## **Nostradamus**

In the east the wind is blowing The boats across the sea And their sails will fill the morning And their cries ring out to me

Oh, oh, oh, the more it changes The more it stays the same And the hand just re-arranges The players in the game

Oh, I had a dream It seemed I stood alone And the veil of all the years Goes sinking from my eyes like a stone

A king shall fall and put to death By the English parliament shall be Fire and plague to London come In the year of six and twenties three

An emperor of France shall rise Who will be born near Italy His rule shall cost his empire Dear Napoloron his name shall be

From Castile does Franco come And the Government driven out shall be An English king seeks divorce And from his throne cast down is he

One named Hister shall become A captain of Greater Germany No law does this man observe And bloody his rise and fall shall be

Man, man, your time is sand Your ways are leaves upon the sea I am the eyes of Nostradamus All your ways are known to me

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In the new lands of America Three brothers now shall come to power Two alone are born to rule But all must die before their hour

Two great men yet brothers not Make the north united stand Its power be seen to grow And fear possess the eastern lands

Three leagues from the gates of Rome A Pope named Pol is doomed to die

## **Al Stewart**

A great wall that divides a city at this time is cast aside These are the signs I bring to you To show you when the time is nigh

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