

Courtin`in the Kitchen

Come single belle and beau, come to me, pay attention
 Don't ever fall in love, it's 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 my toora loora la, my toora loora laddy
 Ah toora loora la, ri toora loora laddy.

Now next Sunday being the day that we were to have the flare-up
 I dressed myself quite gay, an' I greased and oiled my hair up
 The Captain had no wife, now he had gone out a-fishin'
 And we kicked up high life, down below-stairs in the kitchen.

With her arm around my waist and she slyly hinting marriage
 Through the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage!
 She jumped up off my knee, well five feet or higher
 And a twenty shilling note went to blazes in the fire

Chorus

Well I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial
 On that they did indict me, and I was sent for trial.
 She swore I robbed the house, twas poison she was spitting
 And I got six months hard, for my courting in the kitchen

