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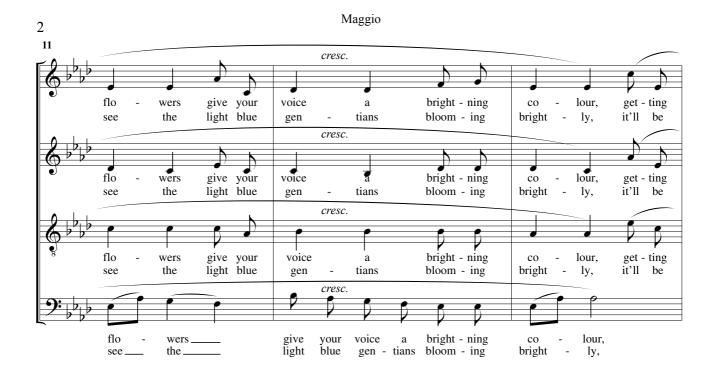
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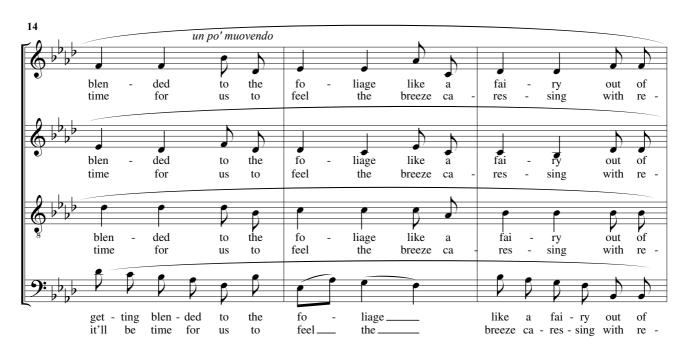
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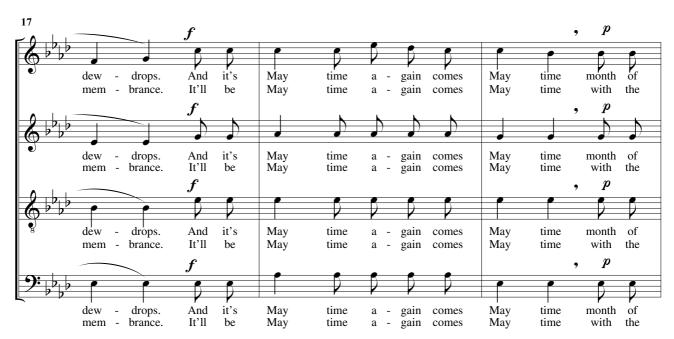
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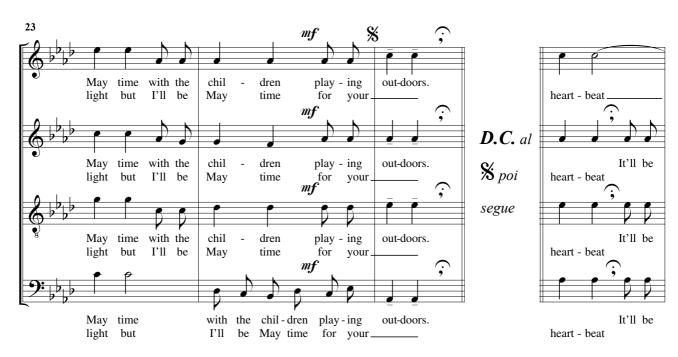






Maggio







4 Maggio

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.