

Monto - Irish Folk

Verse 1: Well if you got a wingo, take her up to ringo,
Where the waxies sing-o all the day,
If you've had your fill of porter, and you can't go any further,
Give yer man the order "Back to the Quay"
And take her up to Monto, Monto, Monto,
Take her up to Monto, langeroo, to you.

G	C
G	C
G	C
D	G

Verse 2: The Dirty Duke of Gloucester, the dirty old imposter,
Took his moth and lost her up the Furry Glen,
He first put on his bowler, then he buttoned up his trousers,
And he whistled for a growler and he said "My man",
Take me up to Monto, Monto, Monto,
Take me up to Monto, langeroo, to you.

Verse 3: You see the Dublin Fusiliers, the dirty old bamboozileers,
They went to get the childer one, two, three,
Marchin' from the linen hall there's one for every canonball,
And Vicki's going to send yis all o'er the sea,
But first go up to Monto, Monto, Monto,
First go up to Monto, langeroo, to you.

Verse 4: When the Tzar of Russia and the King of Prussia,
Landed in the Phoenix Park in a big balloon,
They asked the band to play the Wearing of the Green,
But the buggers in the Depot didn't know that tune,
So they both went up to Monto, Monto, Mont,
They both went up to Monto, langeroo, to you.

Extra Verse

Verse 5: The Queen she came to call on us,
She wanted to see all of us,
I'm glad she didn't fall on us, she's eighteen stone,
Mr. me Lord Mayor, sez she,
Is this all you've got to show to me?
Why no, ma'am, there is more to see, Póg mo thóin,
And he took her up to Monto, Monto, Monto,
He took her up to Monto, langeroo, Goodnight to you.