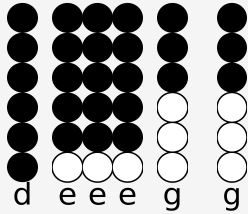
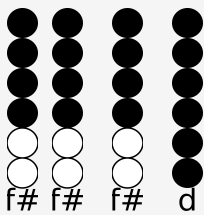


Tin whistle tabs for: September Song

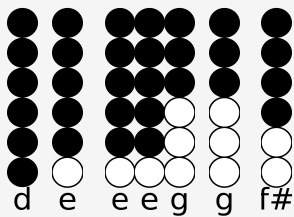
Categories: Folk



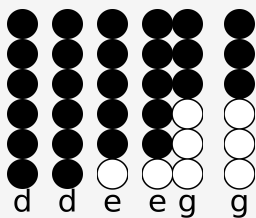
When I was a young man



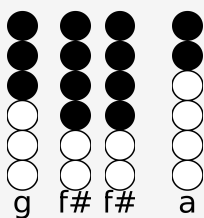
courting the girls,



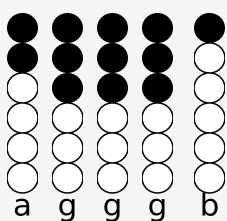
I played me a waiting game.



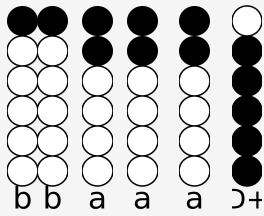
If a maid refused me



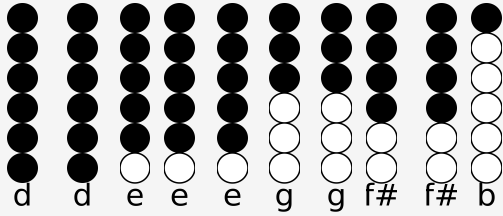
with tossing curls,



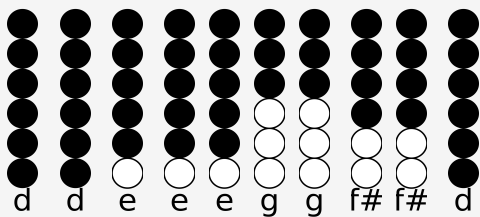
I'd let the old earth



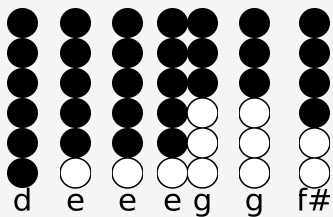
take a couple of whirls,



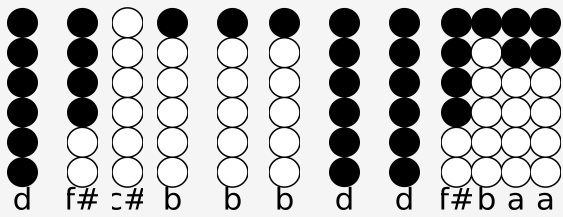
While I plied her with tears instead of pearls.



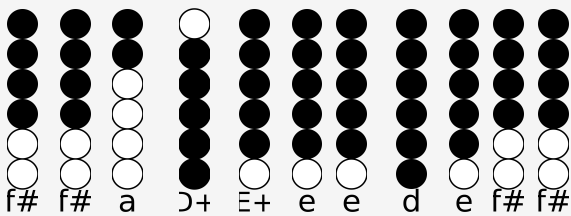
And as time came around she came my way.



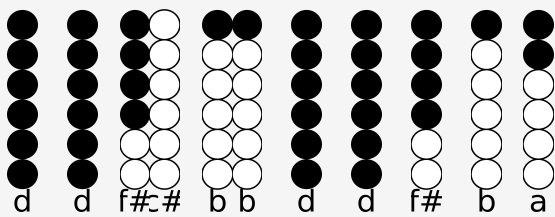
As time came around, she came.



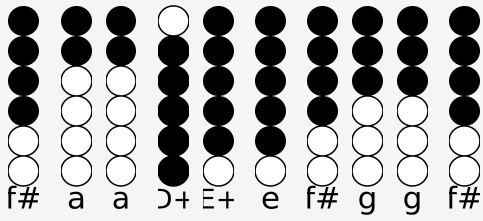
Oh, it's a long, long while from May to December,



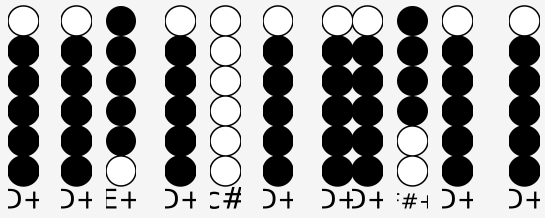
But the days grow short when you reach September.



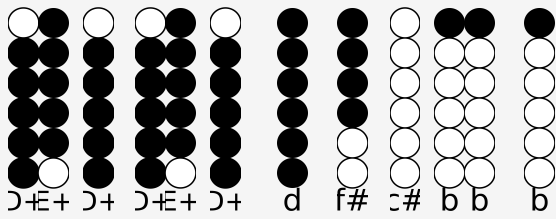
When the Autumn weather turns the leaves to flame,



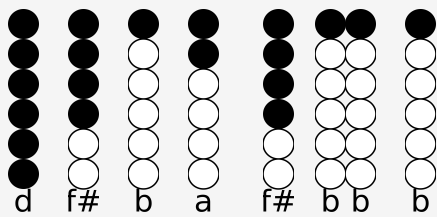
One hasn't got time for the waiting game.



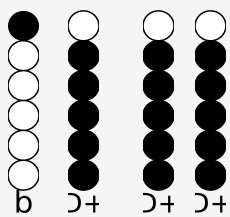
Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few--



September, November. And these few precious days



I'll spend with you. These precious days,



I'll spend with you.