

It Was Raining - I Remember

Modo (Slowly, with expression).

By Milton Ager

Listen to the rain, April's here again! (Hum) — (Hum) —

Mem'ries tap-ping up-on my win-dow pane.

Poco rit.

Cho^s Modo (Slowly, with expression)

It was rain-ing, I re-mem-ber, I re-

P-f

A handwritten musical score for voice and piano. The music is in F major, common time. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The score consists of six staves of music, each with lyrics underneath. The lyrics describe a memory of a meeting, loss, and finding shelter, followed by a description of a meal.

mem-ber the cra-zy way we met. — Lost my heart and my head and a brand-
new um-brel-la, I re-mem-ber, — I re-mem-ber Hel-ter-
skel-ter, — we found shel-ter; I re-mem-ber a mid-night lunch-eon-
ette. — You had cof-fee and rolls, I had cof-fee and ro-mance, I re-



mem-ber,- I re-mem-ber.-

The song the ra-di-o— was



play-ing;

The pit-ter and pat-ter as rain drops fall;

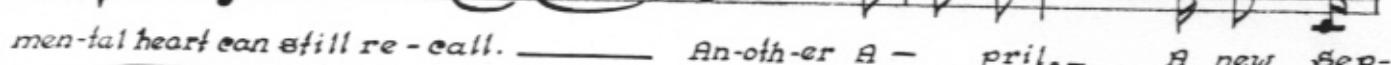
The fool-ish things that we were say-ing,-

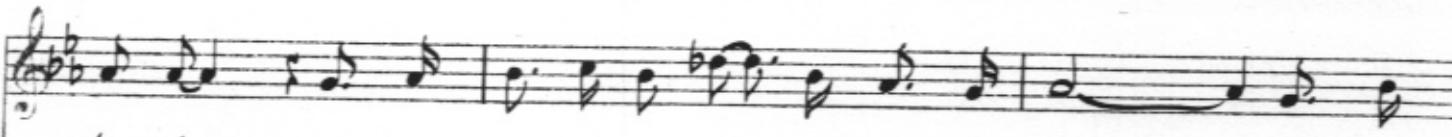
My sen-ti-

men-tal heart can still re-call.

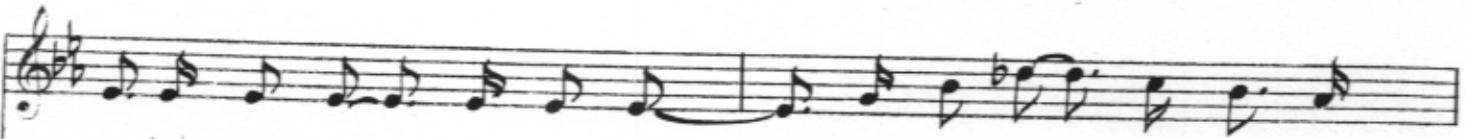
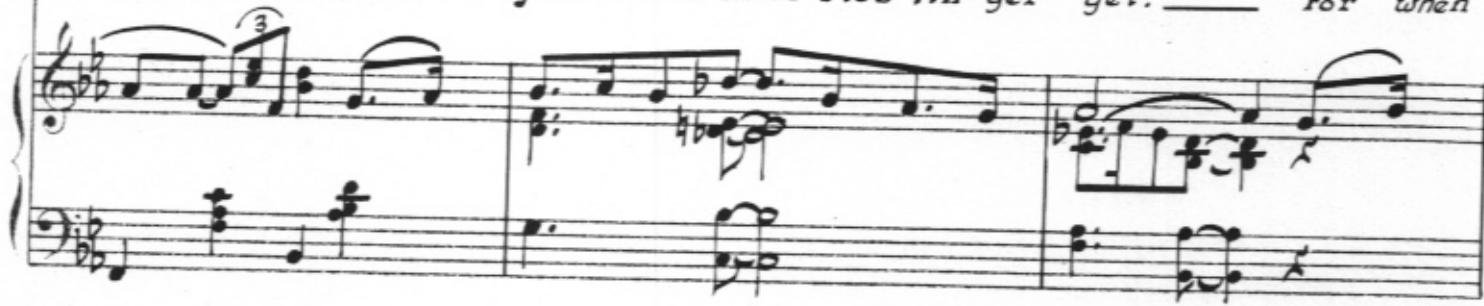
An-oth-er A-pril

A new Sep-

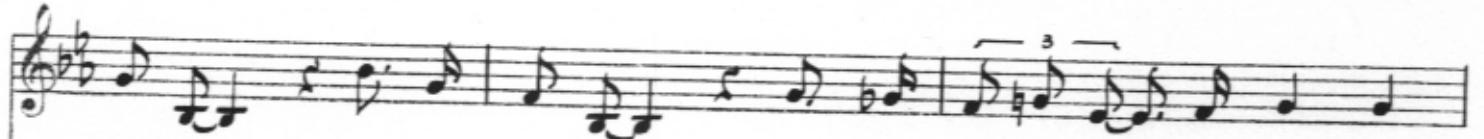




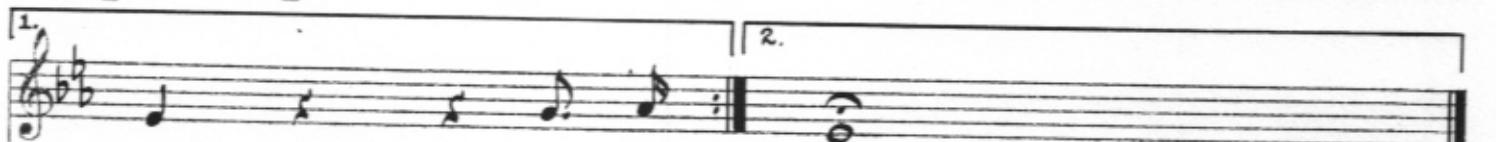
tem-ber, - Still I find the old mem'ries lin-ger yet. — For when



I hear the rain, hear the rain — on my win-dow, I re-



mem-ber, - I re-mem-ber. All the lit-tle things I can't for-



get.

It was

get.

