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The Lovers Prophecie:

When all these Things shal I come to pass
You in this Paper read
I can find a pretty Lass
Ile marrye by indeed.
To the Tune of the Doubling Virgin, Or, Boggering Oats prepare thy Neck.



Would you know when I will marry
To a pretty comely Lass
I no longer mean to tarry
Then till these things do come to pass
When Phœbus doth dry up the Ocean
And give o're his glittering Light.
When Rich men they shall from a Portion
Then my Love and Ile unite
When Lead shall turned be to Siltter
And be deareer far than Gold
When a Starr shall be worth a Childer
I will be bounden to behold
When Catfishes they the Land shall stoop
And Luns shall no more shine bright
When Budding-Peas, drop from the Edges
Then my love, &c.

When Millers shall no more be Thirbiety
And no longer look for ryle
When Sick People are not pettiety
And a Spoutman leiser than a Hole
When Soldiers they, refuse their pay
And a Sighmy with a Count fight
When Wound men speak Hebrew and Greek
Then my Love &c.
When Deaf men shall hear the Thunder
And Blind-men the lightning see
When whores at thimieties shall wonder
And admire their Cankery
When ticked Chores, ne'e walk the Streets
Nor in their Rogueries delight
When raging Storms, shall do no harmus
Then my love, &c.



When Taylers shall no more be Cheaters
But in all things justly do
When armlets men shall be Drum-beaters
It will be strange to all mens eyes
When Shen half hard'd no end regard
But shall in talking take delight
When Rich men they throw Gold away,
Then my Love, &c.

When Bachers trim without their Razors
And men and women naked go
When Clafs no more is used by Masters
And when the wind no more shall blow
When warriors shall beire to fall
By shot against whom they do fight
And quarrels shall be ended all
Then my love, &c.

When womens Tongues shall all be silent
As that I fear will never be
And when they speak shall paint a white on't
And they no more shall angry be
When Cuckolds altogether muste,
I will surely be a pleasant sight
And all the whores stand in a cluster
Then my Love, &c.



When Thieves no more shall fear a Prison,
Nor Bakers fear the Pilloy
When Changelings they speak Sense and Reason
And common Drumpers honest be
When Devils they, they like a fish
Shay like in water day and night,
And drunken Boys follow their Dots
Then my love, &c.

When you L; thanks can hate good Liquor
And Bank sold for a penny a quare
To make your Escams more ripe and quicker
I think you will be woful for't
When Peungmen chose for to abuse
The Warden in whom they take Delight
When Shadens they, say always nay,
Then my Love and Ile unite.

Now I here late told you plainly
When I married mean to be
By time I hope is not spent vainly,
Therefore pray now pardon me
For I perch. I do not jest
When all these things do come to light
I will not stay my make delay,
For then my Love and Ile unite.