

# May

Maggio

Words & music by Marco Maiero

Larghetto

And it's  
It'll be

May  
May

time  
time

it comes  
a - gain comes

a -  
gain

here  
May

with its  
time

dan - de

tall  
li -

grass  
ons

and its  
though

still

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5

ro - ses, here comes  
sno - wy, it'll be

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from Som -

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time

with the  
from Som -

8

eve - ning songs of cri - ckets. And the  
do - gna to Cia - ner - za. It'll be

per - fumed el - der -  
time for eyes to

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Maggio

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*cresc.*

flo - wers give your voice a bright - ning co - lour, get - ting  
see the light blue gen - tians bloom - ing bright - ly, it'll be

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*un po' muovendo*

blen - ded to the fo - liage like a fai - ry out of  
time for us to feel the breeze ca - res - sing with re -

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*f* *p*

dew - drops. And it's May time a - gain comes May time month of  
mem - brance. It'll be May time a - gain comes May time with the

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si - lence and corn - flow - ers, and it's May time a - gain comes  
 si - lence of nar - cis - sus I'll be wood or may - be sun -

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May time with the chil - dren play - ing out - doors.  
 light but I'll be May time for your heart - beat

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May time with the chil - dren play - ing out - doors.  
 light but I'll be May time for your heart - beat

May time with the chil - dren play - ing out - doors.  
 light but I'll be May time for your heart - beat

*D.C. al fine poi segue*

heart - beat  
 It'll be  
 heart - beat  
 It'll be  
 heart - beat  
 It'll be

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\_\_\_\_\_ a - gain comes May time it'll be May time will be a - gain here.  
 May time a - gain comes May time it'll be May time will be a - gain here.  
 May time a - gain comes May time it'll be May time will be a - gain here.  
 May time a - gain comes May time it'll be May time will be a - gain here.

And it's May time, it comes again here, with its tall grass and its roses,  
here comes May time, again comes May time with the evening songs of crickets.  
And the perfumed elderflowers give your voice a brightning colour,  
getting blended to the foliage like a fairy out of dewdrops.

And it's May time, again comes May time, month of silence and cornflowers,  
and it's May time, again comes May time, with the children playing outdoors.

It'll be May time, again comes May time, dandelions though still snowy,  
it'll be May time, again comes May time from Somdogna to Cianerza.  
It'll be time for eyes to see the light blue gentians blooming brightly,  
it'll be time for us to feel the breeze caressing with remembrance.

It'll be May time, again comes May time, with the silence of narcissus  
I'll be wood or maybe sunlight but I'll be May time for your heartbeat.

It'll be May time, again comes May time, it'll be May time,  
it'll be May time, it'll be again here.

*Our children in their light-hearted childhood. Their voices singing. Their playing during warm May's evenings, cherished by peaceful crickets, and all around the perfume of elderflowers, while they run through tall grass meadows. Perhaps that is the most magical and serene moment of their lives. It has been the same for us, too. Here comes May, here comes the time we would like them to remember forever. And in the Mays to come, when it is not our time anymore, we would like to be there at least with the caress of memory, on the mountains so dear to us, in the silence of a meadow full of narcissi, in the wood and in the sun.*

*Translated by Maria Grazia Piovesan*