

Coortin' in the Kitchen

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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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