

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