

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

The Old Monk

The Old Monk

There was an old monk of great reknown,
There was an old monk of great reknown,
There was an old monk of great reknown,
He f***ed all the women in old London town.

cho: The old sod, [the dirty old sod,]*
The bugger deserves to die.
[f*** him, let us pray,]*
Glory, glory hallelujah.

One day he met a maiden fair, (3x)
And he lured her up into his lair.

He took her to his marble halls,(3x)
And he showed her his prick and his bloody great balls.

He laid her on his fifty-white bed,
And he f***ed that girl until she was dead

The other monks cried out "For Shame",
So he turned her over and did it again.

The other monks, to stop his frolics
They took up a knife and cut off his bollicks.

But on the resurrection morn,
The dirty old bugger still had a horn.

And so the old monk has gone to hell
And we've heard he's f***ing the devil as well.

* bracketed phrases spoken

From Songs from the Front and Rear, Hopkins

Note: In new York City, the chorus was (spoken gravely and with
import:) The bastard.
The dirty bastard.
f*** 'im.
s***.
We-e-e-e-e-e-a-sel s***! RG

