

John Mayer Trio

"The Spinningwheel"

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The spinningwheel : to eilly and teesa in philly

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning
Close to the window yound eileen is spinning
Bent over the fire her blind grandmother sitting
Is crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting
Eileen achara I hear someone tapping
'tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping
Eilly I surely hear somebody sighing
'tis the sound mother dear of the summer winds dying
(chorus)

Merrily, cheerily, noiselessly whirring
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel while the foot's
stirring
Sprightly and brightly and airily ringing
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing

What's that noise I hear at the window I wonder
'tis the little birds chirping the holly bush under
What makes you be shovin' and moving your stool on
And singing all wrong that 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 your stool through the lattice step lightly
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining
brightly

(chorus)

The maid shakes her head on her lips lays her fingers
Steals up from her 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
Noisless and light to the lattice above
The maid steps then leap to the arms of her lover

(chorus)

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

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