

# Pretty Maids, '39

Written by Brian May

In 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 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  
Neer 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 letter in the sand  
For the day I take your hand  
In the land that our grandchildren knew

In 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 me

Chorus

Don'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 hand

For my life

Still ahead

Pity me