

# Monte Carlo Boys - song lyrics

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MONTE CARLO BOYS.

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Words by Norton Atkins. Music by Orlando Powell.

Sixteen merry Monte Carlo boys made up their plural mind  
That they would go on the "Continong" and see what they could find;  
They'd heard about the jolly old man who said he broke the bank.  
But they were fully persuaded that his "system" was but "hank."  
So to the station, with much elation,  
They all went marching, their throats were parching,  
The train was steaming, the whistle screaming,  
And they were singing, their voices ringing,  
"We'll have a lark, o, in gay Monaco,  
We'll let them see, boys, we're gay and free, boys,  
We'll let them see, boys, we're gay and free, boys,  
For this is the song we'll sing:

Chorus.

"We belong to the good old school you don't meet ev'ry day,  
Always ready wherever we go, always ready to pay;  
The sort of pals you're proud of, fond of fun and noise,  
Carlo! Carlo! the Monte Carlo boys!"

Sixteen merry Monte Carlo boys arrived at that resort,  
And after one or two games, you know, of cash were somewhat short;  
But one of them said, "Never mind that. I've got a little plan,  
We've got our watches and chains, let's find a pawnshop if we can."  
So when they spied one, they went inside one,  
And on each ticker they raised a nicker;  
They took on brandy, or what came handy,  
And they were singing, their voices ringing;  
Out for a lark, o, in gay Monaco,  
As they went strolling, or rather rolling,  
As they went strolling, I should say rolling,  
They shouted with all their might: - Chorus.

Sixteen merry Monte Carlo boys soon got into disgrace,  
With sixteen pairs of fine black eyes And scratches on each face;  
They found that they were landed in goal when they next morn awoke;  
Each of them had a fearful thirst and felt inclined to choke.  
They looked so shady, each with a lady,  
Had been too free, boys, you must agree, boys,  
For they were knocked up, and also locked up.  
The Consul saw them, began to jaw them;  
He said, "You gay boys, you cannot pay, boys,  
We shall befriend you, back home we'll send you,  
We shall befriend you, back home we'll send you,  
And take care no more you sing":-Chor.