

Gaelic Storm

"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 lady so bewitching
Miss Henrietta Bell down in Captain Kelly's Kitchen

Toura loura lie; toura loura laddy...

At the age of seventeen I was apprentice to a grocer
Not far from Stephen's Green where Miss Henri used to
go, sir
Her manners were so fine, she set my heart a twitchin'
She invited me to a Courtin' in the Kitchen!

Toura loura lie; toura loura laddy...

Next Sunday be the day that we were to have our flare
up
I dressed meself quite gay and I frizzed and oiled me
hair up
The captain had no wife, he had gone a fishin'
So we kicked up our life to a hooley in her kitchen!

Toura loura lie; toura loura laddy...

She slipped up to her room, I said: "Good Lord
Almighty!"
She came back down the stairs wearing nothing but her
nighty!
With her arms around me waist she slyly hinted
marriage
When to the door in haste came Captain Kelly's
carriage!

Toura loura lie; toura loura laddy...

Well the Captain came downstairs though he saw me
situation
In spite of all me prayers I was marched off to the
station
For me they set no bail though to get home I was
itchen'

And I had to tell the tale of how I came into that kitchen

Well I swore she did invite me though she gave a flat
denial

Forso they did indict me and I was sent for trial
She swore I robbed the house in spite of all me
screechin'

And I got six months hard for me courtin' in the
kitchen!

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