

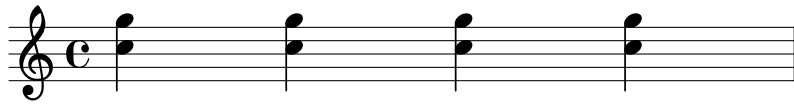
# The Rose

Amanda McBroom

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♩ = 58

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Somesa-ay love it is a riv-er That drowns the ten-der  
heart a-fraid of break-in'\_\_\_ That never learns to



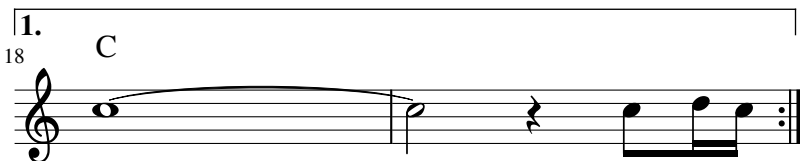
reed Some sa-ay love it is a ra-zor\_\_\_ That leaves your soul to  
dance. It's the\_\_\_ dream a-fraid of wak-in'\_\_\_ That never takes the



bleed Some sa-ay love it is a hun\_ ger And end\_\_\_ less ach-ing  
chance\_\_\_ It's the\_\_\_ one who won't be ta - ken\_\_\_ Who can\_\_\_ not seem to



need\_\_\_ Some sa-ay love it is a flow-er\_\_\_ And you it's on - ly  
give\_\_\_ And the\_\_\_ soul a-fraid of dy - in'\_\_\_ That never learns to



seed\_\_\_ It's the\_



live\_ When the night\_ has been too lone-ly\_ And the



road has been too long\_ A nd you think\_ that love is on-ly For the

28 F G C Em Am  
luck-i-i\_ and the stro-o-ong\_ Just re - mem ber in the win - ter Far be-

32 F G C G  
neath the bi - tter sno - ows Lies the seed that with the su-un's love In the

36 F G C  
spring be-comes the ro-o-o se