

The Rose

Text und Musik: Amanda McBroom

Notensatz: Egon Poppe

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Some say love it is a ri - ver that drowns the ten - der
(It's the) heart a - fraid of break - ing that ne-ver learns to
(When the) night has been too lone - ly and the road has been too

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reed. Some say love it is a ra - zer that leaves your soul to
dance. It's the dream a - fraid of wa - king that ne-ver takes the
long. And you think that love is on - ly for-the lucky and the

13
bleed. Some say love it is a hun - ger, an end - less ach - ing
chance. It's the one who won't be ta - king who can - not seem to
strong. Just re - mem-ber in the win - ter far be - neath the bit - ter

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need. I say love it is a flow - er and
give. And the soul, a - fraid of dy - in' that
snows. Lies the seed that with the sun's love in the

20
you it's on - ly seed. It's the
ne-ver learns to live. When the
spring be - comes the (rose.) rose. Just re - mem-ber in the

24
win - ter far be - neath the bit - ter snows. Lies the seed that with the
sun's love in the spring be - comes the rose.