

*E<sub>b</sub> → C down line*

# September In the Rain

*Harry Warren and Al Dubin*

My day dreams lie bur-ied in au-tumn leaves, They're cov-ered with au-tumn rain,  
 The time is sweet Sep-tem-ber, The place, a shad-y lane,  
 I'm rid-ing the wings of an au-tumn breeze, Back to my mem-o-ries; The  
 leaves of brown came tum-bling down, re-mem-ber? In Sep-tem-ber?  
 sun went out just to like a dy-ing Sep-tem-ber, That Sep-tem-ber?  
 Spring is here, to me it's still Sep-tem-ber, That Sep-tem-ber?  
 tem-ber, in the rain, The rain To  
 tem-ber, in the rain  
 tem-ber, in the rain  
 ev-ry word of love I heard you whis-per, the  
 rain-drops seemed to play a sweet re-frain, Though



*D.S. al Fine*

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