

Nana Mouskouri, Spinning Wheel

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

cho: 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, 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.

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.

cho: 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.

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
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.

Slower and slower, and slower the wheel swings
Lower and lower, and lower the reel rings
there the reel and the wheel stop their spinning and moving
The grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.