Neither kite nor vulture
    Smells stinking flesh so soon
As clerics and Jesuits
    Smell where the rich man is,
        Immediately they're his confidants,
    And when illness strikes him,
        They force him to make a donation
    Such that his relatives don't profit.

The French and clergy are praised
    For evil, because it does so well for them;
And usurers and traitors
    Have got the whole age likewise,
        For with lying and cheating
    They've so disturbed the whole world
        That there's not a religious order
    Which hasn't learned their lesson from them.

Do you know what becomes of the riches
    Of those who get them by evil means?
A strong robber will come
    Who'll not leave them a thing:
        That's death, which lays them low,
    And with four yards of winding cloth
        Sends them off to such a home
    Where they find plenty of evil.

Man, why do you commit such folly
    As to transgress the commandment
Of God, who is your Lord
    And formed you from nothing?
        His sow he takes to market
    The one who contends with God:
        And he'll have for it such a reward
    As had Judas the traitor.

True God, full of sweetness,
    Lord, be our protector!
Guard from infernal grief
    Sinners and from torment,
        And absolve them from the sin
    In which they're caught and bound,
        And give them true pardon,
    By true confession.