Key of C

C

# v1:

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem, a red rose up in Spanish Harlem

It is a special one, it's never seen the sun

It only comes out when the moon is on the run, and all the stars are gleaming

It's growing in the street, right up through the concrete...

But soft and sweet and dreamy

# v2:

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem, a red rose up in Spanish Harlem

With eyes as black as coal, then looks down in my soul

And starts a fire there, and then I lose control, I have to beg your pardon

I'm gonna pick that rose, and watch her as she grows... in my garden

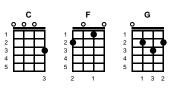
### -- REPEAT v2

## ending:

I'm gonna pick that rose, and watch her as she grows... in my garden

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem...... -- REPEAT & FADE

#### **STANDARD**



### **BARITONE**

