

Spinning Wheel 2

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As I sat at my spinning wheel,
A handsome lad was passing by;
I view'd him round, and lik'd him well,
For truth he had a glancing eye,
 My heart now panting 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd the spinning wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,
And still more lovely did appear,
And round about my slender waste (sic),
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd,
 To kiss my hand, he down did kneel,
 As I sat at mr spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd mr fingers long and small,
And said there was no lady fair,
That ever could with me compare:
 Those words into my heart did steal,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
yet he would never be deny'd;
But still declar'd his love the more,
Until mr heart was wounded sore;
 That my love could scarce conceal,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnells and my spinning-wheel;
He bid me leave them all with speed,
And go with him to yonder mead;
 My yielding heart strange flames did feel
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whisper'd, Rise, my bonny maid,
And with me to that hay cock go,
I'll teach you better work to do;
 In truth I lov'd the motion well,
 And let alone my spinning-wheel.

Among the pleasant cocks of hay,
There with my bonny lad I lay
What lass, so young and soft as I
Could such a handsome lad deny?
 These pleasures I cannot reveal
 That far surpass the spinning-wheel.

From Contentment, Douglas