

The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo

Fred Gilbert
arranged Jim Paterson

Introduction
Lively

Verse

I've just got here, through Pa-ri-s, from the sun-nysouth-ern shore; I to Mon-te Car-lo went, just to
I stay in-doors till af-ter lunch, and then my dai-ly walk to the great tri-umph-al arch is one
I pa-tron-ise the ta-bles at the Mon-te Car-lo hell till they had-n't got a sou-not for

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raise my win-ter's rent; Dame For-tune smiled up-on me as she'd ne-ver done be-fore, and I've
grand tri-umph-al march. Ob-served by each ob-ser-ver with the keen-ness of a hawk, I'm a
me and not for you. So I quick-ly went to Pa-ri-s for the charms of mad' mois-elle who's the

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now such lots of mon - ey I'm a gent. Yes I've now such lots of mon - ey I'm a gent.
mass of mon - ey, lin - en, silk and starch. I'm a mass of mon - ey, lin - en, silk and starch.
load - stone of my heart, what can I do. when with twen - ty tongues she swears that she'll be true.

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Chorus

As I walk a-long the bois boo-long with an in - de-pen-dent air, you can hear the girls de

30

clare "He must be a Mill - ion - aire" You can hear them sigh, and wish to die. You can

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see them wink the oth - er eye, At the man who broke the Bank at Mon - te Car - lo.