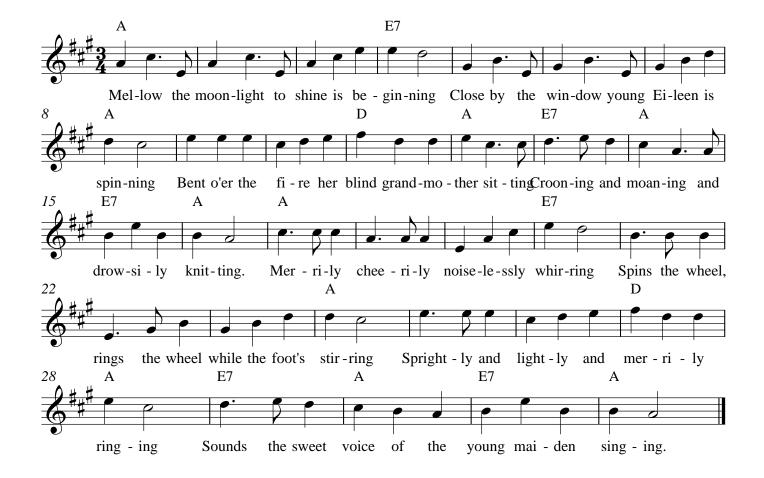
## Spinning Wheel Song

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Eileen, a chara, 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 I hear at the window I wonder?
"Tis the little birds chirping, the holly-bush under
What makes you 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 from 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 Steps up from the stool, longs to go and yet lingers A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother Puts her foot on the stool spins the wheel with the other

Lazily, easily, now swings 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.

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