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Words and Music by
BRIAN MAY

Bright Country beat

1. In the year of Thirty-nine.
2. (In the) year of Thirty-nine.

Assembled here, the volunteers.

Came a ship, in from the blue,
The volunteers came.

Lands home were few.

Here the ship sailed out.

And they bring good news.

Into the blue and sunny morn,
The sweetest

Of a world so newly born.
sight ever seen. And the night followed day.

heavily weigh. For the earth is old and

And the story tellers say That the score brave
grey. Little darlin' we'll a way. But my love, this

souls inside can not be. For many a lonely day.

Oh, so many years have gone.

sailed across the milky seas. Ne'er looked back, never feared.

though I'm older than a year. Your mother's eyes from your eyes.
Don't you cry to me.

Don't you hear my call though you're many years away,

Don't you hear me calling you,

Write your letters in the sand for the day— I take your hand, In the
1. land that our grandchildren knew.

2. In the land that our grandchildren knew. Don't you

D. S. al Coda

All your letters in the sand cannot heal me like your

hand, For my life still ahead, Pity me.