

Monto

George Desmond Hodnett 1958

G e G e
Well if you got a wing-o, take her up to ring-o,

G e G D e
Where the waxies sing-O, all the day,

G e G e
If you had your fill of Porter, and you can't go any further,

G e G D G
Give our man the order, back to the quay,

G e G e
And take her up to Monto, Monto, Monto,

G e D G X X D G
Take her up to Monto Lan-ge-ru, to you,

You heard the Duke of Gloucester, the dirty old imposter,
He took the Mot and lost her up in the Furry Glen,
He first put on his bowler, and he buttoned up his trousers,
Then he whistled for his growler, and he said my man,

You heard the Dublin Fusiliers, the dirty old bamboozileers,
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're the sea.

When Carey told on "Skin The Goat" O Donnell caught him in the boat,
He wished he'd never been afloat, the dirty skite,
It wasn't very sensible to tell on the Invincibles,
They stood up for their principles, day and night.

Now when the czar of Russia and the king of Prussia,
Landed in the Phoenix in a big balloon,
They asked the policemen to play "The Wearing Of The Green",
But the buggers in the depot didn't know the tune.

Now the Queen she came to call on us,
She wanted to see all of us,
I' glad she didn't fall on us, she's eighteen stone,
Mister Milord the Mayor says she,
Is this all you've got to show for me,
Why no mam there's more to see "Pog Mo Thoin". *for you*