

## ONE ROSE

*You surely recall youth's sweet moments:  
The stars and the moon shone so bright  
As you wined her and dined her to music  
With a bouquet of roses each night.*

*It was, oh, such a beautiful courtship;  
You kissed her full lips and pink cheek  
And sighed in her ear,  
"I love you, My Dear."  
There were orchids or roses each week.*

*The honeymoon deepened your romance  
As you pledged your true love once again.  
This bond would not sever;  
You'd love her forever  
There were pansies and pinks now and then.*

*Then came babies, the bottles, the budget;  
And things just didn't seem to go right:  
But don't you suppose  
She still needed a rose  
And a kiss on a Saturday night?*

*There was cooking, and sewing, and cleaning  
While time itself seemed to take flight.  
The work's never done:  
Still she longs for some fun  
And a rose on a Saturday night.*

*You declare love with gifts when expected—  
Anniversaries and each Christmas Night—  
But some people say  
There's a much better way:  
Try a rose on a Saturday night.*

*As the years pass, we all grow neglectful:  
Hold her hand; touch her lips: hold her tight.  
As life ebbs to a close,  
She still longs for a rose.  
Bring a fresh one this Saturday night.*

*One day when your sweetheart has left you,  
You will have God's own word she's all right.  
When the spring breezes stir  
Fragrant memories of her,  
Press a rose to your lips every night.*

*--Alvin R. Barlow*