UNE ✦ SACRA

NOSTRADAMUS

Almanacs of Nostradamus

✦ ✦ ✦

Michel de Nostredame

Translation (edition 1.5)

Credits

Author	Michel de Nostredame
Date	1550–1567
Original language	French
Version	Translation (edition 1.5)
Translation	Popular translation
Source	Wikisource — Le Pelletier, Les oracles de Michel de Nostredame (1867)
License	CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 · original: Public domain

About:

Almanacs were very popular yearly publications in the sixteenth century: they carried the calendar, the phases of the moon and forecasts of the weather, the harvests and the events of each month.

Nostradamus published almanacs and "prognostications" nearly every year from 1550 until his death, and it was these, more than the Centuries, that made him famous in his lifetime.

The presages gathered here — short quatrains, usually one for each month and another for the year — belong to the same prophetic world as the Centuries but form a separate body, more closely tied to dates and the calendar.

Source:
https://fr.wikisource.org/wiki/Les_oracles_de_Michel_de_Nostredame%2FTome_2%2FPartie_2%2FSection_III%2FPresages

This popular translation and the design of this file belong to Une Sacra, under the Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 4.0 license (CC BY-NC-SA 4.0): you may copy and share it with the credit "Une Sacra (unesacra.com)", for non-commercial use and under the same license. The original text keeps the license of its source. Terms of use: unesacra.com/#/legal/terms

Digital edition generated on November 26, 2026 by Une Sacra, an open library of sacred texts. · UneSacra.com

Contents

Presages for 1555

Presages for 1557

Presages for 1558

Presages for 1559

Presages for 1560

Presages for 1561

Presages for 1562

Presages for 1563

Presages for 1564

Presages for 1565

Presages for 1566

Presages for 1567

PRESAGES FOR 1555

✦

1 Touched by the divine Spirit, the soul presages
Trouble, famine, plague, war to run:
Waters, droughts, land and sea stained with blood,
Peace, truce, prelates to be born, princes to die.

2 The Tyrrhenian Sea, the Ocean under the guard
Of great Neptune and his trident soldiers:
Provence safe by the hand of the great Tende,
And more, Mars at Narbonne, the heroic one of Villars.

3 The great bronze that orders the hours
At the Tyrant's death will break:
Tears, laments and cries, waters, ice, bread it gives not,
V. S. C. peace, the army will pass.

4 Near Lake Leman the terror will be great,
By the council, that cannot fail:
The new King has his band made ready,
The young one dies of hunger, fear will make men leap.

5 O cruel Mars, how much you will be feared,
All the more when the Scythe is joined with Silver:
Fleet, troops, water, wind, the shadow to be feared,
Sea, land, truce. The friend has joined L. V.

6 For not keeping guard you will be the more offended,
The weak strong, the restless peaceful:
They cry out from hunger. The people is oppressed,
The sea reddens, the Long one proud and wicked.

7 On the five, six, fifteen, late and early they linger,
The one born without end: the cities in revolt:
The herald of peace comes, and three turn back,
The open one the five shuts. News invented.

8 Far, near the Urn, the evil one turns back,
So that to great Mars the fire will give hindrance:
Toward the North, at noon, the great wild beast,
Flora will keep the gate in thought.

9 Eight, fifteen and five, what disloyalty!
The evil spy will come to allow it:
Fire from the sky, lightning. Fear, terror in the Papacy,
The West trembles. Wine of Salins squeezed too hard.

10 Six, twelve, thirteen, twenty, the Lady will speak,
The eldest will be corrupted by a woman:
Dijon, Guyenne, hail, lightning strikes it,
The one insatiable of blood and wine sated.

11 To weep the sky. He had that done,
The sea makes ready. Hannibal plays his tricks:
Denis drenches. The fleet delays. Not to be silent,
He knew not the secret. And what are you amusing yourself with?

12 Venus and Neptune will pursue the enterprise,
Pressed, pensive. The opponents troubled:
Fleet in the Adriatic. Cities toward the Thames,
The fourth noise wounds by night those at rest.

13 The great one of the sky under the Cape will give
Help. The Adriatic at the gate makes an offer:
Whoever can will escape the dangers,
By night the wounded Great one pursues the coffer.

14 The gate cries out, too fraudulent and feigned,
The mouth open, condition of peace:
Rhône like crystal. Water, snow, ice stained,
Death, death, wind. The burden broken by rain.

Une Sacra · edition 1.5 · unesacra.com · CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

PRESAGES FOR 1557

✦

15 The unworthy adorned one will fear the great furnace,
The first elected does not return from the captives:
Great, low of the world, Italy not at ease,
Barbarian, Ister, Malta. And the Buy does not return.

16 Joined here, in the sky the dispatch appears,
Taken, left. Mortality not certain:
Little rain, entry. The sky, the dry land,
In fact, dead, taken, arrived at an evil hour.

17 Naval victor at Houche, Antwerp in divorce,
The great one born, fire from the sky, tremor, burns on high:
Sardinia, wood, Malta, Palermo, Corsica,
A prelate to die, one strikes upon the Mule.

18 The wandering herald turns from the Dog to the Lion,
Fire will burn the town, pillage, new capture:
Galleys discovered. Princes taken, they return,
Spy taken, Gaul, the maiden joined to the great one.

19 Banished from the great Court. Conflict, wounded,
Elected. Surrendered. Accused, checkmated. Mutineers:
And fire in the city Pyr, waters, poisons, pressed,
Not to sail the wave, not to anger the Latins.

20 To go by sea and land. Faith, loyalty broken,
Pillage, shipwreck. In the city tumult:
Proud, cruel act. Ambition sated,
The weak offended, the leader of the deed unpunished.

21 Cold, great flood, driven from the kingdom,
Denied, discord. Trion undermines the East:
Poison. Siege laid. Driven from the City,
Happy return. New sect in ruin.

22 Sea closed, world open, city surrendered,
The Great one to fail. New elected one, great fog:
Floram patere, to enter the camp. Faith broken.
A severe effort will be made against the white plume.

23 Guardianship to Vesta. War dies, transferred,
Naval battle. Honour. Death. Prelacy:
Entry, decease. France greatly increased,
The elected one passed, come at an evil hour.

Une Sacra · edition 1.5 · unesacra.com · CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

PRESAGES FOR 1558

✦

24 The younger King makes a funereal wedding song,
Holy ones stirred, feasts, games, Mars asleep:
Night, tears, they cry out. The Lady is led out,
The decree and pact broken on all sides.

25 Vain rumour within the hierarchy,
Genoa to rebel: raids, assaults, tumults:
To the greatest King will the monarchy belong,
Election. Conflict, covered, buried.

26 Through discord to fail in the lack,
One all at once will set it up again:
Toward the North the noises will be so loud,
Wounds, points across, over the top.

27 The Tyrrhenian Sea with different sails,
Through the Ocean there will be divers assaults:
Plague, poison, blood in a house of canvas,
Prelates, Legates stirred to march on the high sea.

28 There where the faith was it will be broken,
The enemies will feed upon the enemies:
Fire from the sky will rain, will burn, interrupted
The night enterprise. Leaders will stir quarrels.

29 War, thunder, many fields depopulated,
Terror and noise, assault at the frontier:
Great, Great one failed. Pardon to the Exiles,
Germans, Spaniards. By sea the Barbarian banner.

30 The rumour will be vain. The failing ones bundled off,
The Shaven taken: the Pempotan elected:
Two Reds to fail and four well crossed,
Rain hindering the powerful Monarch.

31 Rain, wind, Barbarian fleet, Ister, Tyrrhenian,
Cargo ships to pass, Ceres, soldiers supplied:
Redoubts well made by Flor., Siena set free,
The two will be dead, friendships united.

32 Venus the fair will enter into Flora,
The secret Exiles will leave the place:
Many widows. The death of a Great one is mourned,
To remove from the kingdom. The Great Great one threatens not.

33 Games, feasts, weddings. A Prelate of renown dies,
Noise, peace of truce while the enemy undermines:
Sea, land and sky, noise. Deed of the great Brennus,
Cries, gold, silver. The enemy is ruined.

Une Sacra · edition 1.5 · unesacra.com · CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

PRESAGES FOR 1559

✦

34 Fear, knell, great pillage. To cross the sea, the kingdom to grow,
Sects, Holy ones overseas more polished:
Plague, heat, fire, the King of the North shows it,
To raise a trophy. City of Henripolis.

35 The Great one to be no more. Rain. In the chariot, the crystal.
Tumult stirred. Abundance of all goods:
Shaven, Holy ones, new, old frightened,
The elected one ungrateful. Death, lament, joy, alliance.

36 Grain corrupted. Pestilent air. Locusts,
Suddenly it will fall. New news to be born:
Captives in irons. Light, high, low, laden,
Through his bones, evil, who would not be King.

37 Seized in the temple, through sects a long intrigue,
The elected one carried off in the wood forms a quarrel:
Seventy parts, a new league to be born,
From their death. King appeased, news.

38 King hailed Victor, Emperor,
The faith falsified. The Royal deed known:
Blood of Matthias. The King made superior,
Of a proud people, humble one come through tears.

39 Through spite, weddings, wedding song,
Through the three parts Reds, Shaven departed:
To the young black one the soul restored by flame,
To great Neptune Ogmios converted.

40 From the seventh house, through death, a deadly sequel,
Hail, tempest. Pestilent evil, furies:
King of the East, all those of the West in flight,
He will subjugate his former conquerors.

41 Plunderers plundered, heat, great drought,
Through not being too much. A case unseen, unheard of:
To the foreigner too great a caress,
King of nine countries. The East dazzled.

42 The Urn found. The city tributary,
Fields divided. New deceit:
The Spaniard wounded. Hunger, plague, military,
Obstinate mocker, confused. Evil, raving.

43 Virgins and widows, your good time draws near,
It will not be what is claimed:
Far from being a new approach,
Taken quite at ease. Well restored. Worse will hold.

44 Here within it will be completed,
The three Great ones outside, the Good town will be far off:
Against them one of them will conspire,
At the end of the month the need will be seen.

45 Words exchanged, weddings begun again,
The Great Great lady will go out of France:
A voice to Romagna not weary of crying,
Receives the peace through too feigned assurance.

46 Joy in tears will come to capture Mars,
Before the Great one the Divines will be stirred:
Without a word they will enter by three parts,
Mars asleep. Over the ice they find wines.

Une Sacra · edition 1.5 · unesacra.com · CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

PRESAGES FOR 1560

✦

47 Day, diet, interim, nor council,
The year prepares peace, plague, schismatic hunger:
Put out, within. To change sky, dwelling,
End of the leave. Hierarchical revolt.

48 To break the diet. To recover the ancient holy thing,
Beneath the two. Fire to follow upon pardon:
Out of arms the Holy one: the long Red will want to have,
Peace of neglect. The Elected one, the Widow to live.

49 He will make one elected for novelty appear,
Place of the day. To go out beyond the limits:
Feigned goodness to change into cruelty,

50 At the place elected the Shaven not to be content,
From Lake Leman conduct not proved:
The old time will be renewed,
The plot so long hatched will be unravelled.

51 The Allobrogian pact will be interrupted,
The last hand will make a strong levy:
The great conspirator will not be corrupted,
And the new alliance approved.

52 A long-haired comet to harm the Governor,
Hunger, burning fever, fire and smoke of blood:
To all Jovial estates great honour,
Sedition kindled by the Shaven.

53 Plague, hunger, fire and heat unceasing,
Lightning, great hail, temple of the sky struck:
The edict, decree, and grievous law broken,
The leader who devised it, his people and he caught.

54 The Shaven will be deprived of their harness,
Their greatest quarrel will increase:
Father Liber deceived, lightning, Albonese,
The sects will be gnawed to the marrow.

55 The decent petition will be received,
They will be driven out and then set up again:
The Great Great lady will find herself content,
The blind, the deaf will be set on top.

56 He will not be set. The New ones driven out.
Black and from Afar, and the Great one will hold firm:
To have recourse to arms. Exiles driven out the more,
To sing victory. Not free, comfort.

57 The mournings left off, supreme alliances,
Great Shaven one dead. Refusal made at the entry:
To be back, well done in forgetfulness,
The death of the just one perpetrated at a banquet.

Une Sacra · edition 1.5 · unesacra.com · CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

PRESAGES FOR 1561

✦

58 The King, King no more. Of the Gentle one the ruin,
The pestilent year. The stirred ones cloudy:
Let him hold who will hold, of the great no joy:
And the term of the caviller will pass.

59 At the foot of the wall the ash-grey corded one,
The enclosure delivered, cavalry trampling:
Out of the temple Mars and the scythe-bearer,
Out. Put, half-put. And upon the raving.

60 The time purged, pestilent tempest,
Barbarian assault. Fury, invasion:
Infinite evils this month prepares for us,
And the Greatest, less two, mocked.

61 Joy not long, abandoned by his own,
The pestilent year, the Greatest assailed:
The good Lady in the Elysian fields,
And most of the goods, through cold, not gathered.

62 Raids from Afar, conflicts not to be prepared,
Sad enterprise. The air pestilent, hideous:
On all sides the Great ones will be afflicted,
And ten and seven to assail twenty-two.

63 Taken again, surrendered. Frightened by the evil,
Blood below, and the faces hideous:
To the most learned the ignorant one frightful,
Gate, hatred, horror. The pitiful one to fall low.

64 Dead and seized. Of the careless the change,
He will move away while drawing nearer with more force:
Pressed, united in the ruin, barn,
By long help the strongest astonished.

65 Grey, white and black, smoked and frocked,
Will be restored, half-restored, put in their seats:
The ravishers will find themselves mocked,
And the Vestals shut in under strong rules.

Une Sacra · edition 1.5 · unesacra.com · CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

PRESAGES FOR 1562

✦

66 Winter season. Spring good, healthy, summer bad,
Autumn pernicious, dry, wheat scarce:
Enough wine. Eye trouble. Deeds. Molested,
War, mutiny. Seditious taint.

67 Hidden desire for the good will succeed,
Religion, peace, love and concord:
The wedding song will not wholly agree,
The high who are low, and the high put to the rope.

68 Through the Shaven the Leader will not reach the end,
Edicts changed, those shut up set at large:
A Great one found dead. Less faith. The low standing,
Dissembled, chilled, struck in his lair.

69 Stirred from Afar, from Afar, near, he will undermine,
Taken, made captive. Pacified by a woman:
It will not hold as long as they will haggle,
Put, not passed, to take the soul out of rage.

70 From Afar he will come to stir up to move,
Vain, discovered against a countless people:
By no one known the evil for the duty,
In the kitchen found dead and finished.

71 Nothing agreed. Worse, stronger and troubled,
As it was. Land and sea to calm:
All that is decided will not be worth a farthing,
The wicked one will say: Council to annihilate.

72 A portentous deed, horrible and incredible,
Typhon will stir up the wicked:
Who afterwards will be held up by the cable,
And most of them exiled in the fields.

73 Right set on the throne, come from heaven into France,
The Universe pacified by Virtue:
Wiser to spread. Very soon the change to turn,
By the birds, by fire, and not by worms.

74 The coloured ones, the Holy ones discontented,
Then all at once through cheerful Androgynes:
Of the most part to see, the time not come,
Many of them will make their soups thin.

75 They will be restored to their full power,
By one point of agreement joined, not agreed:
All defied. More trust in the Shaven,
Many of them run riot in a band.

76 Through the legate of land and sea,
The great Cape to accommodate itself to all:
To be listening, silent, Lorvarin,
Who will not want to agree to his opinion.

77 An enemy wind will hinder the troop,
The greatest point put forward, difficult:
Wine of poison will be put in the cup,
To pass the great ditch on horseback without harm.

78 By the crystal the enterprise broken,
Games and feasts. From Afar to rest more:
He will no longer take his meal near the Great ones,
Sudden catarrh, to sprinkle the holy water.

Une Sacra · edition 1.5 · unesacra.com · CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

PRESAGES FOR 1563

✦

79 A healthy rising, blood, but stirred. Nothing agreed,
Countless murders. Captives, dead, forestalled:
So much water and plague. Little of everything. Sound the horns,
Taken, dead, fled, great ones to become, come.

80 So much water, so many dead, so many arms to stir,
Nothing agreed, the Great one held captive:
Than human blood, rage, fury not to have:
Late penitent, plague. War, motive.

81 The death of the enemies by the tongue draws near,
The Kindly one will want to bring them to peace:
The obstinate will want to lose the near one,
Surprised, captive, and suspected, fury to harm.

82 Fathers and mothers dead of endless griefs,
Women in mourning. The pestilent one shows itself:
The Great one to be no more. All the world to end,
Under peace, rest. And all against it.

83 Princes in debate, and Christendom stirred,
Foreign Gentiles. The seat of Christ molested:
Come very ill. Good enough. Mortal sight.
Death in the East, plague, hunger, ill treatment.

84 The earth to tremble, killed. Prodigy, monster,
Captives without number. To make defeat, made:
Going by sea will bring misfortune,
Proud against proud, evil done by counterfeiting.

85 The unjust one, below, will be strongly molested,
Hail, to flood, treasure, and engraved marble:
Chief of Suardo will put the people to death,
And the blade will be fastened to the tree.

86 Of what, no evil? An inexcusable sequel,
The fire, no duel. The Legate out, confused:
With the most wounded no fight will be made,
At the end of June the thread cut from the spindle.

87 Good ones, in the end, weakened by agreements,
Mars and Prelates united will not stop:
The Great ones confused by gifts, bodies cut,
Worthy, unworthy, will seize goods not due.

88 From good to evil the time will change,
The pact of Aust., hope of the Greatest:
Of the Great ones the mourning, Louis will stumble much more,
Known Shaven ones, neither power nor knowledge.

89 Here is the month of so many evils to fear,
Dead, all to bleed, plague, hunger, to quarrel:
Those on the reverse of exile will come to note,
Great ones, secrets, dead, not to control.

90 By death death to bite, council, pestiferous theft,
None will dare to assail the Sailors:
Deucalion to make one last trouble,
Few young people: the half-dead to shudder.

91 Death through spite will make the others shine,
And in a high place great evils to come about:
Sad thoughts will come to harm each one,
Temporal worthy. The Mass to prevail.

Une Sacra · edition 1.5 · unesacra.com · CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

PRESAGES FOR 1564

✦

92 The sextile year, rains, wheat to abound. Hatreds,
Joy to men. Princes, Kings in divorce:
Herd to perish. Human changes,
People crushed: and poison under the bark.

93 Very changeable weather, discord discovered,
Council of war. Change taken, changed:
The Great lady to be no more. Conspirators, loss by water,
Great rivalry. All ranged with the Greatest.

94 Great flood. Rumour of death conspired,
The age renews. Three Great ones in great discord:
Through firebrands concord made worse,
Rain hindering evil councils from agreement.

95 Between Kings hatreds will be seen to appear,
Dissensions and Wars to begin:
Great Changes. New tumult to grow,
The plebeian order will come to be offended.

96 Secret conspiracy. Popular plotting,
The discovery to stir up into a machine:
Against the Great ones, *
Then slaughtered and put without power.

97 Inconstant weather. Fevers, plague, languors,
Wars, debates. Desolate time, without pretence:
Floods. A Prince of lesser rigours,
Happy Kings and Great ones, to fear another death.

98 From the subject place plague and flight to arise,
Variable weather. Wind. The death of three Great ones:
From the sky great thunderbolts. The state of the Shaven to graze,
An old man near death, little wood within the orchards.

99 The world in peril, and Kings to rejoice,
Shaven stirred. By council what it was
The Church, the Kings, through them the people to irritate,
One will show afterwards what he was not.

100 Flood near. Cattle plague. New.
A sect to bend. Vain joy to men:
Of law without law. Put forward as proof,
Bait, ambush: and the deceived to cut a vein.

101 To flood everything. For the Shaven one, loss,
Theft from the wall, death. Abundance of all goods:
He will escape by a cloak of coverings,

102 The mouth and throat in burning pustules,
Of seven Great ones, five. Dripping cough to harm:
Rain so long. To the not-dead the bubbles turn,
The Great one to die, who made everyone shine.

103 Through rumour of fire Great and Old ones to fail.
Plague dulled. A greater one to arise:
Plague of the Altar. Hay hidden, little to gather,
Fertile herd to die. Joy away from the priest.

104 Cheerful point. Sweet fury at the Coronation,
Swollen three, four, and in the side to die:
To see failing, not to be half at the coronation,
By seven and three, and by fifth to run.

Une Sacra · edition 1.5 · unesacra.com · CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

PRESAGES FOR 1565

✦

105 A hundred times worse this year than last year,
Even for the Greatest of the kingdom and of the Church:
Infinite evils, death, exile, ruin, broken,
The Great lady to be at death. Plague, wounds and bile.

106 Snows, rusts, rains and great wounds,
Joy to the Greatest, pestilence dulled:
Seeds, grains in plenty, and more bands
Will make ready, rivalry not deadened.

107 Between the Great ones great discord to arise,
The noble Cleric will brew a great affair:
New sects to bring into hatred and discord,
War and change will offend all the people.

108 Secret conspiracy, perilous change,
Secretly to plot factions:
Rains, great winds. Wounds by the proud,
Rivers to flood. Pestiferous actions.

109 Plague to swarm. The Sects to fight each other,
Moderate weather, the winter little return:
Over Mass and sermon gravely to dispute,
Rivers to flood. Deadly evils all around.

110 To the common people through debates and quarrels,
And through the women and the dead great war:
Death of a Great lady. To celebrate the King's evil,
Greater Ladies driven from the land.

111 Widowhood both of males and of females,
The life of great Monarchs to be imperilled:
Plague, sword, hunger. Great peril pell-mell,
Troubles through changes. Small and Great to stir up.

112 Hail, rust, rains and great wounds,
To preserve women, they will be the cause of the noise:
Death of many, plague, sword, hunger by the hedges,
The sky will be seen, what to say of what shines.

113 The grain will not be sufficient,
Death draws near, snowing whiter than white:
Sterility, rotten grain. Abundance of water,
The great one wounded. Many dead of a pain in the side.

114 Few fruits, nor grain, trees and shrubs,
Great flocks of birds, the noble to spur on:
Temporal as well as prelate lion cubs,
Tolandad to conquer. Nobles to retreat.

115 All changed. One to persecute four,
Out of sickness. Mortality far off:
Of the four, two will no more come to dispute,
Exile, ruin, death, hunger, perplexity.

116 Great changes, commotions, sword, plague:
The little device: lend, pay in cash,
Opposite month, frost very troublesome.

117 Hard frost. Ice more than concord,
Widowed matrons, fire, lamentation:
Games, frolics, joy. Mars will stir up discord,
Through marriages good expectation.

Une Sacra · edition 1.5 · unesacra.com · CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

PRESAGES FOR 1566

✦

118 Death to the greatest, loss of honour, and violence.
Professors of the faith, their estate and their sect:
To the two great Churches divers rumour, decadence,
Neighbouring evils, quarrelsome servants of the Church without a head.

119 Loss, great damage, and not without violence,
All those of the faith, more to religion,
The Greatest will lose life, their honour and wealth,
Both the Churches. The blame on their faction.

120 To two very Great ladies a pernicious loss to arise,
The Greatest will suffer loss of goods, of honour and of life,
Such great rumours will run. The urn too odious.
Great sicknesses to be. Sermon, Mass in envy.

121 The servants of the Churches will betray their Lords,
Other Lords also through the undivided fields:
Neighbours of sermon and Mass will quarrel among themselves,
Rumours, noises to increase. Many lying down to death.

122 The earth will produce for us abundance of all goods,
No rumour of war in France, save seditions:
Murderers, thieves will be found on the road,
Little faith, burning fever. People in commotion.

123 Among the people discord, brutal enmity,
War. Death of great Princes. Many parts of Italy:
Universal plague. Stronger in the West,
Weather good and full, but very dry and parched.

124 Wheat not to abound too much. Of all other fruits plenty,
Summer, spring wet. Long winter, snow, ice:
The East in arms. France grows stronger,
Death of cattle, honey enough. To the besieged the place.

125 Through pestilence and fire the fruits of trees will perish,
Sign of oil to abound. Father Denis not much:
Great ones to die. But few foreigners will sally forth,
Barbarian sea assault, and dangers on the frontiers.

126 Very excessive rains, and abundance of goods,
Of cattle the price to be fair. Women out of danger:
Hail, rains, thunder: people cast down in France,
Through death they will labour. Death to correct the people.

127 Arms, wounds to cease. Death of the seditious,
Great father Liber will not abound too much:
The wicked will be seized by the more malicious,
France more than ever victorious will triumph.

128 Until this month the great drought to last,
In Italy and Provence. Of the fruits, all by half:
The Great one, fewer enemies, prisoner of their band,
To the rovers, pirates. And the enemy to die.

129 The enemy so much to be feared to withdraw into Thrace,
Leaving cries, howls, and desolate pillage:
To leave noise on sea and land. Religion murdered,
Jovial ones put to rout. Every sect crushed.

Une Sacra · edition 1.5 · unesacra.com · CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

PRESAGES FOR 1567

✦

130 Death, sickness to young women, colds,
From head to eyes, misfortune, merchants by land:
Unlucky by sea. Seeds bad. Wine through fogs,
Oil enough, too much rain. Harm to the fruits. War.

131 Prisons, secrets: troubles. Discord among kin,
Life will be given. Through evil, divers catarrhs:
Death will follow. Poison will make concord,
Terror, fear, great dread. Travelling he will leave pledges.

132 Prisons through enemies hidden and manifest,
The journey will not hold. Mortal enmity:
The love of three, secret rivalries, public feasts,
The broken one ruins. Water will break the quarrel.

133 The public enemies, weddings and marriages,
Death afterwards. The one enriched by the dead:
The great friends to show themselves in passing,
Two sects to jabber. Of the surprised, late remorse.

134 Through great sicknesses, religion vexed,
Through the children and legates of an Embassy:
A gift given to the unworthy. New law let loose,
Goods of old fathers. King in a good country.

135 From father to son it draws near: Magistrates called severe,
The great weddings. Enemies grumbling:
Of the hidden ones put forward. Through the faith of the reproachful,
The good friends and women against such grumblers.

136 Through the treasure, the father's inheritance found:
The Kings and Magistrates, the weddings, enemies:
The ill-willing public, the Judges and the Mayor,
Death, fear and terror. And three Great ones put to death.

137 Still death draws near. Royal gift and legacy,
What is in ruin through old age will be raised up:
The young heirs, of suspicion no legacy,
Treasure found in plaster and in the kitchen.

138 The secret Enemies will be imprisoned,
The Kings and Magistrates will keep a sure hand on it:
The life of many. Health, sickness, eyes, nose,
The two great ones will go very far off at an evil hour.

139 Long languors of the head, wedding, enemy,
Through a Prelate and a journey. Dream of the Great one, terror:
Fire and great ruin found in an oblique place,
Through a torrent discovered, new errors to come forth.

140 The Kings and Magistrates to lay hands through the dead,
Young girls sick, and the body of the Great ones swells:
All through languors and weddings. Enemies serfs to the master.
The public sorrows. The Composer swells everything.

141 On his return from the Embassy. The King's gift put in its place,
He will do no more: he will have gone to God:
Nearest kin, friends, brothers by blood,
Found quite dead near the bed and the bench.

Une Sacra · edition 1.5 · unesacra.com · CC BY-NC-SA 4.0