

# The Rose

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Notensatz: Egon Poppe

Some say love it is a ri - ver that drowns the ten - der  
(It's the) heart a - fraid of break - ing that 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

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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 that  
give. And the soul, dy - in' that in the  
snows. Lies the seed that with the sun's love

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1. + 2. 3.

you it's on - ly seed. It's the flow - er and that in the  
ne- ver learns to live. When the dy - in' sun's love

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spring be - comes the (rose.) rose. Just re - mem - ber in the

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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.