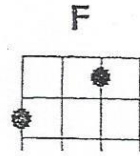


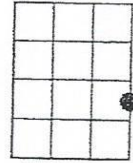
Spanish Harlem: Ben E. King

C

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



C



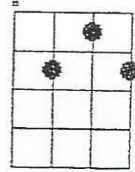
F

It is a special one, it's never seen the sun  
It only comes out when the moon is on the run

C

And all the stars are gleaming

G7



G7

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

C

But soft and sweet and dreamin'

C

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

F

With eyes as black as coal that look down in my soul  
And starts a fire there and then I lose control

C

I have to beg your pardon

G7

C

I'm going to pick that rose and watch her as she grows in my garden

G7

C

I'm going to pick that rose and watch her as she grows in my garden

