

Queen

In the year of thirty-nine 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 inside  
 For many a lonely day sailed across the milky seas  
 Ne'er looked back, never feared, never cried 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 land that our grandchildren knew In the year of thirty-nine came a ship in from the blue  
     The volunteers 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 went 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 away  
     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 away  
     Don't you hear me calling you  
 All your letters in the sand cannot heal me like your hand  
     For my life  
     Still ahead  
     Pity Me

Songwriters

BRIAN MAY Published by

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S.  
 Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>