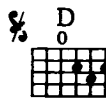


FIRST OF MAY

Words and Music by BARRY GIBB,
MAURICE GIBB and ROBIN GIBB

Slowly
Tacet



When I was small and Christ-mas trees were tall, we
ap-ple tree that grew for you and me, I

3

mp - mf



used to love while oth-ers used to play. Don't ask me why, but time has
watched the ap-ples fall-ing one by one. And I re-call the mo-ment

F#m G D A

passed us by; of them all, the some-one else moved in from far a - way. } Now
 of them all, the day I kissed your cheek and you were gone. }

G D Em7

we are tall and Christ-mas trees are small, and you don't ask the time of

D D7 G D

day. But you and I, our love will nev - er die, but

Em7 G 1. D A 2. D

guess who'll cry come first of — May. The May. When

D. S. ½ (lyric 1) and fade