

The Monto

The Dubliners

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

The Dirty Duke of Gloucester
The dirty old imposter
Took his mot 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

You see the Dublin Fusiliers
The dirty old bamboozileers
They went to get the childer one, two, three
Marchin' from the linenhall
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

When the Tzar of Russia
And the King of Prussia
Landed in the Phoenix Park in a big balloon
They asked the Police 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

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 thoin

And he took her up to Monto, Monto, Monto
He took her up to Monto, langeroo
Goodnight to you