

# A Romish Lady

There was a Romish lady brought up in Popery;  
Her mother often taught her the priests she must obey;  
O pardon me, dear mother, I humbly pray thee now,  
For unto these false idols I can no longer bow.

Assisted by her handmaid, a Bible she concealed;  
From this she gained instruction till God His love revealed;  
No longer would she prostrate to an image made of gold,  
But soon she was betrayed, her Bible from her stole.

I'll bow to my dear Jesus, I'll worship God alone;  
I'll work by faith forever, God's promises are known;  
I will not worship idols, not an image made by man;  
Dear mother, use your pleasure, but pardon if you can.

With grief and great exertion her mother then did go  
To inform the Romish clergy the cause of all her woe.  
The priests did soon assemble, and for this maid did call;  
They forced her to a dungeon to frighten her withal.

The more they did afflict her, the more she did endure;  
Although her age was tender, her faith was firm and sure;  
Her chains of gold so costly they from the lady took,  
And she with all her spirit the pride of life forsook.

Before the pope they brought her, in hopes of her return;  
There she was condemned, in horrid flames to burn;  
Before the pole of torment they brought her speedily;  
With lifted hands to Heaven she there agreed to die.

There being many ladies assembled in that place,  
With lifted hands to Heaven, she begged supporting grace:  
Weep not, ye tender ladies, don't shed a tear for me;  
While my poor body's burning, my soul the Lord will see.

Yourselves you need most pity, in sin's most deepest dye;  
O ladies, turn to Jesus, no longer make delay;  
Then came her raging mother her daughter to behold,  
And in her hand she brought her an image made of gold.

O take away this idol, remove it from my sight;  
Restore to me my Bible in which I took delight;  
Alas, her aged mother was on her ruin bent,  
Twas you who did betray me, for I am innocent.

Instead of rings and jewels, with cords they bound her down;  
She cries, O Lord have mercy, or else I am undone;  
Soon as these words were ended, in came the man of death,  
And kindled up the fire to take away her breath.

Tormentors, use your pleasure, and do as you think best;  
I know a smiling Saviour will take me home to rest;  
With Jesus and His angels forever I shall dwell;  
God pardon those that kill me, I bid you all farewell.

Author Unknown

---

## **Bible Based Ministries**

[info@biblebasedministries.co.uk](mailto:info@biblebasedministries.co.uk)

[www.biblebasedministries.co.uk](http://www.biblebasedministries.co.uk)

*WORLDWIDE CONTACT FOR BIBLE BASED MINISTRIES:*

### **Contending for the Faith Ministries**

695 Kentons Run Ave Henderson, NV 89052 USA

[BBMOrders@aol.com](mailto:BBMOrders@aol.com)