

COURTIN' IN THE KITCHEN

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

[CHORUS (and between verses)]

With me toora-loora-la, with me toora-loora-laddy
With me toora-loora-la, me toora-loora-laddy!

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

Next Sunday being the day that we were to have the "flare up,"
I dressed myself quite gay, and I frizzed and oiled my hair up
The captain had no wife, faith he had gone out fishin'
And we kicked up high life, down below stairs in the kitchen

With her arms around my waist, she slyly hinted marriage
To the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage
Her eyes soon filled with hate and poison she was spittin'
When the captain at the door walked right into the kitchen

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

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, in spite of all her screechin'
Ana I got six months "hard" for my Courtin' In The Kitchen!