

## Mother Shipton's Prophecies

Mother Shipton was born Ursula Sontheil in 1488 in a cave beside the river Nidd in North Yorkshire, England. Close by was an ancient well with supposed mystical powers.

The woman who came to tend to her 15 years old mother, Agatha, spoke of a smell of sulphur and a great crack of thunder as the child came into the world. The baby was born mishapen and huge. Some thought her father was the devil. Her mother gave her up at age two and supposedly went to live in a convent for the rest of her life.

Mother Shipton exhibited prophetic and psychic abilities from an early age. Many feared her and her powers mystical powers, which she always used to help people.

She wrote her prophecies about events to come in the form of poems.

She lived in the time of Henry VIII of England predicted his victory over France in 1513 -- "Battle of the Spurs". She prophesized the Dissolution of the Monasteries. This led to the redistribution of the wealth and land held by the monasteries to the emerging middle class and the existing noble families.

At 24 she married Toby Shipton, a carpenter. They had no children. She eventually became known as Mother Shipton a woman who helped many people.

Her home town was in Knaresborough, England. Her power to see into the future made her well known not only in her home town but throughout England.

Her legend was passed on through oral traditions sometimes embellished a bit. Since 1641 there have been more than 50 different editions of books about her and her prophecies.

Many of her visions came true within her own lifetime and in subsequent centuries.

Mother Shipton predicted important historical events many years ahead of their time - the Great Fire of London in 1666, the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 - as well as the advent of modern technology. She even forecast her own death in 1561. Today her prophecies are still proving uncannily accurate.

She wrote her prophecies like poems and died in 1561.

It is now generally thought that Mother Shipton was largely a myth, and that many of her prophecies were composed by others after her death, and after the events they 'predicted'. Her prophecies were apparently recorded in a series of diaries but the first published book of her work did not appear until 1641 and the most noted work, by Richard Head, came out in 1684. Head later admitted to inventing almost all Shipton's biographical details.

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## MOTHER SHIPTON PROPHECIES

And now a word, in uncouth rhyme  
Of what shall be in future time

Then upside down the world shall be  
And gold found at the root of tree  
All England's sons that plough the land  
Shall oft be seen with Book in hand  
The poor shall now great wisdom know  
Great houses stand in farflung vale  
All covered o'er with snow and hail

A carriage without horse will go  
Disaster fill the world with woe.  
In London, Primrose Hill shall be  
In centre hold a Bishop's See

Around the world men's thoughts will fly  
Quick as the twinkling of an eye.  
And water shall great wonders do  
How strange. And yet it shall come true.

Through towering hills proud men shall ride  
No horse or ass move by his side.  
Beneath the water, men shall walk  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall even talk.  
And in the air men shall be seen  
In white and black and even green

A great man then, shall come and go  
For prophecy declares it so.

In water, iron, then shall float  
As easy as a wooden boat  
Gold shall be seen in stream and stone  
In land that is yet unknown.

And England shall admit a Jew  
You think this strange, but it is true  
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 dwells the Pagan and the Turk

These states will lock in fiercest strife  
And seek to take each other's life.  
When North shall thus divide the south  
And Eagle build in Lions mouth  
Then tax and blood and cruel war  
Shall come to every humble door.

Three times shall lovely sunny 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 springs from different dynasty.  
Then when the fiercest strife is done  
England and France shall be as one.

The British olive shall next then twine  
In marriage with a German vine.  
Men walk beneath and over streams  
Fulfilled shall be their wondrous dreams.

For in those wondrous far off days  
The women shall adopt a craze  
To dress like men, and trousers wear  
And to cut off their locks of hair  
They'll ride astride with brazen brow  
As witches do on broomstick now.

And roaring monsters with man atop  
Does seem to eat the verdant crop  
And men shall fly as birds do now  
And give away the horse and plough.

There'll be a sign for all to see  
Be sure that it will certain be.  
Then love shall die and marriage cease  
And nations wane as babes decrease

And wives shall fondle cats and dogs  
And men live much the same as hogs.

In nineteen hundred and twenty six  
Build houses light of straw and sticks.  
For then shall mighty wars be planned

And fire and sword shall sweep the land.

When pictures seem alive with movements  
free

When boats like fishes swim beneath the sea,  
When men like birds shall scour the sky  
Then half the world, deep drenched in blood  
shall die.

For those who live the century through  
In fear and trembling this shall do.  
Flee to the mountains and the dens  
To bog and forest and wild fens.

For storms will rage and oceans roar  
When Gabriel stands on sea and shore  
And as he blows his wondrous horn  
Old worlds die and new be born.

A fiery dragon will cross the sky  
Six times before this earth shall die  
Mankind will tremble and frightened be  
for the sixth heralds in this prophecy.

For seven days and seven nights  
Man will watch this awesome sight.  
The tides will rise beyond their ken  
To bite away the shores and then  
The mountains will begin to roar  
And earthquakes split the plain to shore.

And flooding waters, rushing in  
Will flood the lands with such a din  
That mankind cowers in muddy fen  
And snarls about his fellow men.

He bares his teeth and fights and kills  
And secrets food in secret hills  
And ugly in his fear, he lies  
To kill marauders, thieves and spies.

Man flees in terror from the floods  
And kills, and rapes and lies in blood  
And spilling blood by mankind's hands  
Will stain and bitter many lands

And when the dragon's tail is gone,  
Man forgets, and smiles, and carries on  
To apply himself - too late, too late  
For mankind has earned deserved fate.

His masked smile - his false grandeur,  
Will serve the Gods their anger stir.  
And they will send the Dragon back  
To light the sky - his tail will crack  
Upon the earth and rend the earth  
And man shall flee, King, Lord, and serf.

But slowly they are routed out  
To seek diminishing water spout  
And men will die of thirst before  
The oceans rise to mount the shore.

And lands will crack and rend anew  
You think it strange. It will come true.

And in some far off distant land  
Some men - oh such a tiny band  
Will have to leave their solid mount  
And span the earth, those few to count,  
Who survives this (unreadable) and then  
Begin the human race again.

But not on land already there  
But on ocean beds, stark, dry and bare  
Not every soul on Earth will die  
As the Dragon's tail goes sweeping by.

Not every land on earth will sink  
But these will wallow in stench and stink  
Of rotting bodies of beast and man  
Of vegetation crisped on land.

But the land that rises from the sea  
Will be dry and clean and soft and free  
Of mankind's dirt and therefore be  
The source of man's new dynasty.

And those that live will ever fear  
The dragon's tail for many year  
But time erases memory  
You think it strange. But it will be.

And before the race is built anew  
A silver serpent comes to view  
And spew out men of like unknown  
To mingle with the earth now grown  
Cold from its heat and these men can  
Enlighten the minds of future man.

To intermingle and show them how  
To live and love and thus endow  
The children with the second sight.  
A natural thing so that they might  
Grow graceful, humble and when they do  
The Golden Age will start anew.

The dragon's tail is but a sign  
For mankind's fall and man's decline.  
And before this prophecy is done  
I shall be burned at the stake, at one  
My body singed and my soul set free  
You think I utter blasphemy  
You're wrong. These things have come to me  
This prophecy will come to be.

**These verses were on the outer wrapping of  
the scrolls**

I know I go - I know I'm free  
I know that this will come to be.  
Secreted this - for this will be  
Found by later dynasty

A dairy maid, a bonny lass  
Shall kick this stone as she does pass  
And five generations she shall breed  
Before one male child does learn to read.

This is then held year by year  
Till an iron monster trembling fear  
eats parchment, words and quill and ink  
And mankind is given time to think.

And only when this comes to be  
Will mankind read this prophecy  
But one man's sweets another's bane  
So I shall not have burned in vain.

**This section was kept apart from the other  
and it appears to have been written  
together yet was in a separate jar...**

The signs will be there for all to read  
When man shall do most heinous deed  
Man will ruin kinder lives  
By taking them as to their wives.

And murder foul and brutal deed  
When man will only think of greed.  
And man shall walk as if asleep  
He does not look - he many not peep  
And iron men the tail shall do  
And iron cart and carriage too.

The kings shall false promise make  
And talk just for talking's sake  
And nations plan horrific war  
The like as never seen before  
And taxes rise and lively down  
And nations wear perpetual frown.

Yet greater sign there be to see  
As man nears latter century  
Three sleeping mountains gather breath  
And spew out mud, and ice and death.  
And earthquakes swallow town and town,  
In lands as yet to me unknown.

And Christian one fights Christian two  
And nations sigh, yet nothing do  
And yellow men great power gain  
From mighty bear with whom they've lain.

These mighty tyrants will fail to do  
They fail to split the world in two.  
But from their acts a danger bred  
An ague - leaving many dead.  
And physics find no remedy  
For this is worse than leprosy.

Oh many signs for all to see  
The truth of this true prophecy.