPEAT CHORUS]

There's a form at the casement, the
form of her [G7] true love
And he whispers with face bent, I'm
waiting for [C] you love
Get up from the [C7] stool, through
the [F] lattice step [C] lightly
And [G7] we'll rove in the grove while
the moon's shining [C] brightly.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

The maid shakes her head, on her lips
lays her [G7] fingers
Steps up from the stool, longs to go
and yet [C] lingers
A frightened glance [C7] turns to her
[F] drowsy grand [C] mother
Puts [G7] her foot on the stool spins
the wheel with the [C] other

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Lazily, easily, now swings the wheel
[G7] round
Slowly and lowly is heard now the
reel's [C] sound
Noiseless and [C7] light to the [F]
lattice above [C] her
The [G7] maid steps, then leaps to the
arms of her [C] lover.

[REPEAT CHORUS]

Slower... and slower... and slower the
[G7] wheel swings
Lower... and lower... and lower the
[C] reel rings
Ere the reel and the [C7] wheel stop
their [F] ringing and [C] moving
Through the [G7] grove the young
lovers by moonlight are [C] roving.