

Spinning Wheel

Nana Mouskouri

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother sitting
Is crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting

Merrily, cheerily, noisily, whirring
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel while the foot's stirring
Sprightly and lightly and merrily ringing
Sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden singing

Eileen, yochorra, I hear someone tapping
'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping
Eileen, 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 on holly-bushy under
What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on?
And singing all wrong the old song of the "Coolin"

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

The maid shakes her head, on her lips lays her fingers
Steals up from the seat, longs to go, and yet lingers
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother
With 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 sound
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her lover

Slower and slower and slower the wheel swings
Lower and lower and lower the reel rings
E'er the reel and the wheel stop their spinning and moving
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving