



Summer Rain

Francesco Berger
(1834-1933)

S
A
T
B

My love took shel - ter un - der a tree, Shel - ter From rain, the

My love took shel - ter un - der a tree, Shel - ter From rain, the

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The musical score is written for four voices: Soprano (S), Alto (A), Tenor (T), and Bass (B). It is in 6/8 time and G major. The lyrics are: "My love took shelter under a tree, Shelter From rain, the". The score includes dynamic markings such as *mf* and *p*, and phrasing slurs. The lyrics are printed below each staff.

Summer Rain

4

S *mf*
Sum - mer rain, And I, by love made bold and free, Took

A *mf*
Sum - mer rain, And I, by love made bold and free, Took

T *mf*
Sum - mer rain, And I, by love made bold and free, Took

B *mf*
Sum - mer rain, And I, by love made bold and free, Took

7

S *cresc.* *f* *>*
shel - ter with her in the lee Of the wide, high - spread - ing

A *cresc.* *f* *>*
shel - ter with her in the lee Of the wide, high - spread - ing

T *cresc.* *f* *>*
shel - ter with her in the lee Of the wide, high - spread - ing

B *cresc.* *f* *>*
shel - ter with her in the lee Of the wide, high - spread - ing

10

S
chest - nut tree,

A
chest - nut tree,

T
chest - nut tree,

B *f* *>*
chest - nut tree, And bless'd the rain, and bless'd the Sum - mer rain,

Summer Rain

15

S *p* And

A *p* And

T *f* And bless'd the rain, and bless'd the Sum - mer rain, *p* And

B *f* And bless'd the rain, and bless'd the Sum - mer rain, *p* And

19

S *cresc.* I, by love made bold and free, With her stood un - der the chest - nut tree, Oh,

A *cresc.* I, by love made bold and free, With her stood un - der the chest - nut tree, Oh,

T *cresc.* I, by love made bold and free, With her stood un - der the chest - nut tree, Oh,

B *cresc.* I, by love made bold and free, With her stood un - der the chest - nut tree, Oh,

23

S *ff* rain! oh, Sum - mer rain! *f* Oh, bless - ed Sum - mer rain! No

A *ff* rain! oh, Sum - mer rain! *f* Oh, bless - ed Sum - mer rain! No

T *ff* rain! oh, Sum - mer rain! *f* Oh, bless - ed Sum - mer rain! No

B *ff* rain! oh, Sum - mer rain! *f* Oh, bless - ed Sum - mer rain! No

Summer Rain

27

S sun - shine ev - er shall come a - gain, So dear as that storm - y rain; Quoth

A sun - shine ev - er shall come a - gain, So dear as that storm - y rain; Quoth

T sun - shine ev - er shall come a - gain, So dear as that storm - y rain; Quoth

B sun - shine ev - er shall come a - gain, So dear as that storm - y rain; Quoth

f *rit.* *mf a tempo*

31

S I, "Dost think the storm will pass?" Quoth she, "I'm but a

A I, "Dost think the storm will pass?" Quoth she, "I'm but a

T I, "Dost think the storm will pass?" Quoth she, "I'm but a

B I, "Dost think the storm will pass?" Quoth she, "I'm but a

p

34

S sil - ly lass." Quoth I, "True love hath rain - bow light." Quoth

A sil - ly lass." Quoth I, "True love hath rain - bow light." Quoth

T sil - ly lass." Quoth I, "True love hath rain - bow light." Quoth

B sil - ly lass." Quoth I, "True love hath rain - bow light." Quoth

mf *p*

Summer Rain

37

S she, "Most beau - ti - ful, most beau - ti - ful and

A she, "Most beau - ti - ful, most beau - ti - ful and

T she, "Most beau - ti - ful, most beau - ti - ful and

B she, "Most beau - ti - ful, most beau - ti - ful and

40

S bright!"

A bright!"

T bright!" Quoth I, "My love, my love is hard to

B bright!" Quoth I, "My love, my love is hard to

44

S Quoth she, "Come close, come close, I'll lis - ten

A Quoth she, "Come close, come close, I'll lis - ten

T tell."

B tell."

Summer Rain

48

S well!" Oh, rain! oh, bless - ed Sum - mer rain! Oh, rain! oh, bless - ed

A well!" Oh, rain! oh, bless - ed Sum - mer rain! Oh, rain! oh, bless - ed

T Oh, rain! oh, bless - ed Sum - mer rain! Oh, rain! oh, bless - ed

B Oh, rain! oh, bless - ed Sum - mer rain! Oh, rain! oh, bless - ed

p *cresc.*

52

S Sum - mer rain! Oh, rain! oh, Sum - mer rain! oh, bless - ed Sum - mer

A Sum - mer rain! Oh, rain! oh, Sum - mer rain! oh, bless - ed Sum - mer

T Sum - mer rain! Oh, rain! oh, Sum - mer rain! oh, bless - ed Sum - mer

B Sum - mer rain! Oh, rain! oh, Sum - mer rain! oh, bless - ed Sum - mer

ff *f*

56

S rain! No sun - shine ev - er shall come a - gain, So

A rain! No sun - shine ev - er shall come a - gain, So

T rain! No sun - shine ev - er shall come a - gain, So

B rain! No sun - shine ev - er shall come a - gain, So

f

Summer Rain

59 *rit.* dear as that storm - y rain! *f* *legato* Oh, bless - ed

A *rit.* dear as that storm - y rain!

T *rit.* dear as that storm - y rain!

B *rit.* dear as that storm - y rain!

62 rain! oh bless - ed Sum - mer rain! No sun - shine ev - er shall

A No sun - shine ev - er shall

T No sun - shine ev - er shall

B No sun - shine ev - er shall

66 *ff* *rit.* come a - gain, Dear as that storm - y rain!

A *ff* *rit.* come a - gain, Dear as that storm - y rain!

T *ff* *rit.* come a - gain, Dear as that storm - y rain!

B *ff* *rit.* come a - gain, Dear as that storm - y rain!

Francesco Berger (1834-1933) was born in London to Italian immigrants. His father, born in Trieste, was a naturalized Briton. At 14, Berger travelled to his father's hometown and his first opera was performed there when he was 17. He received much of his musical education in Germany and returned to England. Berger became a professor of music at the Royal Academy of Music and also taught at the Guildhall School. He was a member and director of the Philharmonic Society and he acted as its honorary secretary from 1884 until 1911. In that capacity, he introduced many new works and, on several occasions, brought Tchaikovsky over to conduct his own works. He composed many works including masses, overtures, operas, chamber music, choral works, piano compositions, song cycles and vocal settings.

My love took shelter under a tree
From rain, the Summer rain,
And I, by love made bold and free,
Took shelter with her in the lee
Of the wide, high-spreading chestnut tree,
And blessed the rain, the rain.
Quoth I, "Dost think the storm will pass?"
Quoth she, "I'm but a silly lass."
Quoth I, "True love hath rainbow light."
Quoth she, "Most beautiful and bright!"
Quoth I, "My love is hard to tell."
Quoth she, "Come close, I'll listen well!"
Oh, rain! Oh, rain!
Oh, blessed rain!
No sunshine ever shall come again,
So dear to me as that stormy rain!

Charles Mackay (1812 or 1814-1889)

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