

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