

She lifted up her calm blue eyes,
And slowly, firmly said,
"My Saviour gave his life for *me*,
For *Him* my blood I'll shed."

"Enough," he cried, "your doom is seal'd;
For mercy vainly cry.
Your weeping sister shall be spared,
But you, rash girl, shall die."

They led her where the tide was out,
And bound her to a stake
With iron chains, as tho' they fear'd
The frail thing could escape.

Robed in pure white, serene she stood,
And o'er her shoulders fair
Her long hair fell in golden showers—
Her hands were clasp'd in prayer.

A weeping crowd stood on the shore,
For all had loved her well;
The very wind moan'd o'er the rocks,
And seem'd to sigh her knell.

She sees the hungry waves draw nigh—
She hears the breakers roar
In answer to the rising wind,
And roll upon the shore.

They reach her snowy feet; then rides
Into the stormy sea
A man with pardon in his hand
If she'll a Papist be.

"Now, say you will recant," he cried,
"And we will set you free!"
"I love my lord too well," she said;
"His love *is* liberty."

The man rides back—the waves rush on,
As eager for a race;
Her waist they reach, the madden'd spray
Now dashes in her face.

Again they ride—again they cry,
"Revoke your words, and live!"