

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 seenAnd 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 criedDon'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 knewIn 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 meDon'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 knewDon'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

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