

Arrane Queeyl Niecee

(Spinning Wheel Song)

Manx trad.

1. Sneeu, wheeyl, sneeu, Sneeu, wheeyl, sneeu; Dy chooil-ley van - gan

6 er y vil - ley Sneeu er - my - skyn. Lesh y ree yn ol - lan, As

11 lhiam pene y snaih; Son shenn Trit Trot Cha vow ish dy bragh!

1. Sneeu, wheeyl, sneeu!
Sneeu, wheeyll, sneeu!
Dy choilley vangan er y villey
Sneeu er-my-skyn.
Lesh y ree yn ollan
As lhiam pene y snaih;
Son shenn Trit Trot
Cha vow ish dy bragh!

2. Sneeu, wheeyl, sneeu!
'Rane, wheeyl, 'rane!
As dy chooilley chlea er y thie
Sneeu er-my-hon.
Lesh y ree yn ollan bane
As lhiam pene y snaih;
Son shenn Trit Trot
Cha vow ish dy bragh!

3. Sneeu, wheeyl, sneeu!
'Rane, wheeyl, 'rane!
As dy chooilley tonn er y traie,
Sneeu er-my-hon.
Lesh y ree yn ollan keeir,
As lhiam pene y snaih;
Son tra vees y Fidder cheet,
Cha vow eh dy-bragh!

1. Spin, wheel, spin!
Spin, wheel, spin!
And every leaf upon the trees
Spin on my behalf.
With myself the spinning
And with the king the wool;
For old Trit Trot
Will never get the wool!

2. Spin, wheel, spin!
Sing, wheel, sing!
And all the tiles on the house
Spin on my behalf.
With the king the white wool
And with myself the yar,;
For old Trit Trot
Will never get the wool!

3. Spin, wheel, spin!
Sing, wheel, sing!
And every wave upon the shore
Spin on my behalf.
With the king the loaghtan wool
And with myself the yarn;
Ready when the weaver comes,
She'll never get the wool!