

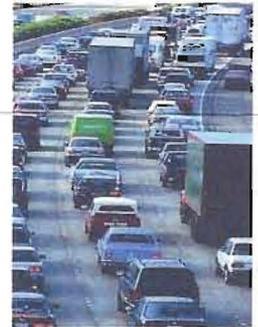
# MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY

(PROPHESIED OVER 500 YEARS AGO)



*In this sophisticated age when many persons marvel at the scientific, technological and economic advancements and point to them as something "never dreamed of" there is always someone at hand to dispel such an idea. The fact that just what is happening today was envisioned some five centuries ago, in the words of Mother Shipton's prophecy. As a matter of general interest it is reproduced from time to time. The following prophecy in verse is accredited to Mother Shipton who was born in Norfolk, England, and who died in Clifton, Yorkshire, in 1449:*

"A carriage without horse shall go, Disaster fill the world with woe: In London Primrose Hill shall be, its centre hold a Bishop's see. Around the world men's thoughts shall fly quick as the twinkling of an eye. And waters shall great wonders do—How strange, yet it shall come true, Then upside down the world shall be, and gold found at the root of a tree; Thro' tow'ring hills proud man shall ride, no horse or ass move by his side. Beneath the water men shall walk; shall ride, shall sleep, and even talk; and in the air men shall be seen, in white, in black, as well as green.



A great man then shall come and go, for prophecy declares it so. In water iron shall float as easy as a wooden boat. Gold shall be found in stream or stone, in land that is as yet unknown, Water and fire shall wonders do, and England shall admit a Jew. The Jew that once was held in scorn shall of a Christian then be born. A house of glass shall come to pass In England, but alas! Alas! A war will follow with the work where dwell the pagan and the Turk. The States will lock in fiercest strife, and seek to take each other's life; when North shall divide the South, the eagle builds in lion's mouth, then tax and blood and cruel war shall come to every humble door. Three times shall sunny, lovely France be led to play a bloody dance; Before the people shall be free, Three tyrant rulers shall she see: three rulers in succession, be—Each sprung from dynasty. Then, when the fiercest fight is done, England and France shall be as one. The British olive next shall twine in marriage with the German vine. Men walk beneath and over streams—fulfilled shall be our strangest



dreams. All England's sons that plow the land shall oft be seen with Book in hand. The poor shall now most wisdom know, and water wind where corn doth grow; Great houses stand in far flung vale, All covered o'er with snow and hail.



And now a word of uncouth rhyme, Of what shall be in future time: For, in those wondrous, far-off days the women shall adopt a craze to dress like men and trousers wear, and cut off all their locks of hair. They'll ride astride with brazen brow, as witches do on broomsticks now. Then love shall die and marriage cease, and nations wane as babes decrease. The wives shall fondle cats and dogs, and men live much the same as hogs. In nineteen hundred twenty-six build houses made of straw and sticks.

For then shall mighty wars be planned, and fire and sword shall sweep the land, but those who live the century through in fear and trembling this will do: Flee to the mountains and the den. To bog and forest and wild fens—For storms will rage and oceans roar, when Gabriel stands on seas and shore; and, as he blows his wondrous horn, old worlds shall die and new be born."

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