

Emil Valesco

"The Old Spinning Wheel"

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verse)

Covered with dust and forgotten,

Like the face upon the wall.

The one souvenir of the days gone by,

I treasure most of all:

(refrain)

There's an old spinning wheel in the parlor,

Spinning dreams of the long, long ago.

Spinning dreams of an old fashioned garden,

And a maid with her old fashioned beau,

Sometimes it seems that I can hear her in the twilight

At the organ softly singing "Old Black Joe."

There's an old spinning wheel in the parlor,

Spinning dreams of the long, long a go.

(verse)

Turn back the years of my childhood

As you turn, old spinning wheel.

Just show me a lane with a barefoot boy,

As shadows softly steal:

(repeat refrain

