

# September song

ton original

Extrait de la comédie musicale « Knickerbocker holiday » (Broadway 1938). Musique de Kurt Weill (1890-1950) sur des paroles de Max Anderson.

mf legato poco rit

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a melody of eighth notes, marked *mf* and *legato*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with a *poco rit* marking and a fermata over the final chord.

When I was a young man court - ing the girls I played me a wait - ing game. If a  
meet with the young men ear - ly in spring, They court you in song and rhyme, They wo

*p*

Sol7 RéDim Lam7 Lam6 Sol7 RéDim Lam7 Lam6

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p* and includes a series of chords: Sol7, RéDim, Lam7, Lam6, Sol7, RéDim, Lam7, and Lam6. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

10

maid re - fused me with toss - ing curls, I let the old earth take a cou - ple of whirls, while I  
you with words and a clo - ver ring, But if you ex - am - ine the goods - they bring, They have

Sol7 RéDim Lam7 SolDim RéDim6 Sol7+9 Do Lam

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes chords: Sol7, RéDim, Lam7, SolDim, RéDim6, Sol7+9, Do, and Lam. A box containing the number '10' is placed at the beginning of the piano staff.

15

plied her with tears in lieu of pearls And as time came a round she came my way, As  
lit - tle to offer but the songs they sing And a plen - ti - ful waste of time of day, A

Fam6 Sol7 Lam Lam/fa# Sol9 RéDim Lam Lam6

20

Refrain (avec expression)

time came a round she came. Oh, it's a long, long while  
plen - ti - ful waste of time.

Sol9 Sol7 Do Dom6

25

From May to de - cem - ber, — But the days grow short, —

La<sup>b</sup>/do Do DoM7 Do7 Ré7

— When you reach Sep - tem - ber. — When the au - tomn wea - ther —

Fam Sol7 Do Dom6

30

turns the leaves to flame, One has - n't got time \_\_\_\_\_

La<sup>b</sup>/do Do DoM7 Do7 Ré7

35

— for the wai - ting game. Oh, the days dwin - dle down —

Fam7 Do6 Fam6 Fam

40

— to a pre - cious few, — Sep - tem - ber,

DoDim Fam6<sub>3</sub> Fam

45

No - vem - ber! And these few pre - cious days

DoDim<sub>3</sub> La<sup>b</sup>/mi<sup>b</sup> Do Dom6

I'll spend with you, These precious days I'll

La<sup>b</sup>/do Do DoM7 Do7 Ré7

50

1. 2.

spend with you. When you you.

Fam6 Do Do

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 make a couple of whirls  
 While I plied her with tears in lieu 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 waiting game

When 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.

When meet with the young girls early in Spring  
 They court in song and rhyme  
 They wo you with words and a clover ring  
 But if you could examine the goods they bring  
 They have little to offer but the songs they sing  
 And the plentiful waste of time of day  
 A plentiful waste of time

Quand j'étais jeune homme courtisant les filles  
 Je me jouais le jeu de l'attente  
 Quand une servante me refusait en agitant ses boucles  
 Je laissais la vieille Terre faire un ou deux tours  
 Tout en la gavant de larmes plutôt que de perles  
 Et comme le temps était venu, elle croisait mon chemin  
 Comme le temps était venu, elle arrivait.  
 Oh, c'est un long long temps de Mai à Décembre  
 Mais les journées raccourcissent en atteignant Septembre  
 Quand le temps d'automne teinte les feuilles de flamme  
 On n'a pas le temps de jouer à attendre.

Quand les jours ne sont plus que quelques précieux jours  
 Septembre Novembre,  
 Et ces quelques jours d'or je les partagerai avec vous  
 Ces quelques jours d'or je les partagerai avec vous

Lorsque vous rencontrez des jeunes filles dès le printemps  
 Vous leur faites la cour en chansons et en rimes  
 Elles répondent avec des mots et un anneau de trèfle  
 Mais si vous pouviez examiner ce qu'elles vous apportent  
 Elles ont peu à offrir, hormis les chansons qu'elles chantent  
 Et beaucoup de journées de temps perdu  
 Beaucoup de temps perdu.