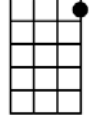


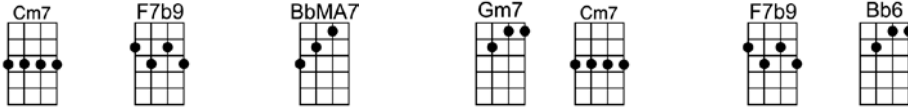
SING Bb



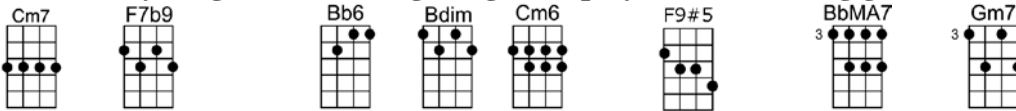
SEPTEMBER SONG

4/4 1...2...123

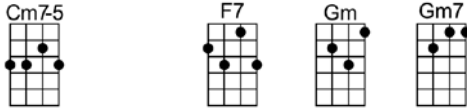
VERSE:



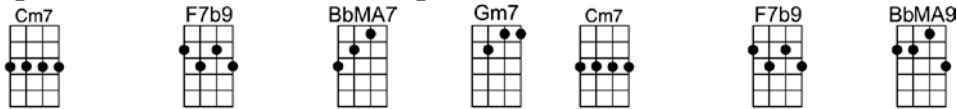
When I was a young man, courting the girls, I played me a waiting game.



If a maid re-fused me with tossing curls I let the old earth take a couple of whirls

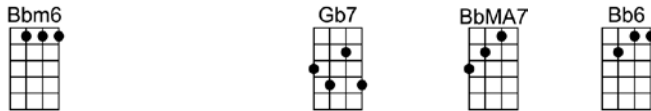


While I plied her with tears in lieu of pearls.

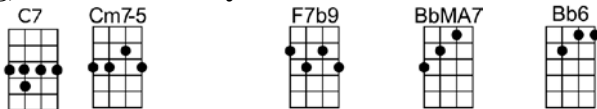


And as time came a-round, she came my way, as time came a-round she came.

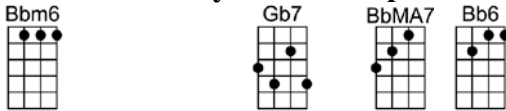
CHORUS:



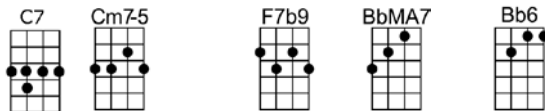
Oh it's a long, long, while from May to De-cember



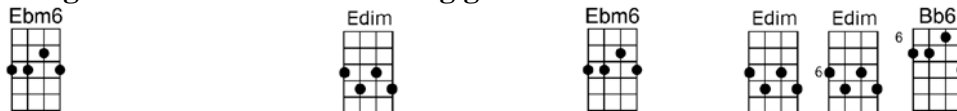
But the days grow short when you reach Sep-tember



When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame,



One hasn't got time for the waiting game.



Oh the days dwindle down to a precious few, Sep-tember, No-vem - ber!



And these few precious days I'll spend with you, these precious days I'll spend with you.

SEPTEMBER SONG

4/4 1...2...123

VERSE:

Cm7 F7b9 BbMA7 Gm7 Cm7 F7b9 Bb6
When I was a young man, courting the girls, I played me a waiting game.

Cm7 F7b9 Bb6 Bdim Cm6 F9#5 BbMA7 Gm7
If a maid re-fused me with tossing curls I let the old earth take a couple of whirls

Cm7b5 F7 Gm Gm7
While I plied her with tears in lieu of pearls.

Cm7 F7b9 BbMA7 Gm7 Cm7 F7b9 BbMA9
And as time came a-round, she came my way, as time came a-round she came.

CHORUS:

Bbm6 Gb7 BbMA7 Bb6
Oh it's a long, long, while from May to De-cember

C7 Cm7b5 F7b9 BbMA7 Bb6
But the days grow short when you reach Sep-tember

Bbm6 Gb7 BbMA7 Bb6
When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame,

C7 Cm7b5 F7b9 BbMA7 Bb6
One hasn't got time for the waiting game.

Ebm6 Edim Ebm6 Edim Bb6
Oh the days dwindle down to a precious few, Sep-tember, No-vem - ber!

Bbm6 Gb7 BbMA7 Bb6 C7 Cm7b5 BMA7 Bb6
And these few precious days I'll spend with you, these precious days I'll spend with you.