

# Nostradamus

Al Stewart

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

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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