

# The Rose

arr. Lyn Harry

Some say Love: It is a ri - ver that drowns - the ten - der reed.  
It's the heart: A fraid of break - ing that ne - ver learns to - dance.  
When the night has been too lone ly and the road has been too - long.

Some say Love: It is a ra - zor that leaves - your soul to bleed.  
It's the dream: A fraid of wa - king that ne - ver takes the - chance.  
And you think that Love is on - ly for the luck - y and the - strong.

Some say Love: It is a hun - ger, - an end - less ach - ing need.  
It's the one who won't be ta - ken - who can - not seem to give;  
Just re - mem - ber in the win - ter far be - neath the bit - ter snows,

I say Love: It is a flow - er. And you - It's on - ly seed.  
And the soul: A fraid of dy - ing that ne - ver learns to - live.  
lies the seed, that with the sun's love, in the spring be comes the - rose.