

# A Bunch of Roses

Banjo Paterson

Roses ruddy and roses white,  
What are the joys that my heart discloses?  
Sitting alone in the fading light  
Memories come to me here to-night  
With the wonderful scent of the big red roses.

Memories come as the daylight fades  
Down on the hearth where the firelight dozes;  
Flicker and flutter the lights and shades,  
And I see the face of a queen of maids  
Whose memory comes with the scent of roses.

Visions arise of a scene of mirth,  
And a ball-room belle that superbly poses—  
A queenly woman of queenly worth,  
And I am the happiest man on earth  
With a single flower from a bunch of roses.

Only her memory lives to-night—

God in His wisdom her young life closes;  
Over her grave may the turf be light,  
Cover her coffin with roses white—  
She was always fond of the big white roses.

Such are the visions that fade away—  
Man proposes and God disposes;  
Look in the glass and I see to-day  
Only an old man, worn and grey,  
Bending his head to a bunch of roses.

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