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Parody on the Bee Proffer's Honey

Author Unknown

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PARODY

ON THE

BEE PROFFER'S HONEY

1

A Kid of a boozy staggering mien,
 On a long eard donkey came,
 In his hat was a slaughter house candle seen,
 For a slaughterman, knows no shame,
 And he tapt at a Fish lady's door with glee
 Who'd been crying of sprats near and far
 And cried 'Moll Dab come get drunk with me',
 But she promis'd his singing to mar,
 With fol de rol, tol de rol, hubbaboo whack
 If you don't make a bolt I'll tip you a crack.

2

A kid with his eyes beat black in a row
 On his shoele's feet came hy
 And he saw the fair damsel fulfilling her vow
 By bunging the slaughtermans eye
 But he roguishly said If a lark you love

An' would morrish the fish fag afar
 My bottom and science I'm willing to prove,
 And the phiz of a scout quickly scar:
 With tol de rol fol de rol hubbaboo whack
 Oh I am the boy for a mill or a crack.

3

The boozy kid got mill'd that day
 If he never got mill'd before
 And the black eyed kid cut a swell that day,
 With the apron the slaughterman wore,
 The fish fag he wo'd but she smackd his face,
 And he to St Giles's went far
 When the song and the dance at midnight gave
 To a row and a general spar.
 With tol de rol fol de rol hubbaboo whack,
 Oh they, are the boys for a mill or a crack.