The Rain, The Park and Other Things (key of C)
by Art Kornfield and Steve Duboff (1967)

Intro: Cm . . . | .

. . . | Cm . . . | Dm . . . . | . . . .

I saw her sitting in the rain raindrops falling on her

| Eb . . . . | . . . . | Bb . . . . | . . . .

She didn’t seem to care, she sat there and smiled at me.

. | Cm . . . . | F . . . . | Bb . . . . | . . . .

Then I knew (I knew, I knew, I knew I knew) She could make me hap-py (hap-py hap-py)

C . . . | . . . . | F . . . . | . . . .

Flowers in her hair (in her hair) Flowers every-where (ever-y-where)

Chorus: Cm* . . . | Dm* . . . | Eb* . . . . | F* . . . .

(I love- the flow-er girl) I don’t know just why, she simply caught my eye.

Cm* . . . | Dm* . . . | Eb* . . . . | F* . . . .

(I love- the flow-er girl) She seemed so sweet and kind, she crept in-to my mind

F\ . Eb\ . | Dm\ . Cm\ F\ (to my mi----i----ind)

(--------tacet--------) | Cm . . . . | Dm . . . . . | . . . .

I knew I had to say hel-lo (hel-lo, hel-lo) She smiled up at me

| Eb . . . . | . . . . | Bb . . . . | . . . .

And she took my hand and we walked through the park a-lone.

. | Cm . . . . | F . . . . | Bb . . . . | . . . .

And I knew (I knew, I knew, I knew, I knew) She had made me hap-py (hap-py, hap-py)

C . . . | . . . . | F . . . . | . . . .

Flowers in her hair (in her hair) Flowers every-where (ever-y-where)

Chorus: Cm* . . . | Dm* . . . | Eb* . . . . | F* . . . .

(I love- the flow-er girl) I don’t know just why, she simply caught my eye.

Cm* . . . | Dm* . . . . | Eb* . . . . | F* . . . .

(I love- the flow-er girl) She seemed so sweet and kind, she crept in-to my mind

F\ . Eb\ . | Dm\ . Cm\ F\ (to my mi----i----ind)
Suddenly, the sun broke through (see the sun) I turned a-round, she was gone (where did she go?)

All I had left was one little flower in my hand

But I knew (I knew, I knew, I knew, I knew) She had made me happy (happy, happy)

Flowers in her hair (in her hair) Flowers every-where (ever-y-where)

Chorus: Cm* . . . | Dm* . . . . . . . Eb* . . . . . . . F* . . . . . . . |
(I love-the flower girl) Was she real-ly or just a dream to me?

Cm* . . . | Dm* . . . . . . . Eb* . . . . . . . F* . . . . . . . |
(I love-the flower girl) Her love showed me the way to find a sun-ny day

(Slower) (sun-ny, sun-ny sun-ny sun-ny sun-ny)

San Jose Ukulele Club
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