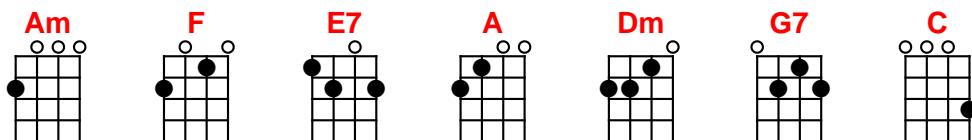


September's Song

Herman M. Nelson 1969



[Am] Field and fen are browning. [F] Leaves are blazing copper. [E7] Autumn winds begin to [Am] blow.
 Zephyr skies run pearly. [F] Sun is resting early, [E7] where the western waters [Am] flow.
 [A] Life moves [Dm] slowly. [G7] It's a time to re[C]member.
 [A] Last spring's [Dm] sowing, [G7] reaping time in Sep[C]tem[E7]ber.

[Am] Bank the summer plenty. [F] As the sun blooms barren, [E7] life must seek the warmth with[Am]in.
 To survive the winter [F] find your niche and enter [E7] as the Northern Days be[Am]gin
 [A] Time for [Dm] tasting [G7] all the fruit of the [C] harvest
 [A] And ref[Dm]lecting [G7] a wee hour till the [C] time of [E7] rest.

[Am] So we come together [F] to fulfill a promise. [E7] We've a covenant we [Am] share.
 Searching for the morrow, [F] all our joy and sorrow [E7] server to make us more a[Am]ware
 [A] Time moves [Dm] ever. [G7] It's this life we re[C]member.
 [A] Last spring's [Dm] sowing, [G7] reaping time in Sep[C]tem[E7]ber.

[Am] Field and fen are browning. [F] Leaves are blazing copper. [E7] Autumn winds begin to [Am] blow.
 Zephyr skies run pearly. [F] Sun is resting early, [E7] where the western waters [Am] flow.
 [E7] where the western waters [Am] flow