

## Monsieur R. Monde

Procol Harum

The bell on my door rang this morning  
From the kitchen I called "Who's that there?"  
Through the letter box came a grappling hook  
Which grappled me right out of my chair!  
Stretched out on the floor I lay helpless  
Of my limbs I had lost all command  
When into my ear instilling fear  
Said a voice "I am Monsieur R. Monde"

"Monsieur R. Monde you are not!  
That's an incredible thing to say  
For I personally attended his funeral  
which was twelve months to this very day!"  
A rat flew down from the ceiling  
Alighted upon my right ear  
said "If Monsieur R. Monde is safe under the sod  
Then why are you shaking with fear!"

"My name is not Scrooge" I said faintly  
"and from ghosts I have nothing to fear!  
But if you are R. Monde returned from the dead  
Then what are you wanting here?"  
From nowhere I heard a mad cackle  
From nowhere a voice to me cried  
"Stop calling me Monsieur R. Monde you fool!  
My name's Jekyll and you're Mr. Hyde!"