39

Pretty Maids

Written by Brian MayIn the year of 39 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 acloss the milky seas
Neeer 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 letter in the sand
For the day I take your hand
In the land that our grandchildren knewIn the year of 39 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 thier hearts so heavily weigh
For the earth is old and grey
To a new home we'll away
But my love this cannot be
For so many years have gone though I'm older but a year
Your mother's eyes in your eyes cry to meChorusDon't you hear my call though you're many years away
Don't you hear me calling you
All the letters in the sand cannot heal me like your handFor my life
Still ahead
Pity me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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