

Words and Music by
BRIAN MAY

Bright Country beat

A

E

1. In the year of Thir - ty - nine -
2. (In the) year of Thir - ty - nine -

mf

F#m

D

A

as - sem - bled here the vol - un - teers, In the days when
came a ship in from the blue, The vol - un - teers came

E

F#m

lands home were few, Here the ship sailed out -
home that day, And they bring good news.

A (F bass)

D

A

A (F bass)

in - to the blue and sun - ny morn - The sweet - est
of a world so new - ly born, Though their hearts so

E A E



sight ev - er seen. And the night fol - lowed day, -
 heav - i - ly weigh. For the earth is old and

Fdim F#m



grey, And the sto - ry tell - ers say — That the score brave
 Lit - tle dar - lin' we'll a - way, — But my love, this

C#7 (G# bass) F#m (A bass) Bm A



souls in - side — For man - y a lone - ly day —
 can not be, — Oh, so man - y years have gone, —

E D F#m D



sailed a - cross the milk - y seas, — Ne'er looked back, nev - er scared, —
 though I'm old - er than a year, — Your moth - er's eyes from your eyes —

E D A E

nev - er cried. — } Don't you
cry to me. — }

A D A

hear my call — though you're man - y years a - way, — Don't you

E

hear me call - ing you, Write your

To Coda

A C#7 F#m A (E bass) D A Bm E

let - ters in the sand for the day — I take your hand, In the

1. A (C# bass) D E A

land that our grand - chil - dren knew. 2. In the

2. A (C# bass) D E A E

land that our grand - chil - dren knew. Don't you

D. S. al Coda

Coda E A C#7 F#m (F bass) D A

All your let - ters in the sand can - not heal me like your

Bm F#m E A

hand, For my life still a - head, - Pit - y me.