

Fathers do your daughters free them,  
Or in shame your faces hide.  
For we see them always walking  
Early to the cloister school,  
See them smile, and hear them talking  
Of how Nuns lay down the rule.

There's a Cross half hid before them,  
With its bleeding image there,  
Idols all ! these Nuns adore them,  
With a parrot-muttered prayer ;  
Whilst your daughters still are walking  
Early to the cloister school ;  
See them smiling, hear them talking  
Of how Nuns lay down the rule.

We will call unto the mothers  
Of these Nunlings as they say,  
Who should all be taught by others  
In the old protesting way ;  
For they never should go walking  
Early to the cloister school  
As they do, with others talking  
Of how Nuns lay down the rule.

When our fathers had protested  
Against Nuns, and Priests, and all,  
Then such houses were sequester'd,  
'Midst rejoicings at their fall ;  
Now again we see maids walking  
Early to the cloister school,  
And in glee with others talking  
Of how Nuns lay down the rule.

When our fathers were protesting,  
Our old Bible was their guide ;