

COURTING IN THE KITCHEN

With me toora loora la and me toora loora laddie
And me toora loora la and me toora loora laddie

Come single bell and beau, unto me pay attention
Don't ever fall in love, it's the devil's own invention
For once I fell in love with a maiden so bewitching
Miss Henrietta Bell out of Captain Kelly's kitchen

CHORUS

At the age of seventeen I was 'prenticed to a grocer
Not far from Stephen's Green where Miss Henri' used to go, sir
Her manners were sublime and she set me heart a-twitchin'
When she invited me to a hooley in the kitchen

CHORUS

Oh, next Sunday bein' the day that we were to have the flare-up
I dressed meself quite gay and I frizzed and oiled me hair up
The Captain had no wife and he had gone a-fishing
And we kicked up high life down below stairs in the kitchen

CHORUS

With her arm around me waist, she slyly hinted marriage
To the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage
Her eyes were full of hate and poison she was spittin'
When the Captain at the door walked right into the kitchen

CHORUS

Now, I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial
For assault she did indict me, and I was sent for trial
She swore I robbed the house and inspite of all her schreechin'
And I got six months hard for me courtin' in the kitchen

CHORUS

When the Captain came downstairs, though he saw me situation
In despite of all me prayers I was marched off to the station
For me he'd take no bail, but to get home I was itchin'
And I had to tell the tale, how I came into the kitchen

CHORUS

CHORUS