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Parody on the Bee Proffer's Honey

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Parody on the Bee Proffer's Honey" (1812). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1083.
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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 shoeless feet came by
And he saw the fair damsel fulfilling her vow
By bunging the slaughterman's 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 woo'd but she smack'd 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.