



# **Summer Rain**

**C. P. Morrison  
(1837-1909)**

# Summer Rain

C. P. Morrison

Moderato

S  
Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the rain - drops drop - ping On the

A  
Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the rain - drops drop - ping On the

T  
Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the rain - drops drop - ping On the

B  
Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the rain - drops drop - ping On the

4  
S  
win - dow, ask - ing "Let us in, let us in," Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the

A  
win - dow, ask - ing "Let us in, let us in," Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the

T  
win - dow, ask - ing "Let us in, let us in," Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the

B  
win - dow, ask - ing "Let us in, let us in," Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the

# Summer Rain

7

S rain - drops drop-ping On my win - dow, ask - ing "Let us in;" And I know these show'rs Are

A rain - drops drop-ping On my win - dow, ask - ing "Let us in;" And I know these show'rs Are

T rain - drops drop-ping On my win - dow, ask - ing "Let us in;" And I know these show'rs Are

B rain - drops drop-ping On my win - dow, ask - ing "Let us in;" And I know these show'rs Are

11

S lov - ers of the flow'rs, In the vale where we have been, And I

A lov - ers of the flow'rs, In the vale where we have been, And I

T lov - ers of the flow'rs, In the vale where we have been, And I

B lov - ers of the flow'rs, In the vale where we have been, And I

14

S know these show'rs Are lov - ers of the flow'rs, In the vale where you and I have

A know these show'rs Are lov - ers of the flow'rs, In the vale where you and I have

T know these show'rs Are lov - ers of the flow'rs, In the vale where you and I have

B know these show'rs Are lov - ers of the flow'rs, In the vale where you and I have

## Summer Rain

17 *rit.* *p* *a tempo*

S  
A  
T  
B

been. With a soft, soft pat - ter, And a sweet, sweet clat - ter On the

20

S  
A  
T  
B

hill - top, mead - ow and a - way on the plain, 'Tis a free, glad plea - sure When the

23

S  
A  
T  
B

heart keeps mea - sure To the fall - ing of the sum - mer rain.

# Summer Rain

Moderato

S Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the rain - drops drop - ping On the

A Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the rain - drops drop - ping On the

T Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the rain - drops drop - ping On the

B Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the rain - drops drop - ping On the

28 S roof when all is hush'd to rest, hush'd to rest; Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the

A roof when all is hush'd to rest, hush'd to rest; Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the

T roof when all is hush'd to rest, hush'd to rest; Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the

B roof when all is hush'd to rest, hush'd to rest; Hear the tap, tap, tap - ping Of the

31 S rain - drops drop - ping On the roof when all is hush'd to rest, It is mu - sic sweet As the

A rain - drops drop - ping On the roof when all is hush'd to rest, It is mu - sic sweet As the

T rain - drops drop - ping On the roof when all is hush'd to rest, It is mu - sic sweet As the

B rain - drops drop - ping On the roof when all is hush'd to rest, It is mu - sic sweet As the

## Summer Rain

35

S voice of those we meet, Those whose friend - ship we love best, It is

A voice of those we meet, Those whose friend - ship we love best, It is

T voice of those we meet, Those whose friend - ship we love best, It is

B voice of those we meet, Those whose friend - ship we love best, It is

38

S mu - sic sweet As the voice of those we meet, Those whose love and friend-ship we love

A mu - sic sweet As the voice of those we meet, Those whose love and friend-ship we love

T mu - sic sweet As the voice of those we meet, Those whose love and friend-ship we love

B mu - sic sweet As the voice of those we meet, Those whose love and friend-ship we love

41

S *rit.* best. *a tempo* With a soft, soft pat - ter, And a sweet, sweet clat - ter On the

A *rit.* best. *a tempo* With a soft, soft pat - ter, And a sweet, sweet clat - ter On the

T *rit.* best. *a tempo* With a soft, soft pat - ter, And a sweet, sweet clat - ter On the

B *rit.* best. *a tempo* With a soft, soft pat - ter, sweet, sweet clat - ter On the

# Summer Rain

44

S  
hill - top, mead - ow and a - way on the plain, 'Tis a free, glad plea - sure When the

A  
hill - top, mead - ow and a - way on the plain, 'Tis a free, glad plea - sure When the

T  
hill - top, mead - ow and a - way on the plain, 'Tis a free, glad plea - sure When the

B  
hill - top, and a - way on the plain, 'Tis a free, glad plea - sure When the

47

S  
heart keeps mea - sure To the fall - ing of the sum - mer rain.

A  
heart keeps mea - sure To the fall - ing of the sum - mer rain.

T  
heart keeps mea - sure To the fall - ing of the sum - mer rain.

B  
heart keeps mea - sure To the fall - ing of the sum - mer rain.

White, Smith & Co.  
(1882)

**Charles P. Morrison** (1837-1909) was born in East Derry, New Hampshire. The family moved to Newburyport, Massachusetts, where he studied vocal and instrumental music. He returned to Derry, living with relatives, and graduated from Pinkerton Academy. He went back to Newburyport and taught music. After serving in the Union army in the Civil War, he settled in Worcester, Massachusetts. There he taught music, conducted the local orchestra, and played the organ in several churches including St. Mary's Church in Newburyport, when he signed an endorsement of Mason & Hamlin reed organs. In 1879, he moved to St. Louis, Missouri as head of the music department at Washington University. In 1808, he became ill, went blind, and returned to his hometown where he died. His compositions include masses, anthems, hymns, and songs. He published keyboard and vocal instruction manuals, two volumes of anthems, three school song-books, and a history of Gregorian requiem masses.

Hear the tap, tap, tapping  
Of the raindrops dropping  
On the window, asking "Let us in;"  
And I know these showers  
Aare lovers of the flowers,  
In the vale where you and I have been.

With a soft, soft patter,  
And a sweet, sweet clatter  
On the hilltop, meadow and away on the plain,  
'Tis a free, glad pleasure  
When the heart keeps measure  
To the falling of the summer rain.

Hear the tap, tap, tapping  
Of the raindrops dropping  
On the roof when all is hushed to rest;  
It is music sweet  
As the voice of those we meet,  
Those whose love and friendship we love best.

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