

The Rose

Some say love, it is a river, that drowns the tender reed
Some say love, it is a razor, that leaves your soul to bleed
Some say love, it is a hunger, an endless aching need
I say love, it is a flower, and you, its only seed

Its the heart afraid of breaking, that never learns to dance
Its the dream afraid of waking, that never takes a chance
Its the one that won't be taking, that cannot seem to give
It's the one afraid of dying, that never learns to live

When the night has been too lonely and the road has been too long
And you think that love is only for the lucky and the strong
Just remember in the winter, far beneath the bitter snow
Lies the seed, that with the sun's love in the spring becomes the rose.

Written by Amda McBroom

© 1979 Twentieth Century Music Corp. This arrangement © 2016 Twentieth Century Music Corp. Warner Chappell North America Ltd, London. Reproduced by permission of Faber Music Ltd / Printed & distributed by European Choral Club BV, Holland. All Rights Reserved