

# The Rose

Bette Midler

Amanda McBroom  
Arr. Sander Worrell

Sopr. A

Some say love, it is a ri - ver that drowns the ten - der

5

— reed.

Alt

Some say love, it is a ra - zor that leaves your soul to

9

— bleed.

Tenor

Some say love, it is a hung - er, an end - less ach - ing

8

Bas

Some say love, it is a hung - er, an end - less ach - ing

13

I say love, it is a flo - wer and you its on - ly seed.

I say love, it is a flo - wer and you its on - ly seed.

I say love, it is a flo - wer and you its on - ly seed.

I say love, it is a flo - wer and you its on - ly seed.

The Rose

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18

sopr. & alt

B

It's the heart, a-fraid of break - ing, that ne-ver learns to

tenor & bas

It's the heart, a-fraid of break - ing, that ne-ver learns to

22

\_dance. It's the dream, a-fraid of wa - king, that ne-ver takes the

\_dance. It's the dream, a-fraid of wa - king, that ne-ver takes the

26

\_chance. It's the one who won't be ta - ken, who can - not seem to

\_chance. It's the one who won't be ta - ken, who can - not seem to

30

give. And the soul, a-fraid of dy - ing, that ne-ver learns to \_\_\_ live.

give. And the soul, a-fraid of dy - ing, that ne-ver learns to \_\_\_ live.

35

C

When the night has been too lone - ly and the road \_\_\_ has been too

When the night has been too lone - ly and the road \_\_\_ has been too

When the night has been too lone - ly and the road \_\_\_ has been too

When the night has been too lone - ly and the road has been too

39

— long, And you think that love is on - ly for the lu-cky and the

— long, And you think that love is on - ly for the lu-cky and the

— long, And you think that love is on - ly for the lu-cky and the

— long, And you think that love is on - ly for the lu-cky and the

43

— strong, Just re-mem-ber in the win-ter, far be-neath the bit-ter snows, lies the

— strong, Just re-mem-ber in the win-ter, far be-neath the bit-ter snows, lies the

— strong, Just re-mem-ber in the win-ter, far be-neath the bit-ter snows, lies the

— strong, Just re-mem-ber in the win-ter, far be-neath the bit-ter snows, lies the

48

seed that with the sun's love in the spring be-comes the rose.

seed that with the sun's love in the spring be-comes the rose.

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seed that with the sun's love in the spring be-comes the rose.