'39

Words and Music by
BRIAN MAY

Bright Country beat

1. In the year of Thirty-nine.
   The volunteers came assembled here.
   They sailed out on the ship's blue:
   And they bring good news.

2. In the year of Thirty-nine.
   The volunteers came assembled here.
   They sailed out on the ship's blue:
   And they bring good news.

In the days when lands home were few,
   Here the ship sailed out.
   Into the blue and sunny morn,
   Though their hearts so
sight ever seen. And the night followed day.

heav - i - ly weigh. For the earth is old and
grey. Lit - tle dar - lin' we'll a - way. But my love, this

souls ins - ide. can not be. For man - y a lone - ly day.

sailed a - cross the milky seas. Ne'er looked back, nev - er feared.

though I'm old - er than a year. Your moth - er's eyes from your eyes.
Don't you ever 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
2. In the land that our grandchildren knew.

Don't you

All your letters in the sand cannot heal me like your

hand, For my life still ahead, Pity me.