

Ray Noble

"The Old Spinning Wheel"

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The Old Spinning Wheel
Ray Noble
(words and music by Billy Hill)

(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) From: "Montcomags"

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