

# May

Maggio

Words & music by Marco Maiero

Larghetto

*p*

And it's May time it comes a - gain here with its tall grass and its  
It'll be May time a - gain comes May time dan-de - li - ons though still

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It'll be May time a - gain comes May time dan-de - li - ons though still

5

*mf*

ro - ses, here comes May time a - gain comes May time with the  
sno - wy, it'll be May time a - gain comes May time from Som -

ro - ses, here comes May time a - gain comes May time with the  
sno - wy, it'll be May time a - gain comes May time from Som -

8

*p*

eve - ning songs of cri - ckets. And the per time - fumed el - der -  
do - gna to Cia - ner - za. It'll be time for eyes to

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do - gna to Cia - ner - za. it'll be time for eyes to

Maggio

2

11

*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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flo - wers \_\_\_\_\_ give your voice a bright - ning co - lour,  
 see \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ light blue gen - tians bloom - ing bright - ly,

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*un po' muovendo*

blen - ded for 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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 time for us to feel the breeze ca - res - sing with re -

get - ting blen - ded to the fo - liage \_\_\_\_\_ like a fai - ry out of  
 it'll be 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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 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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 si - lence of nar - cis - sus I'll be wood 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

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

It'll be heart - beat

It'll be heart - beat

It'll be heart - beat

*mf*  $\text{\textcircled{S}}$   $\text{\textcircled{S}}$   $\text{\textcircled{S}}$   $\text{\textcircled{S}}$

*D.C. al*

$\text{\textcircled{S}}$  *poi*

*segue*

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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.*