And while the distaff loosed the flax
That slipped between her hands she sang:

While I sit here, while I sing,
Spinning, spinning, spinning,
Soars the skylark on its wing,
Soaring upward ring on ring,
Spinning, spinning, spinning.

While my fingers busy are,
Spinning, spinning, spinning,
Comes a horseman from afar,
Comes by valley, cliff and scar,
Spinning, spinning, spinning.

And as she turned and looked without
She pouted playfully and said:
"'T is only Cousin Matthew comes."
The ancient Windsor elms that arched
The village highway promised peace
To all who passed beneath their boughs;
And he, sitting upon his horse,—

Unurged those many leagues behind,—
Had more of peace that April day
Than for a twelvemonth he had known.
"You drive too madly for a Turk,
Too slowly for an Englishman,"
A laughing voice accosted him.
"He is so awkward, so confused
By every girl," she sighed; and he,
Recovering at length, replied:
"Then am I fit, Miss Ursula,
To drive your mother's spinning-wheel?"
"A woman's task is not so light
That any man can come to it
With fingers hardened at the plow."

While I sit and turn the wheel,
Spinning, spinning, spinning,
Some one brave and some one leal,
Some one strong will come and kneel,
While I 'm spinning, spinning.