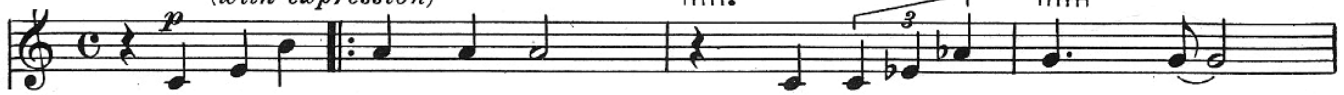


SEPTEMBER SONG

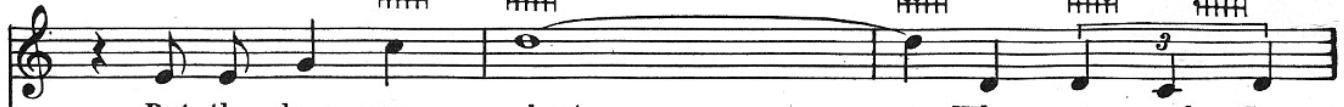


(with expression)



Oh, it's a long, long while

From May to De - cem - ber,-



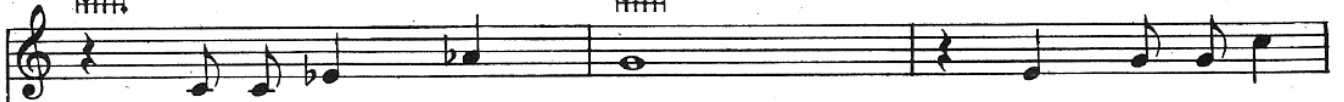
-But the days grow short,

When you reach Sep -



tem - ber,-

When the au - tumn wea - ther



turns the leaves to flame

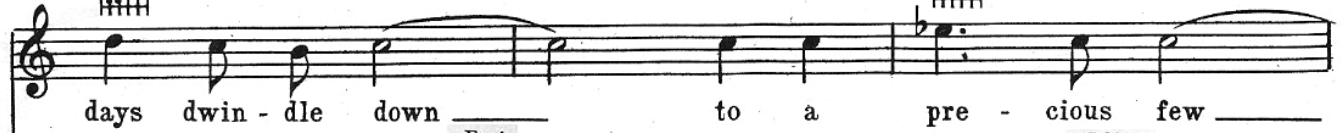
One has - nt got



time -

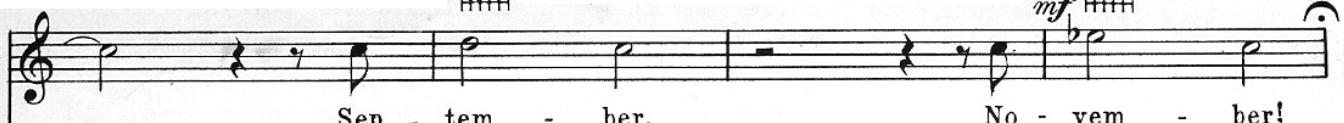
for the wait - ing game.

Oh the



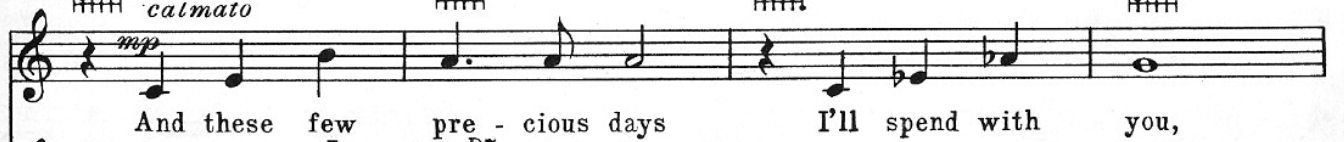
days dwin - dle down

to a pre - cious few



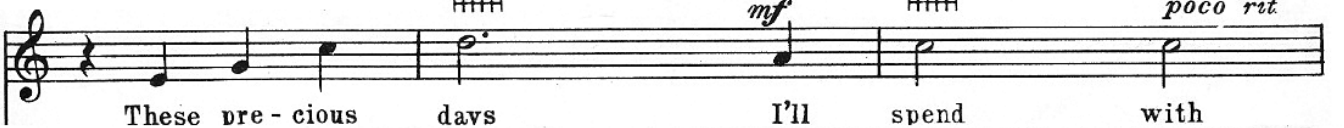
Sep - tem - ber,

No - vem - ber!



And these few pre - cious days

I'll spend with you,



These pre - cious days

I'll spend

with



you.

When you

you.

1. C *a tempo*

Back to Verse

2. C *rit*