

The songs of the martyrs

„And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus” (Rev. 17,6)

The brutal murder of bishops Latimer and Ridley at the stake at Baliol college

„Be of good comfort, Mr. Ridley, and play the man: ’we shall this day light such a candle, by God’s grace, in England, as, I trust, shall never be put out.”

„Such are thy tender mercies, tyrant Rome!
The rack, the faggot, or the hated creed-
Fearless amidst thy holds *fierce wolves* may roam,
Whilst *stainless sheep* upon thine altars bleed.”

The burning of bishop Cranmer

The pile is lit-the flames ascend;
Yet peace is in the martyr’s face;
And unseen visitants attend
That chief of England’s priestly race;
Mightier in peril’s darkest hour,
Than when enthroned in rank and power

Steadfast he stood in that fierce flame,
As standing in his own high hall:
He said, as sadness o’er him came,
Remembrance of his mourning fall-
Stretching itt o the burning brand-
’First perish this unworthy hand!’

Thy foul and cruel deed, O Rome!
Was vain; that blazing funeral pyre
Where Cranmer died, did soon become
To England as a beacon fire;
And he hath left a glorious name,
Victorious over Rome and flame.

About the horrors of the „Holy” Inquisition

With horrid relish drank the blood
Of God’s peculiar children-and was drunk;
And in her drunkenness dreamed of doing good.
The supplicating hand of innocence,
That made the tiger mild, and in his wrath
The lion pause-the groans of suffering most
Severe were naught to her: she laughed at groans;
No music pleased her more; and no repast
So sweet to her as blood of men redeemed
By blood of Christ. Ambition’s self, though mad
And nursed on human gore, with her compared

Was merciful. Nor did she always rage;
She had some hours of meditation, set
Apart, wherein she to her study went;
The Inquisition model most complete
Of perfect wickedness, where deeds were done,
Deeds! Let them ne'er be named,-and sat and planned
Deliberately, and with most musing pains,
How, to extremest thrill of agony,
The flesh, and blood, and souls of holy men,
Her victims might be wrought; and when she saw
New tortures of her laboring fancy born,
She leaped for joy.-well pleased to hear a deeper groan.
(Pollock)

On the late massacre in Piedmont
(Sir Samuel Morland)

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,

When all of our fathers worshipped stocks and stones
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by *the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd*
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where they still doth sway

The tripled tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learned thy way
Early may fly the Babylonian wo.