

## Clan Of Xymox

### "Coortin In The Kitchen"

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#### COORTIN' IN THE KITCHEN

Come single belle and beau, to me now pay attention  
And love, I'll plainly show, is the divil's own invention.

For once I fell in love with a damsel most bewitchin'  
Miss Henrietta Bell, down in Captain Kelly's kitchen  
Cho:

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.

Recorded by Galvin - Irish Love Songs, Clancys

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