

Irish Folksongs

"COURTIN IN THE KITCHEN"

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Come single belle and beau, unto me pay attention
Don't ever fall in love, tis 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 me too-rah-loo-rah-lay, me too-rah-loo-rah-laddie
With me too-rah-loo-rah-lay, me too-rah-loo-rah-laddie

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 so fine, she set me heart a twitchin'
When she invited me to a hooley in the kitchen

Sunday being the day we were to have the flare up
I dressed meself quite gay and I frizzed an oiled me
hair up
The captain had no wife and he'd gone off a fishin'
So we kicked up the highlife below the stairs in the
kitchen

With me arms around her waist, she slyly hinted
marriage
When to the door in haste came Captain Kelly's
carriage
Her looks told me full well and they were not bewitchin'
That she wished I'd get to hell, or somewhere from the
kitchen

She flew up off my knees, full five feet up or higher
And over head and heels threw me slap into the fire!
My new Repealer's coat, that I bought from Mr. 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 down
into the kitchen

When the Captain came downstairs though he seen me
situation
Despite all me prayers I was marched off to the station
For me they'd take no bail though to get home I was
itchin'
And I had to tel

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