

# September Song

Weill - sov. TS

Tenor

Oh it's a long long while\_\_\_\_ from may to de - cem - ber\_\_\_\_ But the days grow

Bass

short\_\_\_\_ when you reach sep - tem - ber.\_\_\_\_ When the au - tumn

weath-er\_\_\_\_ turns the leaves to flame\_\_\_\_ one has-n't got

time\_\_\_\_ for the wait - ing game.\_\_\_\_ T:Doo doo

B1:Oh the  
2.B:Doo doo

# September Song

2  
17

T 8 doo \_\_\_\_\_ doo \_\_\_\_\_ Sep-

B 3 days \_\_\_\_\_ dwindle down \_\_\_\_\_ to a pre cious few \_\_\_\_\_  
doo \_\_\_\_\_ doo \_\_\_\_\_

21

T 8 tem - ber \_\_\_\_\_ no vem - ber \_\_\_\_\_ And these few

B

25

T 8 pre cious days \_\_\_\_\_ I'll spend with you These pre cious

B

29

T 8 days I'll spend with you. \_\_\_\_\_ 1. doo doo doo

B 1. you spend with you.

33

T 8 2.

B 2.  
y pu.