

# Spanish Harlem

transposé d'une 3e min ↓

Chanson écrite en 1960 par Jerry Leiber et Phil Spector en référence à un quartier d'immigrants à Manhattan.  
Le baion est une danse lente, originaire du Brésil.

Baion moderato

*mf* *mp*

5

There is a rose in Span - ish Har - lem, \_\_\_\_\_

Do

10

A rare rose up in Span - ish Har - lem, \_\_\_\_\_

15

It is a spe - cial one — it's ne - ver seen the sun, — It on - ly  
With eyes as black as coal — that look down in my soul — And start a

*mf*  
Fa

comes up when the moon is on the run and all the stars are glea - ming, —  
fire — there and then I lose con - trol, I have to beg your par - don, —

Do

20

It's grow - ing in the street right up thro' the con - crete, But

*mp*  
Sol

25

soft and sound. in pale moon. \_\_\_\_\_

Do

This system contains measures 25 through 29. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'soft and sound. in pale moon.' followed by a long horizontal line. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a right-hand part with chords and moving lines. A 'Do' is written below the piano part in measure 27.

30

2.  
I'm going to pick that rose. and watch her as she grows \_\_\_\_\_ in my gar - den. \_\_\_\_\_

*mp*  
Sol7

Do

This system contains measures 30 through 34. It starts with a first ending bracket labeled '2.'. The lyrics are 'I'm going to pick that rose. and watch her as she grows \_\_\_\_\_ in my gar - den. \_\_\_\_\_'. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mp* and the chord 'Sol7' in measure 30. A 'Do' is written below the piano part in measure 34.

35

*p* \_\_\_\_\_ *ppp*

This system contains measures 35 through 39. The vocal line has a long horizontal line. The piano part features a dynamic marking of *p* in measure 35 and *ppp* in measure 39. The bass line continues with eighth notes.

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
A red rose up in Spanish Harlem  
It is the special one  
It's never seen the sun  
It only comes up 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 sound in pale moon

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
A red rose up in Spanish Harlem  
With eyes as black as coal  
That look down in my soul  
And start a fire there and then I lose control  
I have to beg your pardon  
I'm going to to pick that rose  
And watch her as she grows  
In my garden

Il y a une rose à Spanish Harlem  
Une rose rouge là-haut à Spanish Harlem  
Elle est particulière  
Elle n'a jamais vu le soleil  
Elle éclot seulement pendant la course de la lune dans le ciel  
Et que toutes les étoiles scintillent  
Elle pousse dans la rue  
En perçant le béton  
Mais elle est douce et soyeuse et inspire le rêve

Il y a une rose à Spanish Harlem  
Une rose rouge là-haut à Spanish Harlem  
Avec des yeux aussi noirs que le charbon  
Qui atteignent mon âme  
Et elle y met le feu et puis je perds la tête  
Je m'en excuse auprès de toi  
Je vais cueillir cette rose  
Et la contempler pousser  
Dans mon jardin

