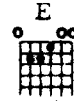
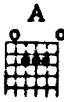
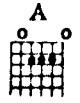
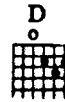
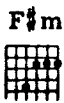


Words and Music by
BRIAN MAY

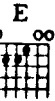
Bright Country beat



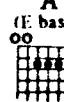
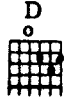
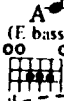
1. In the year of Thir - ty - nine -
2. (In the) year of Thir - ty - nine -



as - sem - bled here the vol - un - teers, In the days when
came a ship in from the blue, The vol - un - teers came



lands were few, Here the ship sailed out -
home that day, And they bring good news.



in - to the blue and sun - ny morn, The sweet - est
of a world so new - ly born, Though their hearts so

E A E

sight ev - er seen. And the night fol - lowed day, -
 heav - i - ly weigh. For the earth is old and

Fdim F#m

grey, And the sto - ry tell - ers say — That the score brave
 Lit - tle dar - lin' we'll a - way, — But my love, this

C#7 (G bass) F#m (A bass) Bm A

souls in - side — For man - y a lone - ly day —
 can not be, — Oh, so man - y years have gone, —

E D F#m D

sailed a - cross the milk - y seas, — Ne'er looked back, nev - er feared, —
 though I'm old - er than a year, — Your moth - er's eyes from your eyes —

E D A E

nev - er cry to me. } Don't you

A D A

hear my call — though you're man - y years a - way, — Don't you

E

To Coda

hear me call - ing you, Write your

A C#7 F#m (A bass) D A Bm E

let - ters in the sand for the day — I take your hand, In the

1. A (C# bass) D E A

land that our grand - chil - dren knew. _____ 2. In the

2. A (C# bass) D E A E

land that our grand - chil - dren knew. Don't you

D. S. al Coda

Coda E A C#7 F#m (F bass) D A

All your let - ters in the sand can - not heal me like your

Bm F#m E A

hand, For my life still a - head, - Pit - y me. _____