

Oh, what a glorious thing to be
A healthy, grown-up, busy-busy bee
Whiling away the passing hours
Pinching all the pollen from the cauliflowers
I'd like to be a busy-busy bee
Being just as busy as a bee can be
Flying around the garden, sweetest ever seen
Taking back the honey to the dear old queen

CHORUS

Bzz-bzz-bzz-bzz, honey bee, honey bee
Bzz if you like, but you won't sting me
Bzz-bzz-bzz-bzz, honey bee, honey bee
Buzz if you like, but you won't sting me
Bzz-bzz

Oh, what a glorious thing to be
A healthy, grown-up, busy-busy bee
Making hay while time is ripe
Building up the honey-comb just like tripe
I'd like to be a busy-busy bee
Being just as busy as a bee can be
Flying all around the wild hedgerows
Stinging all the cows upon the parson's nose

CHORUS

Oh, what a glorious thing to be
A healthy, grown-up, busy-busy bee
Visiting the picnics, quite a little tease
Raising little lumps upon the boy scout's knees
I'd like to be a busy-busy bee
Being just as busy as a bee can be
Flirting with the butterfly strong upon the wing
Whooppee, o death, where is thy sting?

CHORUS

Oh, what a glorious thing to be
A nice, obedient, busy-busy bee
To be a good bee one must contrive
For bees in a beehive must behave
But maybe I wouldn't be a bee
Bees are all right when alive, you see
But when bees die, you really should see 'em
Pinned on a card in a mucky museum

CHORUS