

# September Song

Ella Fitzgerald Key

Maxwell Anderson

Kurt Weill

Ballad [Frank Sinatra 1946] ( $\text{♩} = 80$ )

**A1**

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

**A2**

wea - ther turns the leaves to flame. One hasn't got

time for the wait - ing game. Oh, the

**B**

days dwindle down to a pre - cious few, Sep -

tem - ber, No - vem - ber. And these few

**A3**

These pre - cious days I'll spend with you,

These pre - cious days I'll spend with you.