

What has become of Preachers
Who wore gowns of cotton white?
The King found them false Teachers
And sent them out of His sight.

What has become of Police,
The streets they do not parade?
When the Dragon's reign did cease
They were into coffins laid.

What has become of the Bar
And all who got on the spree?
The Saviour after the War,
Declared Laws Prohibit'ry.

What has become of the weed,
There is none that I can see?
The Saviour plucked all the seed,
Tobacco, coffee and tea.

What has become of the spade,
There is none that I can buy?
In this age no spades are made,
I am telling you no lie.

What do you do with the dead,
In this astonishing age?
No one has died it is said
Since Satan's troops quit the stage.

What has become of the fly
That would into butter get?
The King said all flies must die,
Live again they'll not be let.