

The Sham Prophecy.

In Sixteen Hundred Seventy Eight
The Corne, on which our Horses baite
Shall free this Land from blood, and Treason.
Not to bee done by Beanes, and Peason.
When Justice Godfrey lays his head low
On bloody feet of Prance and Bedlow
And that these Wits shall make Discoveries
That all may see, unless they cover Eyes,
The man that's called Popish Recusant
(God give us grace to make good use on't)
Shall persecute Religion, Protestan
(Happy's the Man, escapes the hottest on't)
Hot is their Rage, and Sharp their fury
All ends not in S^r Edmond bury
The man call'd Oates shall bee in danger
To bee devoured, in Popish manger
But tho' the times shall bee full perillous
England for all, that needs not care a Louse.