

Courting in the Kitchen

Words & music: Traditional

(Chords in parentheses: Guitar - Capo III)

F (D) **C (A)**
Come single belle and beau, to me now pay attention
F (D) **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
And love, I'll plainly show, is the devil's own invention
F (D)
For once in love I fell with a damsel most bewitchin'
B♭ (G) **F (D)** **Gm (Em)** **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
Miss Henri - etta Bell, down in Captain Kelly's kitchen

F (D) **C (A)**
CHORUS: With me too-ra-loo-ra la, me too-ra-loo-ra laddie
F (D) **C (A)** **F (D)**
Me too-ra-loo-ra la, with me too-ra-loo-ra laddie

F (D) **C (A)**
At the age of seventeen, I was 'prenticed to a grocer
F (D) **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
Not far from Stephen's Green, where Miss Bell for tea would go, sir
F (D)
Her manners were so free, she set me heart a-twitchin'
B♭ (G) **F (D)** **Gm (Em)** **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
She invited me to tea, down in Captain Kelly's kitchen

CHORUS

F (D) **C (A)**
Next Sunday bein' the day we were to have the flare-up
F (D) **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
I dressed myself quite gay, and I combed and oiled my hair up
F (D)
The Captain had no wife, and he had gone out fishin'
B♭ (G) **F (D)** **Gm (Em)** **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
So we kicked up high life below - stairs in Kelly's kitchen

CHORUS

F (D) **C (A)**
Just as the clock struck six we sat down to the table
F (D) **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
She served me tea and cakes and I ate while I was able
F (D)
I ate cakes, drank punch and tea 'til my side had got a stitch in
B♭ (G) **F (D)** **Gm (Em)** **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
And the hours flew away while a-courtin' in the kitchen

CHORUS

F (D) **C (A)**
With my arms around her waist, we kissed, she hinted marriage
F (D) **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
To the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage!
F (D)
Her looks told me full well at that moment she was wishin'
B♭ (G) **F (D)** **Gm (Em)** **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
That I'd get out to Hell, or somewhere far from that kitchen

CHORUS

F (D) **C (A)**
She flew up off my knees—full seven feet or higher!
F (D) **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
And over head and heels threw me slap into the fire!
F (D)
My new Repealers coat—that I'd bought from Mrs. Stichen
B♭ (G) **F (D)** **Gm (Em)** **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
With a thirty shilling note—went to blazes in the kitchen

CHORUS

F (D) **C (A)**
I grieved to see my duds all besmeared with smoke and ashes
F (D) **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
When a tub of dirty suds right in my face she dashes!
F (D)
As I lay on the floor still the water she kept pitchin'
B♭ (G) **F (D)** **Gm (Em)** **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
'Til the footman broke the door and marched into the kitchen

CHORUS

F (D) **C (A)**
When the Captain came downstairs and seen my situation
F (D) **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
In spite of all my prayers I was marched off to the station
F (D)
For me they'd take no bail, though to get home I was itchin'
B♭ (G) **F (D)** **Gm (Em)** **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
And I had to tell the tale of how I was in the kitchen

CHORUS

F (D) **C (A)**
I said she did invite me, but she gave a flat denial
F (D) **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
For assault she did indict me, and so I was sent for trial
F (D)
She swore I robbed the house—in spite of all her screechin'
B♭ (G) **F (D)** **Gm (Em)** **B♭ (G)** **C (A)**
And I got six months hard for my courtin' in the kitchen

F (D) **C (A)**
CHORUS: With me too-ra-loo-ra la, me too-ra-loo-ra laddie
F (D) **C (A)** **F (D)**
Me too-ra-loo-ra la, with me too-ra-loo-ra laddie
C (A) **F (D)** **C (A)**
With me too-ra-loo-ra la, me too-ra-loo-ra laddie
F (D) **C (A)** **F (D)**
Me too-ra-loo-ra la, with me too-ra-loo-ra laddie

Courting in the Kitchen

Traditional

(alternative guitar chords in parentheses - Capo III)

VERSE

F (D) C (A)

1. Come sing - le bell and beau, to me now play at - tent - ion, And

F (D) B♭ (G) C (A)

love I'll plain - ly show is the dev - il's own in - vent - ion For

F (D)

once in love I fell with a dam - sel most be - witch - in' Miss

B♭ (G) F (D) Gm (Em) B♭ (G) C (A)

Hen - ri - et - ta Bell down in Cap - tain Kel - ly's kitch - en.

CHORUS

F (D) C (A)

With me too - ra - loo - ra la, me too - ra - loo - ra lad - die Me

F (D) C (A) F (D)

too - ra - loo - ra la, With me too - ra - loo - ra lad - die

2. 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 quite free, she set my heart a-twitchin'
She invited me to tea down in Captain Kelly's kitchen

CHORUS

3. Next Sunday bein' the day we were to have the flare-up
I dressed myself quite gay and I combed and oiled my hair up
The Captain had no wife and he had gone out fishin'
So we kicked up high life below-stairs in Kelly's kitchen

CHORUS

4. Just as the clock struck six we sat down at the table
She served me tea and cakes and I ate while I was able
I ate cakes, drank punch and tea 'til my side had got a stitch in
And the hours flew away while a-courtin' in the kitchen

CHORUS

5. With my arms around her waist we kissed, she hinted marriage
To the door in dreadful haste came Captain Kelly's carriage!
Her looks told me full well at that moment she was wishin'
That I'd get out to Hell or somewhere far from that kitchen

CHORUS

VERSE

F (D) C (A)

6. She flew up off my knees — full sev - en feet of high - er! And

F (D) B♭ (G) C (A)

ov - er head and heels threw me slap in - to the fi - re! My

F (D)

new Re - peal - ers coat that I bought from Mrs. — Stich - en with a

B♭ (G) F (D) Gm (Em) B♭ (G) C (A)

thirt - y shil - ling note Went to blaz - es in the kitch - en!

CHORUS

F (D) C (A)

With me too - ra - loo - ra la, me too - ra - loo - ra lad - die Me

F (D) C (A) F (D)

too - ra - loo - ra la, With me too - ra - loo - ra lad - die

7. 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'
 'Til the footman broke the door and marched into the kitchen

CHORUS

8. 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, though to get home I was itchin'
 And I had to tell the tale of how I was in the kitchen

CHORUS

9. I said she did invite me but she gave a flat denial
 For assault she did indict me and so 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 courtin' in the kitchen

CHORUS x 2