The Sham Prophesy.

In Sixteen Hundred seventy Eight
The Core, on which our Horses baie
Shall free this Land from Blood and Treasure.
Not to be done by Beanes, and Peace.
When Justice Godfrey lays his head low
In bloody feet of France 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, Protestant
(What's the Man, escapes the honest one)
How is their Rage, and Sharp their Fury
All one's not in St. Edmond bury
The man call'd Oates shall be in danger
To bee devoured, in Popish Manger
But tho' the times shall bee full perilous
England for all, that needs not care a Louse.