

## Courtin' in the Kitchen

Come sin - gle belles and beaus, To me now pay at - ten - tion, And love, I'll plain - ly  
show Is the Di - vil's own in - ven - tion; For once I fell in love \_\_\_ With a dam - sel most be -  
witch - in' Miss Hen - ri - et - ta Bell, down in Cap - tain Kel - ley's kit - chen, To me too - ri - oo - ri -  
ay, \_\_\_ Me roo - ri - oo - ri - ad - dy, Me too - ri - oo - ri - ay, And me too - ri - oo - ri -  
ad - dy! \_\_\_

## Courtin' in the Kitchen

### Traditional

Come single belle and beau, come to 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 bewitchin'  
Miss Henrietta Bell, down in Captain Kelly's kitchen

*chorus:*

With my toora loora la, my toora loora laddy  
Ah toora loora la, ri toora loora laddy.

Now next Sunday being the day that we were to have the flare-up  
I dressed myself quite gay, an' I greased and oiled my hair up  
The Captain had no wife, now he had gone out a-fishin'  
And we kicked up high life, down below-stairs in the kitchen.

With her arm around my waist and she slyly hinting marriage  
Through the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage!

She jumped up off my knee, well five feet or higher  
And a twenty shilling note went to blazes in the fire

Chorus

Well I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial  
On that they did indict me, and I was sent for trial.  
She swore I robbed the house, twas poison she was spitting  
And I got six months hard, for my courting in the kitchen.

Chorus

### **Another version**

Come single belle and beau, to me now pay attention  
And love, I'll plainly show, is the devil's own invention.  
For once I fell in love with a damsel most bewitchin'  
Miss Henrietta Bell, down in Captain Kelly's kitchen

chorus:

To my toora loora la, my toora loora laddy  
Ri toora loora la, ri toora loora laddy.

At the age of seventeen, I was 'prenticed to a grocer  
Not far from Stephen's Green, where Miss Bell for tea would go, sir  
Her manners were so free, she set me heart a-twitchin'  
She invited me to tea, down in Captain Kelly's kitchen.

Next Sunday bein' the day we were to have the flare-up  
I dressed myself quite gay, an' I frizzed and oiled my hair up  
The Captain had no wife, he had gone out a-fishin'  
So we kicked up high life, below-stairs in the kitchen.

Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the table  
She served me tea and cakes --- I ate while I was able,  
I ate cakes, drank punch and tea, till my side had got a stitch in  
And the hours flew quick away, while coortin' in the kitchen.

With my arms around her waist, I kissed ---she hinted marriage  
To the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage!  
Her looks told me full well that moment she was wishin'  
That I'd get out to Hell, or somewhere far from the kitchen.

She flew up off my knees, full seven feet or higher  
And over heads and heels, threw me slap into the fire

My new Repealers coat, that I'd bought from Mrs. Stichen  
With a thirty-shilling note, went to blazes in the kitchen.

I grieved to see my duds, all besmeared with smoke and ashes  
When a tub of dirty suds, right in my face she dashes.  
As I lay on the floor, still the water she kept pitchin'  
Till the footman broke the door, and marched into the kitchen.

When the Captain came downstairs, and seen my situation  
In spite of all my prayers I was marched off to the station  
For me they'd take no bail, tho' to get home I was itchin'  
And I had to tell the tale of how I got in 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'  
And I got six months hard, for my coortin' in the kitchen.