

SEPTEMBER SONG

(K. Weill) "Knick. Holiday"

Oh, it's a long, long while From May to De- cember, But the days grow short, When you reach Sep- tem- ber, When the au- tumn wea- ther turns the leaves to flame, One has-n't got time for the wait-ing game, Oh, the days dwindle down to a pre- cious few Sep- tem- ber, No- vem- ber! And there few pre- cious days I'll spend with you, These pre- cious days I'll spend with you.