

39

artist:Queen , writer:Brian May

In the year of '39 assembled here the Volunteers
In the days when lands were few
Here the ship sailed out into the blue and sunny morn
The sweetest sight ever seen.

And the night followed day, and the story tellers say
That the score brave souls in-side
For many a lonely day sailed a-cross the milky seas
Never looked back, never feared, never cried.

Don't you hear my call though you're many years a-way
Don't you hear me calling you
Write your letters in the sand
For the day I take your hand
In the land that our grandchildren knew.

In the year of '39 came a ship in from the blue
The volun-teers came home that day
And they bring good news of a world so newly born
Though their hearts so heavily weigh

For the earth is old and grey, little darling we'll away
But my love this cannot be
For so many years have gone though I'm older but a year
Your mother's eyes from your eyes cry to me.

Don't you hear my call though you're many years a-way
Don't you hear me calling you
Write your letters in the sand
For the day I take your hand
In the land that our grandchildren knew.

Don't you hear my call though you're many years a-way
Don't you hear me calling you
All your letters in the sand
cannot heal me like your hand

For my life, still a-head
Pity Me. (Pause 3) / / / // / ///