

## **In Dark Irish Kitchens**

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In Dark Irish kitchens  
Upon Grandfather's knee  
She heard the reels go 'round and felt  
The lilt and the melody  
There were stories from the darker side  
Of famine and of war  
Black Kilkenny stones and peat-kept bones  
Bards from Sligo gone before

Chorus:

And the whistles sang and the fiddles flew  
And the pipers piped in the morning dew  
And the more she heard the more she grew  
In dark Irish kitchens

Then one day out walking  
A fire was in her head  
She heard a whistle sound so clear  
Angel choirs upon a thread  
Hot breath into the whistle  
She played to the moon and the sun  
She played until the sounds inside  
And the sounds outside were one

Chorus:

Now each day her fingers dance  
She breathes her joy and her pain  
In the new mown hay or the winter's fray  
She finds her own refrain....