

The Prophet's Song

Words and Music by BRIAN MAY

Slowly

mp *rall.* *8va*

Dm (D bass) Dm C

Oh, oh, peo-ple of the earth, Lis-ten to the warn-ing, The seer he said. Be-
Ah, ah, chil-dren of the land, Quick-en to the new life, Take my hand. You

mp *a tempo*

F C Bb Dm Bb maj7

ware the storm_ that gath-ers here, Lis-ten to the wise man. —
fly and find_ the new green bough Re-turn like a white dove. —

subito f

1st time only Am Am

mf

I dreamed_ I saw on a moon-lit stair
He told_ of death as a bone white haze

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C D G Am Dm

Spread-ing his hands— on the mul-ti-tude there.— A man who cried for a love gone stale, And
Tak-ing the lost— and the un-loved babe.— Late, too late all the wretch-es run, These

E Am Asus4 Am

ice cold hearts of char-i-ty bare.— I watched as fear took the old man's gaze,
kings of beasts now count-ing their days.— From moth-er's love is the son es-stranged,

C D Dm Am Bb G (B bass) C

Hopes of the young in trou-bled graves.— "I see no day,"— I heard him say,— So
Mar-ried his own, his pre-cious gain.— The earth will shake,— in two will break,— And

A (C# bass) Dm Eb dim E Am Dm C (D bass) Dm

grey is the face of ev-er-y mor-tal. Oh, ———— peo-ple of the earth!
death all a-round will be— our dow-ry. Oh, ———— peo-ple of the earth!

C F C Bb Dm

“Lis - ten to the warn - ing,” the Proph - et he said, For soon the cold of night will fall,
 “Lis - ten to the warn - ing,” the seer he said, For those who hear and mark my words,

1. F 2. F#m Dm C Bb F

Sum - moned by your own hand. — Lis - ten to the good plan. — Oh, —

F (Bb bass) F Dm Gm

And two by two my hu - man zoo, They'll be run - ning for to come, run - ning for to come, out of the

Dm C G

rain. Oh, Flee for your life,

Bm (A bass) G D C

who heed me not, — let all — your treas - ure make you. — Oh, —

G Bm Bm (A bass)

— Fear for your life, De - ceive — you not, — the fires — of

G D F Csus2

hell will take — you, — Should death a - wait — you. —

No chord

Ah, — peo - ple, can you hear me? Peo - ple, can you hear me? Peo - ple, can you hear me? —

mp

(b) And now I know, and now I know, and now I know, and now I know that you can hear me.— And

L. H.

now I know, and now I know. God gave you grace— to purge— this place, And

rall. *f a tempo*

peace all a-round may be your for-tune. Ah, chil-dren of the land

Love is still the an-swer, take my hand, The vi-sion fades, a voice I hear:

B♭ maj7



Dm



"Lis - ten to the Mad - man!"

C



F



C



B♭



Dm



But still I fear and still I dare not

D



laugh at the Mad - man!

L. H.

Fade out