

Gaelic Storm, Courtin' In The Kitchen

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.

(Chorus)

Toura loura lie; toura loura laddy. Toura loura lie;
toura loura laddy. Toura loura lie; toura loura laddy.
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!

(Chorus)

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!

(Chorus)

She slipped up to her room. I says, 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!

(Chorus)

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!