



Pat to Sarah

Words and Music by Mike Ryan - Feb 2003

There'll be dancing in front of the fireplace again
In this house that I built out of stone
When you came down the hill with the trunk from New York
Did you think all the music would go

For we gave the house life when you came as me wife
And the fife, flute and fiddle they played
The three reels and the Rambling Pitchfork, of course
And you stepped out the Old Sligo Maid

If you're heading from Boyle take a left at the cross
In the Parish of Corrigeenroe
There's a house down the lane where the people's refrain
Sang their sadness at leaving Drumdoe

Now, the house it was closed and the memories froze
But ancestry's patient for them
And the notes in the stones are passed on through their bones
A gradh, now there's dancing again.

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