

**CHAUCER'S PROPHECY. <1>**

WHEN priestes \*failen in their saws,\*                   \*come short of their And  
lordes turne Godde's laws                                   profession\*  
Against the right; And lechery is holden as \*privy solace,\*                   \*secret  
delight\* And robbery as free purchase,                   Beware then ofill!  
Then shall the Land of Albion Turne to confusion,                   As sometime  
it befell.

Ora pro Anglia Sancta Maria, quod Thomas Cantuaria. <2>

Sweet Jesus, heaven's King, Fair and best of all thing, You bring us out of  
this mourning, To come to thee at our ending!