

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....