



THE  
**LADY'S CONVERSION**  
 TO  
**CATHOLICITY.**

As I roved out one evening down by a pleasant shade,  
 The birds were sweetly singing and the lambs did sport and play :  
 I heard a couple talking as they walked hand-in-hand,  
 and to hear their conversation I eagerly did stand,  
 Says the young man I'm a Roman that ne'er denied, faith  
 And you my dear a Protestant one of the Saxon race,  
 To hear their onversation I drew near to a bush,  
 When he said to her my charmer I thought I had my wish.  
 She said my dearest Johnny what is that you mean,  
 I'll tell you lovely Nancy the truth I will explain,  
 To become a Roman Catholic as I have now described,  
 I fear you are a heritic that never was baptized,  
 This fair one being quite angry these words she then did say,  
 If you think I am a heritic young man you are astray,  
 For I'm as loyal to my church as you are to your creed,  
 Therefore now if you wish to know I'm of the proper seed  
 now can it he said the young-man your of the proper seed,  
 That Sprung from Bess and HARRY that enacted wicked deeds  
 Since Luther's Reformation you are left in the lurch,  
 Dont you think he was a friar that revolted from the Church  
 This fair one being quite angry she then made this reply,  
 The said my dearest Johnny I know he was a friar,  
 He said by the Roman Creed that he was led astray,  
 Until an angel from the Lord had told him the right way.  
 Now my dearest 'twas satan tempted him to invent that wick  
 ed plan,  
 He thought to tempt our blessed Lord but He soon made him  
 him begone,  
 He tempted our first mother Eve by which you see we die  
 For touching the forbidden fruit the same you can't deny,  
 Now there is another objection my love I will relatate,  
 You worship graven images and that's but little faith,  
 and we adore no images but God himself indeed,  
 Therefore now be contented love I'll never change my creed  
 I'm sorry my dear girl how you're captured in the dark,  
 For we adore no images I tell you for a fact,  
 We adore no graven images then, neither red or blue,  
 Though we keep them dear, in memory of what our Lord wen  
 But your creed worships images the same you can't deny,  
 You'll find them in the testament don't tell me I'm a liar,  
 The Unicorn and the Lion their picture is in full,  
 across the table of the law by Martin for John Bull.  
 Now all your dukes and officers I tell to you my dear,  
 That go before her majesty they love to sit her chair,  
 Now is that chair to be compared to the Shepherd and his flock  
 That we keep wthin our holy Church built on St. Peter's rock  
 Don't talk to me about Peter he had but little faith.  
 He did deny his Master the truth I will relato,  
 He did deny our Saviour one night among the Jews,  
 Therefore now go no further his power is little use.  
 Peter denied ur Saviour I'll tell the reason why,  
 Our Lord himself feretold it he never told a lie,  
 When Peter seen what he had done he went and wept sorely,  
 He has the keys of heaven love and will for evermore.  
 She says my dearest Johny if all you say be true,  
 Now it's but a folly love to go so far with you,  
 I'll forsake my religion tho' my friends may me disown,  
 Whilst I live I'll be content and die in the Church of Rome.  
 This couple they are married and hopes to have success,  
 Knkwn e friends and parents they do one creed profess,