Bitchin' In The Kitchen

Firkin

Come single belle and beau,
To my words pay attention.
Don't ever fall in love,
It's the devil's own invention.
For once I fell in love,
With a lady so bewitching;
Miss Henrietta BELL,
Down in Captain Kelly's Kitchen.

Chorus
With me
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 apprenticed 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 aâ€™twitchin'
When she invited me to
Meet her in the Kitchen

Chorus

On a shiny sunny day
We were to have our flare up
I dressed up firkinâ€™ gay,
I shaved and oiled me hair up
The captain was a bachelor,
and he had gone aâ€™fishin'
So I began to humour her
Down in the old manâ€™s kitchen

Chorus

With her thighs around my waist
She slyly hinted marriage

When to the door in haste
Came Captain Kelly's carriage!
I tried to run away, but was stuck there with my stick in
As the captain kicked the door in and came into the kitchen

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 itchin'
And I had to tell the tale of how I
came into that kitchen

Well I swore she did invite me,
But she called me a liar
For assault she did indict me
And I was sent for trial.
She swore I did harass her
In spite of all her screechin'
And I got six months hard
For miss Henrietta bitchinâ€™!

Lyrics submitted by Janos.

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