

## Monto

Well, if you've got a wing-o,  
Take her up to Ring-o  
Where the waxies sing-o all the day;  
If you've had your fill of porter,  
And you can't go any further  
Give your man the order: Back to the Quay!

## Chorus:

And take her up to Monto, Monto, Monto  
Take her up to Monto, lan-ge- roo,  
To you!

The dirty Duke of Gloucester,  
The dirty old impostor  
Took mot and lost her, up the Furry Glen.  
He first put on his bowler  
And he buttoned up his trousers,  
And he whistled for a growler and he says, My man!

Take me up to Monto, Monto, Monto  
Take her up to Monto, lan-ge- roo,  
To you!

You see the Dublin Fusiliers,  
The dirty old bamboozlers,  
They went and got the childer, one, two, three.  
Marching from the Linen Hall  
There's one for every cannonball,  
And Vick's going to send them all, o'er the sea.

But first go up to Monto, Monto, Monto  
Take her up to Monto, lan-ge- roo,  
To you!

Now when the Tsar of Russia  
And the King of Prussia  
Landed in the Phoenix Park in a big balloon,  
They asked the police band  
To play The Wearin' of the Green  
But the buggers in the depot didn't know the tune.

So they both went up to Monto, Monto, Monto  
Take her up to Monto, lan-ge- roo,  
To you!

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.  
Mister Me Lord Mayor; says she,  
Is this all you've got to show me?  
Why, no ma'am there's some more to see, Pog mo thoin!

And he took her up Monto, Monto, Monto  
Take her up to Monto, lan-ge- roo,  
To you!